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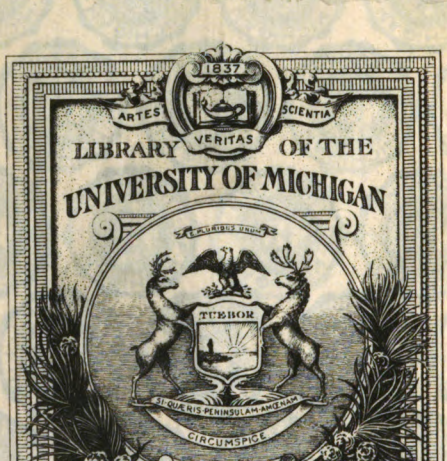

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THE WORKS OF GRAY

EDITED BY THE REV. JOHN MITFORD

VOLUME III

LETTERS

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THE

WORKS OF THOMAS GRAY

VOLUME III

LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1835

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CHARLES WHITTINGHAM
LONDON

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GRAY'S LETTERS.

SECTION THE FOURTH.

IX. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I AM just returned hither from town, where I have past better than a fortnight, (including an excursion that I made to Hampton-Court, Richmond, Greenwich, and other places,) and am happily met by a letter from you, one from Tuthill, and another from Trollope. As I only run over Dr. Andrew's Answers hastily in a Coffee-house, all I could judge was, that they seemed very unfavourable on the whole to our cause, and threw every thing into the hands of a visitour, for which reason I thought they might have been concealed, till the Attorney-General's opinion arrived, which will perhaps raise the spirits of such, as the other may have damped a little; or leave room at least to doubt, whether the matter be so clear on the Master's side, as Andrew would have it. You can't suppose that I was in the least uneasy about Mr. Brown's fortitude, who wants nothing but a foot in height and his own hair, to make him a little old Roman:

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with two dozen such I should not hesitate to face an army of heads, though they were all as tall as Dr. Adams. I only wish every body may continue in as good a disposition as they were; and imagine, if possible, Roger* will be fool enough to keep them so. I saw Trollope for about an hour in London; and imagining he could not be left in the dark as to your consultations, I mentioned, that I had cast an eye over Andrew's papers, and that it was not so favourable as we hoped. He spoke however with horrour of going to law; with great passion of the master; and with great pleasure of himself for quitting a place, where he had not found a minute's ease in, I know not how long: yet I perceive his thoughts run on nothing else; he trembled while he spoke; he writes to me here on the same subject; and after abusing Roger, he adds, Whartoni rubro hæc subscribe libello.

My evenings have been chiefly spent at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, several of my mornings, or rather noons, in Arlington-street,† and the rest at the tryal of the Lords.‡ The first day I was not there, and only saw the Lord High Steward's parade in going; the second and third * * * * * * * * Peers were all in their robes * * * * * by their wearing bag-wigs and hats instead of coronets. The Lord

* Dr. Roger Long, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

† At Mr. Walpole's.

‡ Compare H. Walpole's Lett. to H. Mann on these Trials. Aug. 1, 1746. Lett. clxi.

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High-Steward was the least part of the shew, as he wore only his baron's robe, and was always asking the heralds what he should do next, and bowing or smileing about to his acquaintance: as to his speech, you see it; people hold it very cheap, though several incorrectnesses have been altered in the printed copy. * Kilmarnock spoke in mitigation of his crime near half an hour, with a decent courage, and in a strong, but pathetic voice. His figure would prejudice people in his favour, being tall and genteel; he is upwards of forty, but to the eye not above thirty-five years of age. What he said appears to less advantage when read. † Cromartie, (who is about the same age, a man of lower stature, but much like a gentleman), was sinking into the earth with grief and dejection; with eyes cast down, and a voice so low, that no one heard a syllable that did not sit close to the bar; he made a short speech to raise compassion. It is now I see printed; and is reckoned extremely fine. I believe you will think it touching and well expressed: if there be any meanness in it, it is lost in that sorrow he gives us for so numerous and helpless a family. ‡ Lady Cromartie (who is said

* William Boyd, fourth Earl of Kilmarnock in Scotland, beheaded on Tower-hill, Aug. 18, 1746.

'Pitied by gentle minds Kilmarnock died.'—*Johnson.*

† George Mackenzie, third Earl of Cromartie.

‡ Lady Cromartie was Isabel, daughter of Sir William Gordon, of Invergordon, Bart. "Lady Cromartie went down

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to have drawn her husband into these circumstances) was at Leicester House on Wednesday, with four of her children. The Princess saw her, and made no other answer than by bringing in her own children and placing them by her; which (if true) is one of the prettiest things I ever heard. She was also at the Duke's, who refused to admit her; but she waited till he came to his coach, and threw herself at his knees, while her children hung upon him, till he promised her all his interest could do; and before, on several occasions, he has been heard to speak very mildly of Cromartie, and very severely of Kilmarnock; so if any be spared, it will probably be the former, though he had a pension of £600 a year from the government, and the order for giving quarter to no Englishman was found in his pocket. As to Balmerino, he never had any hopes from the beginning. He is an old soldier-like man, of a vulgar manner and aspect, speaks the broadest Scotch, and shews an intrepidity, that some ascribe to real courage, and some to brandy. You have heard perhaps, that the first day (while the Peers were adjourned to consider of his plea, and he left alone for an hour and a half in the bar) he diverted himself with the axe,* that stood by

incog. to Woolwich to see her son pass by without the power of speaking to him. I never heard a more melancholy instance of affection." V. Walpole's Letters to Mann, vol. ii. p. 156.—*Ed.*

* See Walpole's Letters to Mann, p. 161-3; see also his Letters to G. Montagu, Lett. xix, xx.—*Ed.*

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him, played with its tassels, and tryed the edge with his finger: and some lord, as he passed by him, saying he was surprised to hear him alledge any thing so frivolous, and that could not possibly do him the least service; he answered, that as there were so many ladies present, he thought it would be uncivil to give them no amusement. The Duke of Argyle, telling him, how sorry and how astonished he was to see him engaged in such a cause; My Lord (says he) for the two Kings, and their rights, I cared not a farthing which prevailed; but I was starving; and by God, if Mahomet had set up his standard in the Highlands, I had been a good Mussulman for bread, and stuck close to the party, for I must eat. The Solicitor-General came up to speak to him too, and he turns about to old Williamson. Who is that Lawyer that talks to me? My Lord, it is Mr. Murray. Ha! Mr. Murray, my good Friend, (says he, and shook him by the hand) and how does your good mother? oh! she was of admirable service to us; we should have done nothing without her in Perthshire. He recommends (he says) his Peggy* ('tis uncertain * * * * the favour of the Government, for she has * * *.

I have been diverted with an account of Lord Lovat † in his confinement at Edinburgh. There

* Margaret, Lady Balmerino, daughter of Captain Chalmers.

† Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, beheaded on Tower-hill, the 9th of April, 1747. Thus mentioned in one of Walpole's letters, Ap. 16th, 1747. 'You have heard that old

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was a Captain Maggett, that is obliged to lie in the room every night with him. When first he was introduced to him, he made him come to his bed-side, where he lay in a hundred flannel waistcoats, and a furred night-gown, took him in his arms, and gave him a long embrace, that absolutely suffocated him. He will speak nothing but French; insists upon it that Maggett is a Frenchman, and calls him mon cher Capitaine Magot (you know *Magot* is a monkey.) At his head lie two Highland women, at his feet two Highland men. By his bed-side is a close-stool, to which he rises two or three times in a night, and always says,—Ah, mon cher Capitaine Magot! vous m'excuserez, mais la Nature demande que je chie! He is to be impeached by the House of Commons, because not being actually in arms, it would otherwise be necessary that the jury of Inverness should find a Bill of Indictment against him, which it is very sure they would

Lovat's Tragedy is over. * * * * I must tell you an excessive good thing of George Selwyn. Some women were scolding him for going to see the execution, and asked him how he could be such a barbarian, to see the head cut off?' "Nay, (says he) if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends, for I went to see it sewed on again." When he was at the undertaker's, as soon as they had stitched him together, and were going to put the body into the coffin, George, in my Lord Chancellor's voice, said,—"My Lord Lovat, your lordship may rise." See Suffolk Letters, vol. i. p. 189. Croker's ed. of Boswell, vol. i. p. 155. Walpole's Letters to H. Mann, vol. ii. p. 205, Lett. clxxiii.—*Ed.*

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not do. When the Duke returned to Edinburgh they refused to admit Kingston's Light Horse, and talked of their privileges, but they came in sword in hand, and replied, that when the Pretender was at their gates, they had said nothing of their privileges. The Duke rested some hours there, but refused to see the magistracy. I believe you may think it full time, that I close my budget of stories: Mr. Walpole I have seen a good deal, and shall do a good deal more, I suppose, for he is looking for a house somewhere about Windsor* during the Summer. All is mighty free, and even friendly more than one could expect. You remember a paper in the Museum on† Message-Cards, which he told me was Fielding's, and asked my opinion about: it was his own, and so was the ‡Advertisement on Good Breeding, that made us laugh so. Mr. Ashton I have had several conversations with, and do really believe he shews himself to me, such as he really is: I don't tell you, I like him ever the better for it; but that may be my fault, not his. The Pelhams lie very hard at his stomach; he is not 40 yet, but he is 31, he says, and thinks it

* See Walpole's Letters to Mann, vol. ii. p. 172. I have taken a pretty house at Windsor, and am going there for the remainder of the Summer. I have taken a small house here within the Castle!—*Ed.*

† Published in Walpole's Works, vol. i. p. 132, and No. II. of the Museum, April, 1746.—*Ed.*

‡ See Walpole's Works, vol. i. p. 141, and No. V. of the Museum, May, 1746.—*Ed.*

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his duty to be married. One thing of that kind is just broke off; she had £12,000 in her own hands. This is a profound secret, but I not conceiving that he told it me as such, happened to tell it to Stonhewer, who told it to Lyne, who told it to Ashton again, all in the space of three hours, whereby I incurred a scolding; so pray don't let me fall under a second, and lose all my hopes of rising in the church. He is still as I said, resolute to marry out of hand; only two things he is terrified at, lest she should not breed, and lest she should love him: I comforted him, by saying there was no danger of either.

The Muse, I doubt, is gone; and has left me in far worse company: if she returns you will hear of her. You see I have left no room for a catalogue, which is a sort of policy, for it's hardly possible my memory should supply one: I will try by next time, which will be soon, if I hear from you. If your curiosity require any more circumstances of these tryals * * * will see * * * find some. * * * My best compliments to the little man of the world. Adieu, my dear Wharton,

Believe me very truly yours,

T. GRAY.

Stoke, Sunday, 13th August, 1746.

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X. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

WHAT can one say to these things? if it had been in the power of lawyers to interpret into common sense, statutes made by old monks, or monk-directed old women, we might have hoped for a more favourable answer to our queries; as it is I fear they may have done more hurt than good: all I know is this, that I should rejoice poor T. had some place to rest the sole of his foot in; and I flatter myself you will never omit any thing in your power to support his little interest, among a people, with whom you first raised it. I would gladly know the time of your audit, for I would be at Cambridge by that time if I could. Mr. Walpole has taken a house in Windsor, and I see him usually once a week; but I think that will hardly detain me beyond the time I proposed to myself. He is at present gone to town, to perform the disagreeable task of presenting and introducing about a young Florentine, the Marquis Rinuccini,* who comes recommended to him. The Duke† is here at his lodge with three women, and three Aid-de-camps;

* See Walpole's Letters to Mann, vol. ii. p. 177, Letter clxiv.—*Ed.*

† The Duke of Cumberland.

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and the country swarms with people. He goes to races and they make a ring about him, as at a bear-baiting; and no wonder, for they do the same at Vauxhall and Ranelagh. At this last, somebody was telling me, they heard a man lamenting to some women of his acquaintance, and saying, how he had been up close to him, and he never repented of any thing so much in his life, as that he did not touch him.*

I am not altogether of your opinion, as to your Historical consolation in time of trouble. A calm melancholy it may produce, a stiller sort of despair, (and that only in some circumstances and on some constitutions) but I doubt no real content or comfort can ever arise in the human mind, but from Hope.† Old Balmerino, when he had read his paper to the people, pulled off his spectacles, spit upon his handkerchief, and wiped them clean for

* But see Walpole's Memoirs, p. 68, 86. See Mem. de Bezenval, vol. i. p. 79.—*Ed.*

† I have not read all the aphorisms, or maxims of Johnson, but several of them, I read, that were trivial enough; for the sake of one, however, I forgive him the rest; he advises never to banish *Hope* entirely, because it is the cordial of life, although it be the greatest flatterer in the world. Such a measure of *Hope* as may not endanger my peace, by a disappointment, I would wish to cherish upon every subject, in which I am interested. But there lies the difficulty. A cure however, and the only one, for all the irregularities both of Hope and Fear, is found in submission to the will of God. Happy they that have it!—See Cowper's Letters by Hayley, vol. iii. p. 340.—*Ed.*

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the use of his posterity; and that is the last page of his history. Have you seen Hogarth's * print of Lord Lovat? it is admirable.

I can not help thinking if I had been with you, I should have represented the horror of the thing in such a light, as that you should never have become a prey to Mr. Davie. I know that he'll get you up in a corner some day and pick your bones, and John will find nothing of you, but such a little heap, as a cat that is a good mouser leaves; the head and the tail piled together. My concern for you produced a vision, not such a one as you read in the Spectators, but actually in a dream. I thought I was in t'other world and confined in a little apartment much like a cellar, enlightened by one rush candle that burned blue, on each side of me sate (for my sins) Mr. Davie, and my friend Mr. Ashton,† they bowed continually and smiled in my face, and while one filled me out very bitter tea, the other sweetened it with brown sugar: all together it much resembled Syrup of Buckthorn;

* "Mr. Walpole once invited Gray the Poet, and Hogarth to dine with him, but what with the reserve of the one, and a want of colloquial talents in the other, he never passed a duller time than between those representations of Tragedy and Comedy; being obliged to rely entirely on his own efforts to support conversation." Nicholl's Life of Hogarth, p. 97.—*Ed.*

† See Walpole's Lett. to Mann on Ashton's character, vol. ii. p. 369, 403.—*Ed.*

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in the corner sat Tuthill very melancholy in expectation of the tea-leaves.

I take it very ill you should have been in the twentieth year of the War,* and yet say nothing of the Retreat before Syracuse: is it, or is it not the finest thing you ever read in your life? and how does Xenophon or Plutarch agree with you? for my part I read Aristotle; his Poetics, Politics, and Morals, though I don't well know which is which. In the first place he is the hardest Author by far I ever meddled with. Then he has a dry conciseness that makes one imagine one is perusing a table of contents rather than a book; it tastes for all the world like chopped hay, or rather like chopped logick; for he has a violent affection to that art, being in some sort his own invention; so that he often loses himself in little trifling distinctions and verbal niceties, and what is worse, leaves you to extricate yourself as you can. Thirdly, he has suffered vastly by the Transcribers, as all Authors of great brevity necessarily must. Fourthly and lastly, he has abundance of fine, uncommon things, which make him well worth the pains he gives one. You see what you have to expect. This and a few Autumnal verses are my entertainments during the fall of the leaf. Notwithstanding which my time lies heavy on my hands, and I want to be at home again.

* Thucydides, Lib. vii.—*Mason.*

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I have just received a visit from Ashton, he tells me we have certainly a peace with Spain very far advanced, which it is likely will produce a general one; and that the king when he has finished it, is determined to pass the rest of his days at Windsor, which to me is strange, however it comes from the Pelhamites. I send you here a page of books: enough I imagine to chuse out of, considering the state of your Coll. Finances. The best Editions of ancient authors should be the first things, I reckon, in a library: but if you think otherwise, I will send a page of a different kind. Pray write soon, and think me very faithfully, yours,

T. G.

Stoke, September 11, 1746.

Say many good things to Mr. Brown from me.

ANCIENTS.*

1. Aristophanes, Kusteri. Amst. fol. 1710.
2. Aristotelis Opera, ed. Du Val. 4 Vol. fol. Paris, 1654. Gr. Lat. (Fabricius likewise recommends the Edition of Sylburgius, all Greek, 1587. 5 Vol. 4to. apud Wechel.
3. Arrian, Jac. Gronovii. Lugd. Bat. 1704.

* Most of the Editions of the books here mentioned have been superseded by the labour of later scholars, consequently, this list of Gray's is no longer a proper guide in that respect.—*Ed.*

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4. Apollonius Rhodius, Hoelzlini. Elzev. 1641. 8vo.
5. Arati, atq. Eratosthenis Fragmenta. Oxon. 8vo. 1672.
6. Aristidis Opera, ed. S. Jebb. 2 Vol. 4to. Oxon. 1722-30.
7. M. Aurelius, Gatakeri. Ultraject. fol. 1698.
8. Ammianus Marcellinus. R. Valesii. Par. 1681. fol.
9. Ausonius, Tollii. Amst. Blaew, 1761. 8vo.
10. Antonini Itinerarium. Varior. Wesselingii. 4to. 1735.
11. Bertii Theatrum Geographicum. fol. Amst. 1618. Elzev. (it contains the best edition of Ptolemy by M. Servetus.)
12. Boethius. Varior. Basil, 1650. fol.
13. Corpus Oratorum. Græc. R. Stephani. fol. 1575.
14. Q. Curtius. Snakenborgi. 1724. 4to.
15. Cassiodori Opera, Garetii, Rothomagi, 1679. 2 Vol. fol.
16. Diod. Siculus, the last new edition in 2 Vol. fol.
17. Dionysius Halicarnass. Hudsoni. 2 Vol. fol. Oxon, 1704.
18. Dio Prusæensis. Morelli. Paris, 1604. fol.
19. Dicæarchi Fragmenta. H. Steph. Genevæ. 1589, 8vo.
20. Dio Cassius. Hanoviæ. fol. 1606.
21. Epistolæ Græcæ Antiquæ a Caldorina Societate. fol. Aurel. Allobrogum, 1606.

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22. Ennii. Fragmenta. Hesselii. 4to. 1707. Amst.
23. Festus. de Verborum Significatione. Dacerii, in Us. Delphini 4to. Paris, 1618.
24. Florus. Varior. 1692. 8vo.
25. Geoponica. Cassiani Bassi. ed. P. Needham. Cantab. 1704. 8vo.
26. Aulus Gellius. Orselii, &c. 1706. 4to.
27. Gemistius Pletho. Fol. 1540. Basil.
28. Himerius & Polemo. H. Stephani. 4to. 1567.
29. Hesiodus Grævii. Amst. 8vo. 1667.
30. Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores. Varior. ap. Hackers, 8vo. 1670-1.
31. Hierocles. Mer. Casauboni. 8vo. Lond. 1665.
32. Hist. Byzantinæ Scriptores. Par. & Romæ. from 1645 to 1702. (I think including Banduri's Antiquities, there are 30 vol. fol.)
33. Harpocration. Jac. Gronovii. 1696. Lug. Bat. 4to.
34. Isocrates. H. Wolfii. ap. R. Steph. 1693. fol.
35. Josephus, Hudsoni. 2 Vol. 1726. Amst. fol.
36. Libanius. Morelli. 2 Vol. fol. Paris, 1606-27.
37. Libanii Epistolæ. fol. 1738. Amst.
38. Lycophron. Potteri. Oxon. fol. 1697.
39. Livius. Creverii. 6 Vol. 4to. Par.
40. Lucanus, Oudendorpii. 2 Vol. 4to. 1728.
41. Macrobius. J. F. Gronovii. 1670. 8vo. Lug. Bat. (unfinished.)
42. Nicander. G. Morelli. Par. 4to. 1557.
43. Oppian. Ritterhusii. Lug. Bat. 1597.
44. Pausanias. Kuhnei. Lipsiæ. 1696. fol.

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45. Pomponius Mela. Jac. Gronovii. 8vo. 1722.
46. Plinii Hist. Naturalis, Harduini. Par. 5 Vol. 4to. 1685. and republished ib. 3 Vol. fol. 1723.
47. Polybius. Varior. 3 Vol. 8vo. 1670. Amst.
48. Philostratorum Opera. Olearii. Lips. fol. 1709.
49. Philo. Judæus ed. Mangey. 2 Vol. fol. Lond. 1742.
50. Pollucis Onomasticon. Varior. fol. 2 Vol. 1706.
51. Prudentius. N. Heinsii. Amst. Elzev. 1667. 12mo.
52. Palladius de Brachmanibus. Ed. Bisse. 4to. 1665. Lond.
53. Plautus. 2 Vol. Gronovii, &c. 8vo. 1684. Amst.
54. Panegyrici Veteres. in Us. Delphini, 4to. 1647. Par.
55. Poetæ Minores. ed. P. Burmanni, 2 Vol. 4to. 1731. Lug. Bat.
56. Plinii Epistolæ Cortii & Var. 1734. 4to. Amst.
57. Excerpta ex Polybio &c. H. Valesii. 4to. 1634. Par.
58. Rutilii Itinerarium. Græevii. 1687. 8vo. Amst.
59. Sophocles. P. Stephani. 4to. 1603.
60. Suetonius Græevii 1691. 4to. & 1703. Pitisci 2 Vol. 4to. Leov^dise. 1714. (I don't know which is the best Edition.)
61. Stephanus Byzantinus, Ab. Berkelii. 1688. fol. L. Bat.—Lucæ Holstenii Notæ. Amst. fol.

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62. Sidonius, Sismondi. 1652. Par. 4to. & cum Operibus Sismondi.
63. Synesius. Pelavii. Par. 1640. fol.
64. Symmachus. J. Parci. Neap. Nemetum. 1617. 8vo.
65. Silius Italicus, Drakenborgi. Ultraj. 1717. 4to.
66. Senecæ Tragediæ, Schroderi. 4to. Delf. 1728.
67. Themistius. Harduini. Par. fol. 1684.
68. Theocritus. Varior. 1604. 4to. apud Commelin.
69. Thucydides, Dukeri, fol.
70. Valerius Flaccus Burmanni. L. Bat. 1724. 4to.
71. Aurelius Victor. Arntzenii, 1733. 4to.
72. Valerius Maximus. Torrentii. 4to. L. Bat. 1726.
73. Xenophon, Leunclavii, fol. 1625. Par. and the three Vol. that Hutchinson has published, 4to. Oxon.

ANTIQUARIES, GRAMMARIANS, &c.

Bonanni, delle Antiche Syracuse. 2 Vol. Palermo. 1717.

Boissard, Antiquitates Urb. Romanæ. 3 Vol. fol. Francof.

Bergier, Hist. des grands Chemins de L'Emp. Romaine. 2 Vol. 4to. Brux. 1728.

Bellori. Vet. Philosophorum &c. Imagines, 1685. fol. Romæ.

Du Cange, Glossarium Latinitatis mediæ, vel infimæ, 3 Vol. fol.

——————— Græcum ejusd. ætatis. 3 Vol. fol. 1678. Par. both republished in 1733.

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Arg. Caninius de Hellenismo. ed. a T. Crenio. 1700. L. Bat. 8vo.

Dodwell, de Vet. Græc. & Rom. Cyclo. cum Annal. Thucydideis. Xenophenteis. Oxon. 4to. 1701.

——— Annales Statiani. Velleiani. Quinctilianei.

——— Prælectiones, in Schol. Camdenianâ. Ox. 1692. 8vo.

——— Exercitationes, de Ætate Phalaridis & Pythagoræ. 1709.

Fabretti Inscriptiones. 1691. Romæ. Fol.

Fabricii Bibl. Græca. Vol. 14. 4to. 1705. (This I believe you have.)

——— Latina. 3 Vol. 8vo. 1721.

——— Antiquaria. 4to. 1713.

Fabretti de Aquæductibus. Rom. 4to. 1680. Romæ.

——— de Columnâ Trajani, &c. 1685. Fol. Romæ.

Gruteri Inscriptiones. ed. Grævii. 4 Vol. Fol. 1708.

Salengre Thesaurus Antiq. Romanarum. 3 Vol. 1716. Fol. Hagæ.

Muratori Thesaurus Antiq. 2 Vol. Fol. 173. . .

Gyraldi (Lilii) Opera. ed. Jensii. Fol. 1696. L. Bat.

Goldasti Epistolæ Philologicæ. 8vo. Lipsiæ.

Heineccii Antiquum. Romanæ Jurisprudentiæ Syntagma. 2 Vol. 8vo. 1724.

Hankius de Byzantin. Scriptoribus. 1677. Lips. 4to.

Heindreich de Carthagin. Republicâ. Francof. ad Oderum.

Loydii, Series Olympiadum, &c. Fol. Oxon. 1700.

Martinii Lexicon Philologicum. ed. Grævii. 2 Vol. Fol. 1701. Amst.

Montfaucon Paleographia Græca. 1708. Fol. Par.

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Notitia Dignitatum utriusq. Imperio. a P. Labbæo. 1651. Par. 8vo. (This may perhaps be in the Byzantine Collection.)

Palmerii Græcia Antiqua. 1678. 4to. L. Bat. (unfinished.)

Petavius de Doctrinâ Temporum. 2 Vol. 1703. Fol.

Streinnius de Rom. Familiarum Stemmatibus. Fol. 1659. Par.

Ursinus, Vet. Imagines & Elegia. 1570. Fol. Romæ.

——— de Familiis Romanis. 1577. ibid.

Vaillant Ptolemæorum Hist. 1701. Fol. Amst. Seleucidarum. 4to. Par 1681. Arsacidarum.—

XI. MR. GRAY TO MR. CHUTE.

My God! Mr. Chute in England? what, and have you seen him, and did he say nothing to you? not a word of me? such was my conversation, when I first heard news so surprising, with a person, that (when I reflect) it is indeed no great wonder you did not much interrogate concerning me, as you knew nothing of what has passed of late.

But let me ask you yourself, have a few years totally erased me from your memory? you are generous enough perhaps to forget all the obligations I have to you. But is it generosity to forget the person you have obliged too? while I remember myself, I cannot but remember you: and consequently cannot but wonder, when I find nowhere

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one line, one syllable, to tell me you are arrived. I will venture to say, there is nobody in England, however nearly connected with you, that has seen you with more real joy and affection than I shall. You are, it seems, gone into the country, whither (had I reason to think you wished to see me) I should immediately have followed; as it is, I am returning to Cambridge, but with intention to come back to town again, whenever you do, if you will let me know the time and place.

I readily set Mr. Wh^d. free from all imputations. He is a fine young personage in a coat all over spangles, just come over from the Tour of Europe to take possession, and be married: and consequently can't be supposed to think of anything, or remember any body, but you ——! however, I don't altogether clear him, he might have said something to one, who remembers him when he was but a Pout. Nevertheless, I desire my hearty gratulations to him, and say I wish him more spangles, and more estates, and more wives. Adieu! my dear Sir, I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

P.S. My compliments to Mrs. Chute, (who once did me the honor to write to me,) and say I give her joy very sincerely of your return.

London, Oct. To T. G. of Peterhouse, Cambridge.

To John Chute, Esq.
at Mr. Whithead's, of Southwick,
near Farnham, Hampshire.

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XII. MR. GRAY TO MR. CHUTE.

MY DEAR SIR,

You have not then forgot me, and I shall see you soon again. It suffices, and there needed no other excuse. I loved you too well not to forgive you, without a reason: but I could not but be sorry for myself.

You are lazy (you say) and listless, and gouty, and old, and vexed, and perplexed: I am all that (the gout excepted) and many things more, that I hope you never will be: so that what you tell me on that head, est trop flateux pour moi. Our imperfections may at least excuse, and perhaps recommend us to one another; methinks I can readily pardon sickness, and age, and vexation, for all the depredations they make within and without, when I think they make us better friends, and better men, which I am persuaded is often the case. I am very sure, I have seen the best tempered, generous, tender young creatures in the world, that would have been very glad to be sorry for people they liked, when under any pain, and could not, merely for want of knowing rightly, what it was themselves.

I find Mr. Walpole then made some mention of me to you; yes, we are together again. It is about a year, I believe, since he wrote to me, to offer it, and there has been, (particularly of late) in appear-

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ance, the same kindness and confidence almost as of old. What were his motives, I cannot yet guess. What were mine, you will imagine and perhaps blame me. However as yet I neither repent, nor rejoice overmuch, but I am pleased. He is full, I assure you, of your Panegyric. Never any body had half so much wit, as Mr. Chute (which is saying every thing with him, you know) and Mr. Wh^d. is the finest young man that ever was imported. I hope to embrace this fine man, (if I can) and thank him heartily for being my advocate, tho' in vain. He is a good creature, and I am not sure but I shall be tempted to eat a wing of him with Sellery-Sauce.

I am interrupted. Whenever I know of your time, I will be in town presently. I cannot but make Mrs. Chute my best acknowledgments for taking my part. Heaven keep you all. I am, my best Mr. Chute, very faithfully yours,

T. G.

Cambridge, Oct. 12, Sunday.

XIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I WOULD make you an excuse (as indeed I ought) if they were a sort of thing I ever gave credit to myself in these cases, but I know they are never true. Nothing so silly as indolence when it hopes

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to disguise itself, every one knows it by its saunter; as they do his Majesty (God bless him) at a Masquerade by the firmness of his tread, and the elevation of his chin. However, somewhat I had to say, that has a little shadow of reason in it. I have been in town (I suppose you know) flaunting about at public places of all kinds with my two Italianized friends. The world itself has some attractions in it to a solitary of six years standing; and agreeable well-meaning people of sense, (thank Heaven there are so few of them) are my peculiar magnet, it is no wonder then, if I felt some reluctance at parting with them so soon; or if my spirits when I returned back to my cell, should sink for a time, not indeed to storm or tempest, but a good deal below changeable. Besides, Seneca says (and my pitch of philosophy does not pretend to be much above Seneca*) "Nunquam mores quos extuli, refero, aliquid ex eo, quod composui, turbatur: aliquid ex his, quæ fugavi, redit:" and it will happen to such as we, mere imps of science; well it may, when Wisdom herself is forced often—

——————— † In sweet retired solitude
To plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That, in the various bustle of resort,
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.

It is a foolish thing that one can't only not live as one pleases, but where and with whom one

* Vide Senecæ Epistol. vii. p. 17. Ed. Gronovii. 8vo.—*Ed.*
† See Milton's Comus, v. 376.—*Ed.*

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pleases, without money. Swift somewhere says, that money is liberty ;* and I fear money is friendship too, and society, and almost every external blessing. It is a great though illnatured comfort to see most of those, who have it in plenty, without pleasure, without liberty, and without friends.

Mr. Brown (who I assure you holds up his head and his spirits very notably) will give you an account of your college proceedings if they may be so called, when nothing proceeds at all. Only the last week, Roger was so wise to declare ex motu proprio, that he took Mr. Delaval (who is now a Fell: Commoner) into his own tuition. This raised the dirty spirit of his friend Mr. May, (now tutor in Francis's Room) against him, and even gentle Mr. Peele, (who never acts but in conjunction) together with Mr. Brown, (who pretended to be mighty angry, though in reality heartily glad,) and they all came to an eclaircissement in the parlour. They abused him pretty reasonably, and it ended in threatening them as usual, with a visitor. In

* "I suppose Mr. Gay will return from Bath with 20 pounds more flesh, and 200 less in money. Providence never designed him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtlessness and cullibility. He has as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or less of admirers as a girl of fifteen. But God bless you, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the constancy of mankind, *for wealth is liberty*, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher, and Gay is a slave, by just £2000 too little." —V. Swift's Lett. to Pope, July 16, 1726.

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short, they are all as rude as may be, leave him a table by himself, never go into the parlour till he comes out; or if he enters, when they are there, continue sitting even in his own magisterial chair. May bickers with him publicly about twenty paltry matters, and Roger t'other day told him, he was impertinent. What would you have more? you see they do as one would wish. If you were here, all would be right. I am surprised not to hear you mention when that will be. Pray give an account of yourself. I am very sincerely yours,

T. G.

P. S. When I went to town, part of my errand was to sell a little stock I had, to pay off Birkett's old debt, due at Christmas. But it was so low, I should have lost near 12 per cent. and so it continues. If you think of being here near that time, and find it not inconvenient to you to lend me £40, you will save me the money I mention, (as I remember you once offered.) But if any inconvenience attend it you must imagine I don't by any means desire it. And you need not be at the trouble of any excuse, as I well know, nothing but the not being able, would hinder your doing it immediately. Let me know, because otherwise, I have another journey to make to town.

Dec. 11, [1746.] Cambridge.

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XIV. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I HAVE received your bill, and am in confusion to hear you have got into debt yourself in order to bring me out of it: I did not think to be obliged to you so much, nor on such terms: but imagined you would be here, and might easily spare it. The money shall be repaid as soon as ever it is wanted, and sooner if the stocks rise a little higher.

My note you will find at the end of my letter, which you ought to have, ἐάν τι κατὰ τὸ ἀνθρώπινον συμβαίνῃ. The rest of my acknowledgements, are upon record where they ought to be, with the rest of your kindnesses. The bill was paid me here; I suppose there is no likelihood of its being stopped in town. It surprises me to hear you talk of so much business, and the uncertainty of your return; and what not? Sure you will find time to give me an account of your transactions, and your intentions. For your ears, don't let 'em think of marrying you! for I know if you marry at all, you will be *married*. I mean passively. And then (besides repenting of what you were not guilty of) you will never go abroad, never read any thing more but farriery-books, and justice-books; and so either die of a consumption, or live on, and grow fat,

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which is worse. For me, and my retirement, (for you are in the right to despise my dissipation de quinze jours) we are in the midst of Diog. Laertius and his philosophers, as a procemium to the series of their works, and those of all the poets and orators, that lived before Philip of Macedon's death: and we have made a great Chronological Table,* with our own hands, the wonder and amazement of Mr. Brown; not so much for public events, though these too have a column assigned them, but rather in a literary way, to compare the times of all great men, their writings and transactions: it begins at the 30th Olympiad, and is already brought down to the 113th; that is 332 years. Our only modern assistants, are Marsham, Dodwell, and Bentley. Tuthill continues quiet in his Læta Paupertas, and by this time, (were not his friends of it) would have forgot there was any such place as Pembroke in the world. All things there are just in statu quo; only the fellows, as I told you, are grown pretty rudish to their sovereign in general, for Francis is now departed. Poor dear Mr. Delaval indeed has had a little misfortune; intelligence was brought, that he had with him a certain gentlewoman, pro-

* This laborious work was formed much in the manner of the President Heinault's "Histoire de France." Every page consisted of nine columns; one for the Olympiad, the next for the Archons, the third for the public affairs of Greece, the three next for the Philosophers, and the three last for Poets, Historians, and Orators. I do not find it carried further than the date above-mentioned.—*Mason*.

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perly called Nell Burnet (but whose Nom de Guerre was Captain Hargraves) in an officer's habit, whom he had carried all about to see chapels and libraries, and make visits in the face of day. The master raised his Posse comitatus in order to search his chambers, fumbled about the bed-clothes, and declared they had certainly been there; which was very true, and the Captain was then locked up in a cupboard there, while his lover stood below in order to convey him out at window, when all was over. However they took care not to discover her, though the master affirmed,—had he but caught her, he would soon have known whether it was a man or a woman. Upon this Mr. Delaval was desired to cut out his name, and did so; next day Dr. Long repented, and wrote a paper to testify he never knew any harm of him; which he brought to Dr. Whaley, who would have directly admitted him here, if Stuart had not absolutely refused. He was offered about at several colleges, but in vain. Then Dr. L. called two meetings to get him readmitted there, but every one was inexorable; and so he has lost his pupil, who is gone, I suppose, to his aunt Price. Trollope continues in Dev'reux-Court: all our hopes are now in the Commencement.

Have you seen the works of two young authors, a Mr. Warton and Mr. Collins, both writers of Odes? it is odd enough, but each is the half of a considerable man, and one the counterpart of the

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other. The first has but little invention, very poetical choice of expression, and a good ear. The second, a fine fancy, modelled upon the antique, a bad ear, great variety of words and images, with no choice at all. They both deserve to last some years, but will not. Adieu! dear Sir, I am very sincerely yours,

T. G.

I was thirty years old yesterday. What is o'clock by you?

Dec. 27, [1746.]

XV. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

January, 1747.

It is doubtless an encouragement to continue writing to you, when you tell me you answer me with pleasure. I have another reason which would make me very copious, had I any thing to say: it is, that I write to you with equal pleasure, though not with equal spirits, nor with like plenty of materials. Please to subtract then, so much for spirit, and so much for matter; and you will find me, I hope, neither so slow, nor so short, as I might otherwise seem. Besides, I had a mind to send you the remainder of Agrippina, that was lost in a wilderness of papers. Certainly you do her too much honour; she seemed to me to talk like an old boy, all in

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figures and mere poetry, instead of nature and the language of real passion. Do you remember "Approchez vous, Néron?"* Who would not rather have thought of that half line, than all Mr. Rowe's flowers of eloquence? However, you will find the remainder here at the end in an outrageous long speech: it was begun above four years ago, (it is a misfortune you know my age, else I might have added,) when I was very young. Poor West put a stop to that tragic torrent he saw breaking in upon him:—have a care, I warn you, not to set open the flood-gate again, lest it should drown you and me, and the bishop and all.

I am very sorry to hear you treat philosophy and her followers like a parcel of monks and hermits, and think myself obliged to vindicate a profession I honour, bien que je n'en tienne pas boutique (as Mad. Sevigné says.) The first man that ever bore the name, if you remember, used to say, that life was like the Olympic games, (the greatest public assembly of his age and country,) where some came to shew the strength and agility of their body, as the champions; others, as the musicians, orators, poets, and historians, to show their excellence in those arts; the traders to get money; and the better sort, to enjoy the spectacle, and judge of all these. They did not then run away from society for fear of its temptations; they passed their days

* The Speech of Agrippina in Racine's Tragedy of Britannicus, Act iv. Sc. ii. v. 1.

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in the midst of it; conversation was their business: they cultivated the arts of persuasion, on purpose to show men it was their interest, as well as their duty, not to be foolish, and false, and unjust; and that too in many instances with success; which is not very strange, for they showed by their life, that their lessons were not impracticable; and that pleasures were no temptations, but to such as wanted a clear preception of the pains annexed to them. But I have done preaching à la Grecque. Mr. Ratcliffe* made a shift to behave very rationally without their instructions, at a season which they took a great deal of pains to fortify themselves and others against: one would not desire to lose one's head with a better grace. I am particularly satisfied with the humanity of that last embrace to all the people about him. Sure it must be somewhat embarrassing to die before so much good company!

You need not fear but posterity will be ever glad to know the absurdity of their ancestors: the foolish will be glad to know they were as foolish as they, and the wise will be glad to find themselves wiser. You will please all the world then; and if you recount miracles you will be believed so much the sooner. We are pleased when we wonder, and we believe because we are pleased. Folly and wisdom,

* Brother of the Earl of Derwentwater. He was executed at Tyburn, December 1746, for having been concerned in the rebellion in Scotland. See Walpole's Letters to H. Mann, vol. ii. p. 206.—*Ed.*

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and wonder and pleasure, join with me in desiring you would continue to entertain them: refuse us if you can. Adieu, dear Sir!

T. GRAY.

XVI. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Cambridge, 1747.

I HAD been absent from this place a few days, and at my return found Cibber's book* upon my table: I return you my thanks for it, and have already run over a considerable part; for who could resist Mrs. Letitia Pilkington's recommendation? (by the way is there any such gentlewoman †? or has somebody put on the style of a scribbling woman's panegyric to deceive and laugh at Colley?) He seems to me full as pert and as dull as usual. There are whole pages of common-place stuff, that for stupidity might have been wrote by Dr. Waterland, or any other grave divine, did not the flirting saucy phrase give them at a distance an air of youth and gaity: It is very true, he is often in the right with regard to Tully's weaknesses; but was there any

* Entitled "Observations on Cicero's Character," or some such thing; for I have not the book by me, and it has been long since forgot.—*Mason.*

† This Lady made herself more known some time after the date of this letter.—*Mason.*

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one that did not see them? Those, I imagine, that would find a man after God's own heart, are no more likely to trust the Doctor's recommendation than the Player's; and as to Reason and Truth, would they know their own faces, do you think, if they looked in the glass, and saw themselves so bedizened in tattered fringe and tarnished lace, in French jewels, and dirty furbelows, the frippery of a stroller's wardrobe?

Literature, to take it in its most comprehensive sense, and include every thing that requires invention or judgment, or barely application and industry, seems indeed drawing apace to its dissolution, and remarkably since the beginning of the war. I remember to have read Mr. Spence's pretty book; though (as he then had not been at Rome for the last time) it must have increased greatly since that in bulk. If you ask me what I read, I protest I do not recollect one syllable; but only in general, that they were the best bred sort of men in the world, just the kind of *frinds* one would wish to meet in a fine summer's evening, if one wished to meet any at all. The heads and tails of the dialogues, published separate in 16mo, would make the sweetest reading in *natiur* for young gentlemen of family and fortune, that are learning to dance.* I rejoice to hear there is such a crowd

* This ridicule on the Platonic way of dialogue (as it was aimed to be, though nothing less resembles it) is, in my opinion, admirable. Lord Shaftsbury was the first who

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of dramatical performances coming upon the stage. Agrippina can stay very well, she thanks you, and be damned at leisure: I hope in God you have not mentioned, or shewed to any body that scene (for trusting in its badness, I forgot to caution you concerning it); but I heard the other day, that I was writing a Play, and was told the name of it, which nobody here could know, I am sure. The employment you propose to me much better suits my inclination; but I much fear our joint-stock would hardly compose a small volume; what I have is less considerable than you would imagine, and of that little we should not be willing to publish all. * * * †

This is all I can any where find. You, I imagine, may have a good deal more. I should not care how unwise the ordinary run of Readers might think my affection for him, provided those few, that ever loved any body, or judged of any thing rightly,

brought it into vogue, and Mr. Spence (if we except a few Scotch writers) the last who practised it. As it has now been laid aside some years, we may hope, for the sake of true taste, that this frippery mode of composition will never come into fashion again; especially since Dr. Hurd has pointed out, by example as well as precept, wherein the true beauty of Dialogue-writing consists.—*Mason.* See Walpole's Letters to Ld. Hertford.—*Ed.*

† What is here omitted was a short catalogue of Mr. West's Poetry then in Mr. Gray's hands; the reader has seen as much of it in the three foregoing sections as I am persuaded his friend would have published, had he prosecuted the task which Mr. Walpole recommended to him,

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might, from such little remains, be moved to consider what he would have been; and to wish that heaven had granted him a longer life and a mind more at ease.

I send you a few lines, though Latin, which you do not like, for the sake of the subject;* it makes part of a large design, and is the beginning of the fourth book, which was intended to treat of the passions. Excuse the three first verses; you know vanity, with the Romans, is a poetical licence.

XVII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Cambridge, 1747.

I HAVE abundance of thanks to return you for the entertainment Mr. Spence's book has given me, which I have almost run over already; and I much fear (see what it is to make a figure) the breadth

that of printing his own and Mr. West's Poems in the same volume; and which we also perceive from this letter, he was not averse from doing. This therefore seems to vindicate the Editor's plan in arranging these papers; as he is enabled by it not only to shew what Mr. West would have been, but what Mr. Gray was, I mean not as a Poet, for that the world knew before, but as an universal Scholar, and (what is still of more consequence) as an excellent moral man.—*Mason.*

* The admirable Apostrophe to Mr. West, with which the Fragment of the 4th Book de Principiis Cogitandi opens. —*Ed.*

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of the margin, and the neatness of the prints, which are better done than one could expect, have prevailed upon me to like it far better than I did in manuscript; for I think it is not the very genteel deportment of Polymetis, nor the lively wit of Mysagetes, that have at all corrupted me.

There is one fundamental fault, from whence most of the little faults throughout the whole arise. He professes to neglect the Greek writers, who could have given him more instruction on the very heads he professes to treat, than all the others put together; who does not know, that upon the Latin, the Sabine and Hetruscan mythology (which probably might themselves, at a remoter period of time, owe their origin to Greece too) the Romans ingrafted almost the whole religion of Greece to make what is called their own? It would be hard to find any one circumstance that is properly of their invention. In the ruder days of the republic, the picturesque part of their religion (which is the province he has chose, and would be thought to confine himself to) was probably borrowed entirely from the Tuscans, who, as a wealthy and trading people, may be well supposed, and indeed are known, to have had the arts flourishing in a considerable degree among them. What could inform him here, but Dio. Halicarnassus (who expressly treats of those times with great curiosity and industry) and the remains of the first Roman writers? The former he has neglected as a Greek; and the latter, he says, were but little acquainted with the

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arts, and consequently are but of small authority. In the better ages, when every temple and public building in Rome was peopled with imported deities and heroes, and when all the artists of reputation they made use of were Greeks, what wonder, if their eyes grew familiarised to Grecian forms and habits (especially in a matter of this kind, where so much depends upon the imagination); and if those figures introduced with them a belief of such fables, as first gave them being, and dressed them out in their various attributes, it was natural then, and (I should think) necessary, to go to the source itself, the Greek accounts of their own religion; but to say the truth, I suspect he was a little conversant in those books and that language; for he rarely quotes any but Lucian, an author that falls in every body's way, and who lived at the very extremity of that period he has set to his enquiries, later than any of the poets he has meddled with, and for that reason ought to have been regarded as but an indifferent authority; especially being a Syrian too. His book (as he says himself) is, I think, rather a beginning than a perfect work; but a beginning at the wrong end: For if any body should finish it by enquiring into the Greek mythology, as he proposes, it will be necessary to read it backward.

There are several little neglects, that one might have told him of, which I noted in reading it hastily; as page 311, a discourse about orange-trees, occasioned by Virgil's "inter odoratum lauri ne-

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mus," where he fancies the Roman Laurus to be our Laurel; though undoubtedly the bay-tree, which is *odoratum*, and (I believe) still called Lauro, or Alloro, at Rome; and that the "Malum Medicum" in the Georgick is the orange;* though Theophrastus, whence Virgil borrowed it, or even Pliny, whom he himself quotes, might convince him it is the cedrato which he has often tasted at Florence. Page 144 is an account of Domenichino's Cardinal Virtues, and a fling at the Jesuits, neither of which belong to them: The painting is in a church of the Barnabiti, dedicated to St. Carlo Borromeo, whose motto is HUMILITAS. Page 151, in a note, he says, the old Romans did not regard Fortune as a Deity; tho' Servius Tullius (whom she was said to be in love with; nay, there was actually an affair between them) founded her temple in Foro Boario. By the way, her worship was Greek, and this king was educated in the family of Tarquinius Priscus, whose father was a Corinthian; so it is easy to conceive how early the religion of Rome might be mixed with that of Greece, &c. &c.

Dr. Middleton has sent me to-day a book on the Roman Senate, the substance of a dispute between Lord Hervey and him, though it never interrupted *their* friendship, he says, and I dare say not.

* The laurel was imported into Europe by the botanist Clusius, about the year 1590, from Trebizord. The orange was certainly unknown to Virgil, having been brought from Ispahan at a much later period.—Dr. Whittaker, MS. note.

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XVIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Cambridge, March 1, 1747.

As one ought to be particularly careful to avoid blunders in a compliment of condolence, it would be a sensible satisfaction to me (before I testify my sorrow, and the sincere part I take in your misfortune) to know for certain, who it is I lament. I knew Zara and Selima, (Selima, was it? or Fatima?) or rather I knew them both together; for I cannot justly say which was which. Then as to your handsome Cat, the name you distinguish her by, I am no less at a loss, as well knowing one's handsome cat is always the cat one likes best; or if one be alive and the other dead, it is usually the latter that is the handsomest. Besides, if the point were never so clear, I hope you do not think me so ill-bred or so imprudent as to forfeit all my interest in the survivor; Oh no! I would rather seem to mistake, and imagine to be sure it must be the tabby one that had met with this sad accident. Till this affair is a little better determined, you will excuse me if I do not begin to cry;

"Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque doloris."

Which interval is the more convenient, as it gives time to rejoice with you on your new honours.*

* Mr. Walpole was about this time elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

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This is only a beginning; I reckon next week we shall hear you are a free-Mason, or a Gormogon* at least. —Heigh ho! I feel (as you to be sure have done long since) that I have very little to say, at least in prose. Somebody will be the better for it; I do not mean you, but your Cat, feuë Mademoiselle Selime, whom I am about to immortalize for one week or fortnight, as follows * * *

* * * *

There's a poem for you, it is rather too long for an Epitaph.

XIX. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

You ask me, what I should answer in case any one should ask me a certain question concerning you. In my conscience I should say, yes; and the readier as I have had a revelation about it, it was in a dream that told me you had taken a fancy to one of the four last letters in the alphabet. I think it can't be X, nor Z (for I know of no female

* See some account of the 'Gormogons' in Nicholls's Life of Hogarth, p. 424. There is a Print of Hogarth's with the title—'The Mystery of Masonry brought to light by the Gormogons.' There is also a Poem, by Harry Carey, called, 'The Moderator between the Free Masons and Gormogons;' see also Pope's Dunciad, Book iv. ver. 576.—*Ed.*

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Zeno, or Xenophon) it may be Y perhaps, but I have somehow a secret partiality for W, am I near it, or no? by this time I suppose, 'tis almost a done thing. There is no struggling with Destiny, so I acquiesce. Thus far only I should be glad to know with certainty, whether it be likely [ ] should continue in statu quo, till the Commencement (which I don't conceive) for [ ] I should think it rather better for T. to give up his pretensions with a good grace, than to wait the pleasure of those dirty cubs, who would infallibly prefer the first that offers of their own people, but I submit this to your judgment, you (as you first made him a competitor) ought to determine at what time he may most decently withdraw. I have some uneasiness too on Brown's account, who has sacrificed all his interests with so much frankness, and is still so resolute to do every thing for us without reserve, that I should see him with great concern under the paw of a fell visitor, and exposed to the insolence of that old rascal, the master. Trollope (if you remember) would engage himself no longer than the end of this year: 'tis true he has never said any thing since, tending that way, but he is not unlikely to remember it at a proper time. And as to *Smart, he must necessarily be abîmé, in a very

* The person mentioned here is Smart the Poet. It appears in Anderson's Life of him, that he was admitted of Pembroke Hall, Oct. 30th, 1739, elected Fellow of Pembroke in 1745, and M. A. 1747. The Comedy to which

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short time. His debts daily increase (you remember the state they were in, when you left us); Addison, I know, wrote smartly to him last week; but it has had no effect, that signifies, only I observe he takes hartshorn from morning to night lately: in the mean time he is amusing himself with a Comedy of his own writing, which he makes all the boys of his acquaintance act, and intends to borrow the Zodiack room, and have it performed publickly, our friend Lawman, the mad attorney, is his copyist; and truly the author himself is to the full as mad as he. His piece, he says, is inimitable, true sterling wit, and humour by God; and he can't hear the Prologue without being ready to die with laughter. He acts five parts himself, and is only sorry, he can't do all the rest. He has also advertised a collection of Odes; and for his Vanity and Faculty of Lying, they are come to their full maturity. All this, you see, must come to a Jayl, or Bedlam, and that without any help, almost without pity. By the way, now I talk of a Jayl, please to let me know, when and where you would have me pay my own debts.

Gray alludes, was called a 'Trip to Cambridge, or the grateful Fair.' Which was acted in Pembroke College Hall, the parlour of which made the green room. No remains of this play have been found, but a few of the Songs, and the 'Soliloquy of the Princess Periwinkle sola, attended by fourteen Maids of great Honour,' containing the well known simile of the Collier, Barber, and the Brickdustman. "Thus when a Barber and a Collier fight," &c.—*Ed.*

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Chapman, I suppose you know, is warm in his mastership; soon after his accession, I was to see him: there was a very brilliant (Cambridge) assembly, Middleton, Rutherforth, Heberden, Robinson, Coventry, and various others. He did the honours with a great deal of comical dignity, assisted by a Bedmaker in greasy leather breeches, and a livery, and now he is gone to town to get preferment. But what you'll wonder at, and what delights me, Coventry is his particular confident (tho' very disagreeably to himself,) he can't open his door, but he finds the master there, who comes to set with him at all hours, and brings his works with him, for he is writing a great book on the *Roman Constitution. Well, upon the strength of this, I too am grown very great with Coventry, and to say the truth (bating his nose, and another circumstance, which is nothing to me) he is the best sort of man in this place. Middleton has published a small octavo on the Roman Senate, well enough, but nothing of very great consequence, and is now gone to be inducted into a Sine-cure (not £100 a year) that Sir J. Frederick gave him. What's worse, for the sake of this little nasty thing

* An Essay on the Roman Senate by Thomas Chapman, D. D. Master of Magdalen College in Cambridge, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, 1750, 8vo. A Review of this Book, as well as of Middleton's, and other writers on the same subject, was published by Hooke, 4to. 1758.—*Ed.*

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(I am told) he is determined to suppress a work, that would have made a great noise, or publish it all mangled or disfigured, and this when he has (I am assured) near £700 a year of his own already, and might live independent, and easy, and speak his mind, in the face of the whole world Clerical and Laïcal, such a passion have some men to lick the dust, and be trampled upon. The Fellow Commoners (the bucks) are run mad, they set women upon their heads in the streets at noon-day, break open shops, game in the coffee-houses on Sundays, and in short act after my own heart.

My works are not so considerable as you imagine. I have read Pausanias and Athenæus all through, and Æschylus again. I am now in Pindar and Lysias: for I take Verse and Prose together like bread and cheese.

The Chronology is growing daily, the most noble of my performances latterly is a Pême on the uncommon death of Mr. Walpole's Cat, which being of a proper size and subject for a gentleman in your condition to peruse, (besides that I flatter myself Miss —— will give her judgment upon it too) I herewith send you, it wont detain you long. Adieu, my dear Sir, I am ever yours,

T. G.

Cambr. March [1747], Tuesday Night.

Trollope is in town, still at his lodgings, and has been very ill. Brown wrote a month ago to Hayes and Christopher; but has had no answer whether

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or no they shall be here at the Commencement, can you tell? Morley is going to be married to a grave and stayed Maiden of 30 years old with much pelf, and his own relation. Poor Soul!

XX. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I PERCEIVE that mine did not reach you till the day after you had wrote your little letter. If you have time to give the Gentleman (before he goes to town) my note endorsed by you, or will send it to your brother, the money shall be paid in town at the day you mention. The rest of my questions are all sufficiently answered by the news you tell me, (not but that I knew it before.) What can one say to a person in such circumstances? I need not say how much happiness I wish you, if that be the way to it. I rejoice to see you with your boots on. It would be cruel to detain you long at present. When you have any leisure, I hope you will let me a little more into the matter. The old maids give you heartily joy, and hug themselves in their virginity. Carlyon is in your room, and I can't well go and strip him; I reckon he will not remain long here. Adieu! and think me yours ever,

T. G.

March 26, [1747], Cambridge.

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XXI. TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I HIGHLY approve of your travelling nuptials, and only wonder you don't set forth on Easter day, rather than stay to be dished up there, and put to bed by a whole heap of relations. I don't conceive what one can do with such people, but run away from them. My very letter blushes to think it must speak with you at such a time, when there is but one person you can properly have any thing to say to.

However, though I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Wilkinson, my new relation, much less of knowing how good a Charioteer he is, yet I will readily trust him with my neck to carry to Stilton, or where he pleases. If I arrive there in a shattered condition, I hope the lady you belong to will receive me the more graciously, as a person that had an ambition to break a limb or two in her service, but you must desire him (as you say) to invite me.

You shall receive the money, as soon as you get to town. My Aunt has it in her hands. When I see you, I shall learn your direction, and she shall come and pay it,

I won't trouble you with long letters at present. Adieu! I am sincerely yours,

T. G.

P.S. My compliments.

[March, or April, 1747.]

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XXII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I REJOICE to hear you are safe arrived, though drawn by *four wild horses*, like people one reads of in the book of martyrs, yet I cannot chuse but lament your condition, so cooped up in the Elvet-House, with spirits and hobgoblins about you, and pleasure at one entrance quite shut out; you must so much the more set open all the other avenues to admit it, open your folios, open your De L'Isle, and take a prospect of that world, which the cruel architect has hid from your corporeal eyes, and confined them to the narrow contemplation of your own *backside*,* and kitchen-garden.

Mr. Keene has been here, but is now gone to town for a little while, and returns to pass the winter with us. We are tolerably gracious, and he speaks mighty well of you; but when I look upon his countenance and his ways, I can never think of bestowing my poor Tuthill upon him (though it were never so advantageous, and they both had a mind to it) and so I have said nothing to either of them. I found, he had no hopes of your petition; and believe you are right in thinking no farther of it. Your mention of Mr. Vane, reminds me of poor Smart (not that I, or any other mortal,

* The old name for the back part of farm-houses where the kitchen and yards were.—*Ed.*

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pity him,) about three weeks ago he was arrested here at the suit of a taylor in London for a debt of about £50 of three years standing. The College had about £28 due to him in their hands, the rest (to hinder him from going to the castle, for he could not raise a shilling) Brown, May, and Peele, lent him upon his note. Upon this he remained confined to his room, lest his creditors here should snap him; and the fellows went round to make out a list of his debts, which amount in Cambridge to above £350; that they might come the readier to some composition, he was advised to go off in the night, and lie hid somewhere or other. He has done so, and this has made the creditors agree to an assignment of £50 per annum out of his income, which is above £140, if he lives at Cambridge, not else.) But I am apprehensive, if this come to the ears of Mr. Vane, he may take away the £40 hitherto allowed him by the Duke of Cleveland; for before all this (last summer) I know they talked of doing so, as Mr. Smart (they said) was now settled in the world. If you found an opportunity, possibly you might hinder this (which would totally ruin him now) by representing his absurdity in the best light it will bear: but at the same time they should make this a condition of its continuance; that he live in the College, soberly, and within bounds, for that upon any information to the contrary it shall be undoubtedly stopped. This would be doing a real service, though against the grain: yet I must own if you heard all his lies, imperti-

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nence, and ingratitude in this affair, it would perhaps quite set you against him, as it has his only friend (Mr. Addison) totally, and yet one would try to save him, for drunkenness is one great source of all this, and he may change it. I would not tell this matter in the north, were I you, till I found it was known by other means. We have had an opinion from the Attorney General in a manner directly contrary to the former. He does not seem to have been clear then; so that he may possibly not be so now. The King's Bench (he says) can take no cognizance of it; the visitor must do all, and he is the Vice Chancellor by King James's Charter, which is good. This is sad indeed, and the fellows before they acquiesce in it, seem desirous of consulting Dr. Lee, who is well acquainted with College matters.

Have you seen Lyttleton's Monody on his wife's death? there are parts of it, too stiff and poetical; but others truly tender and elegiac, as one would wish. Dodsley is publishing three miscellaneous volumes; some new, many that have been already printed. Lyttleton, Nugent, and G. West have given him several things of theirs. Mr. Walpole has given him three odes of mine (which you have seen before) and one of Mr. West's (my friend who is dead) which in spite of the subject is excellent: it is on the late queen's death. There is a Mr. Archibald Bower,* a Scotchman bred in

* A full account of Mr. Archibald Bower, and his history

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Italy, Professor in three Universities there, and of the Inquisition, he was employed by the Court of Rome to write a history of the Popes. As he searched into the materials, his eyes were opened: he came to England, has changed his religion, and continues his work in our language under the patronage of Mr. Pitt, the Yorks, &c. The preface is come out with the proposals, and promises exceeding well, doubtless there is no part of history more curious, if it be well performed.

My best wishes wait upon Mrs. Wharton, and ———. My compliments to Miss Wharton, and to King Harry the 8th. Brown will write; he's the * * little man, and always * *. Adieu, I am ever yours,

T. G.

Novr. 30, Cambridge, [1747.]

P. S. I said something to Stonhewer, who (I believe) will do what he can. He is now in London.

of the Popes, may be seen in the Biographical Dictionary. To the detection of his forgeries and mistakes by Dr. Douglas, the late Bishop of Salisbury, Goldsmith alludes in the Retaliation.

"New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover."

See also Walpole's Letters to H. Mann, vol. ii. p. 366. *Ed.*

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XXIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

THOUGH I have been silent so long, do not imagine I am at all less sensible to your kindness, (which, to say the truth,) is of a sort, that however obvious and natural it may seem, has never once occurred to any of my good friends in town, where I have been these seven weeks. Their methods of consolation were indeed very extraordinary; they were all so sorry for my loss* that I could not chuse but laugh: one offered me opera tickets, insisted upon carrying me to the grand masquerade, desired me to sit for my picture; others asked me to their concerts, or dinners and suppers at their houses; or hoped I would drink chocolate with them while I stayed in town. All my gratitude, (or, if you please, my revenge,) was to accept of every thing they offered me: if it had been but a shilling I would have taken it; thank Heaven, I was in good spirits, else I could not have done it. I profited all I was able of their civilities, and am returned into the country loaded with their Bontés and Politesses, but richer still in my own reflections, which I owe in great measure to them too. Suffer a great master to tell them you, for me, in a better manner.

* The destruction of his house, in Cornhill, by fire.

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Aux sentimens de la Nature,
Aux plaisirs de la Vérité,
Préférant le goût frelaté
Des plaisirs, qu'a fait l'Imposture
Ou qu'inventa la Vanité,
Voudrois-je partager ma vie
Entre les jeux de la Folie,
Et l'ennui de l'Oisiveté,
Et trouver la Mélancolie,
Dans le sein de la Volupté? &c.*

Your friendship has interested itself in my affairs so naturally, that I cannot help troubling you with a little detail of them. The house I lost was insured for £500, and with the deduction of three per cent. they paid me £485, with which I bought, when Stocks were lower, £525. The rebuilding will cost £590, and the other expences, that necessarily attend it, will mount that sum to £650. I have an aunt that gives me £100; and another that I hope will lend me what I shall want: but if (contrary to my expectation) I should be forced to have recourse to your assistance, it can not be for above £50; and that about Christmas next, when the thing is to be finished: and now, my dear Wharton, why must I tell you a thing so contrary to my own wishes, and to yours, I believe? It is impossible for me to see you in the north, or to enjoy any of those agreeable hours I had flattered myself with. I must be in town several times

* These verses are extracted from the Poem called "La Chartreuse," by Gresset.—*Ed.*

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during the Summer, in August particularly, when half the money is to be paid: the relation that used to do things for me is, from illness, now quite incapable; and the good people here would think me the most careless and ruinous of mortals, if I should think of such a journey at this time. The only satisfaction I can pretend to, is that of hearing from you; and particularly about this time I was bid to expect good news.

Your opinion of Diodorus is doubtless right; but there are things in him very curious, got out of better authors, now lost. Do you remember the Egyptian History, and particularly the account of the gold-mines?* My own readings have been cruelly interrupted: what I have been highly pleased with, is the new comedy from Paris, by Gresset; le Méchant, one of the very best dramas I ever met with: if you have it not, buy his works altogether, in two little volumes. They are collected by the Dutch booksellers, and consequently there is some trash; but then there are the Ververt, the epistle to P. Bougeant, the Chartreuse, that to his sister, an ode on his country, and another on Mediocrity, and the Sidnei, another comedy, which have great beauties; there is a poem by Thomson, the Castle of Indolence, with some

* This curious passage of Diodorus, to which Gray alludes, may be found in Vol. I. Lib. iii. Cap. 12. p. 181. Ed. Wesseling.—*Ed.*

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good stanzas. Mr. Mason is my acquaintance: I liked that ode * very much, but have found no one else that did. He has much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty. I take him for a good and well-meaning creature; but then he is really in simplicity a child, and loves every body he meets with: he reads little or nothing, writes abundance, and that with a design to make his fortune by it. There is now, I think, no hopes of the Pembroke business coming to any thing: my poor Tuthill will be in a manner destitute (even of a curacy) by Midsummer. I need not bid you think of him, if any probable means offer of doing him good: I fear he was not made to think much for himself, pray let me hear from you soon; I am at Mrs. Rogers's of Stoke, near Windsor, Bucks.

* Ode to a Water Nymph, published about this time in Dodsley's Miscellany. On reading what follows, many readers, I suspect, will think me as simple as ever, in forbearing to expunge the paragraph: But as I publish Mr. Gray's sentiments of Authors, as well living as dead, without reserve, I should do them injustice, if I was more scrupulous with respect to myself. My friends, I am sure, will be much amused with this and another passage hereafter of a like sort. My enemies, if they please, may sneer at it; and say (which they will very truly) that twenty-five years have made a very considerable abatement in my general philanthropy. Men of the world will not blame me for writing from so prudent a motive, as that of making my fortune by it; and yet the truth, I believe, at the time was, that I was perfectly well satisfied, if my publications furnished me with a few guineas to see a Play or an Opera.—*Mason.*

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My thanks, and best compliments to Mrs. Wharton, and your family. Does that name include any body that I am not yet acquainted with? Adieu! I am ever, truly yours,

T. GRAY.

June 5, 1748.

XXIV. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON, Stoke, August 19, 1748.

AFTER having made my compliments to the godmothers of the little Doctress, who are to promise and vow for her that she shall understand, and be grateful some twelve or fifteen years hence: I congratulate Mrs. Wharton and your family on this occasion, and doubtless desire nothing more than to see you all next summer; though as to promises, I dare not, lest some unlucky event again come across, and put the performance out of my power. I am not certain whether I shall be obliged to have recourse to your assistance or no, about Christmas: but if I am, I will be sure to give you notice in due time.

I am glad you have had any pleasure in Gresset: he seems to be a truly elegant and charming writer; the Méchant is the best comedy I ever read. Edward I could scarce get through, it is puerile;

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though there are good lines; such as this for example:

Le jour d'un nouveau règne est le jour des ingrats.

But good lines will make any thing rather than a good Play. However you are to consider, this is a collection made by the Dutch booksellers; many things unfinished, or wrote in his youth, or designed not for the world, but to make a few friends laugh, as the Lutrin vivant, &c. there are two noble verses, which, as they are in the middle of an ode *to the King*, may perhaps have escaped you:

Le cri d'un peuple heureux, est la seule éloquence
Qui sçait parler des Rois.

which is very true, and should have been a hint to himself not to write odes to the king at all.

My squabble with the Professor I did not think worth mentioning to you. My letter was by no means intended as a composition, and only designed to be showed to some, who were witnesses to the impertinence that gave occasion for it. But he was fool enough, by way of revenge, to make it mighty public.

I don't wonder your Mr. Bolby disapproves Mr. [ ] conduct at Rome: it was indeed very unlike his own. But when every body there of our nation was base enough either to enter into an actual correspondence with a certain most serene person, or at least to talk carelessly and doubtfully on what was then transacting at home, sure it was

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the part of a man of spirit to declare his sentiments publicly, and warmly. He was so far from making a party, that he and Mr. [ ] were the only persons that were of that party. As to his ends in it; from his first return to England he has always frequented the Prince's court, had been the open friend of Mr. H. Walpole, which would certainly be no way to recommend himself to the ministry; unless you suppose his views were very distant indeed.

I should wish to know (when you can find time for a letter) what you think of my young friend, Stonhewer, and what company he is fallen into in the North. I fill up with the beginning of a sort of Essay, what name to give it I know not, but the subject is, the Alliance of Education and Government; I mean to shew that they must necessarily concur to produce great and useful men.

* * * * * *

I desire your judgment upon so far, before I proceed any farther. Adieu. I am ever yours,

T. G.

Pray show it to no one (as it is a fragment) except it be Stonhewer, who has seen most of it already I think.

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XXV. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

SHALL I be expeditious enough to bring you the news of the peace, before you meet with it in the Papers? not the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, mother of proclamations and of fireworks, that lowers the price of oranges and Malaga-sack, and enhances that of Poor Jack and Barrell'd Cod: no, nor the Peace between Adil-Shah and the Great Mogol; but the Peace of Pembroke, signed between the high and mighty Prince Roger surnamed the Long, Lord of the great Zodiac, the Glass Uranium, and the Chariot that goes without horses, on the one part; and the most noble James Brown, the most serene Theophilus Peele, and the most profound Nehemiah May, &c.: on the other.

In short without farther preliminaries, Knowles, Mason, and Tuthill are elected, and the last of them is actually here upon the spot, as you will shortly hear from himself. The negotiations, that preceded this wonderful event are inexplicable. The success of the affair was extremely uncertain but the very night before it, and had come to nothing, if Brown, fixed and obstinate as a little rock, had not resisted the solicitations of Smith, and Smart, almost quarrelled with Peele and May, and given up as

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in a huff the living of Tilney, to which he had that morning been presented. I say this seemed to them to be done in a huff, but was in reality a thing he had determined to do, be the event of the Election what it would; they were desirous of electing two, as the master proposed, Knowles and Mason, or Mason and Gaskarth, for they were sure he would never admit Tuthill, as he had so often declared it. However, I say, Brown continued stedfast, that all three should come, or none at all; and when they met next day, he begun by resigning Tilney, and then desired the master would either put an end to their long disputes himself, as they intreated him; or else they would refer the whole to a visitor, and did conjure him to call one in, as soon as possible. The rest did not contradict him, though the proposal was much against their real inclinations. So Roger believing them unanimous (after some few Pribbles and Prabbles,) said, well then, if it be for the good of the College—but you intend Knowles shall be senior?—To be sure master—well then—and so they proceeded to Election, and all was over in a few minutes. I do believe, that Roger, despairing now of a visitor to his mind, and advised by all his acquaintance (among whom I reckon Keene, whose acquaintance I have cultivated with the same views you mentioned in your letter to Brown) to finish the matter, had been for some months determined to do so, but not till he made a last effort. He made it indeed, but not having

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sagacity enough to find out, how near carrying his point he was; being ignorant of the weakness of a part of his College, and they not cunning, or perhaps not dishonest enough, to discover it to him; he thought he had missed his aim, and so gave it up without farther struggling. I hope you will be glad to see so good an end of an affair you gave birth to: Brown is quite happy, and we vastly glad to be obliged to the only man left among them, that one would care to be obliged to. There are two more Fellowships remain to be filled up at the Commencement. By the way Tuthill has been just holding a candle—not to the devil, but to the master, as he was reading some papers in Hall: and the boys peep'd in at the screens to see it, and to laugh.

Keene is most sadly *implicated* in the beginning of his reign about an Election, and I am of his Cabinet-council, hitherto for the reasons you wot of, and now because I can't help it, but I am rather tired of College details (as I doubt not, you are) and so I leave this story to be recorded by the Annalists of Peter-house; and let historians of equal dignity tell of the triumphs of Chappy, the installations, the visitations, and other memorable events that distinguish and adorn his glorious reign.

You ask for some account of books. The principal I can tell you of is a work of the president Montesquieu's, the labour of twenty years, it is

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called, L'Esprit des Loix,* 2 vols. 4to. printed at Geneva. He lays down the principles on which are founded the three sorts of government, Despotism, the limited Monarchic, and the Republican, and shews how from thence are deducted the laws and customs, by which they are guided and maintained: the education proper to each form, the influences of climate, situation, religion, &c.: on the minds of particular nations, and on their policy. The subject (you see) is as extensive as mankind; the thoughts perfectly new, generally admirable, as they are just; sometimes a little too refined: in short there are faults, but such as an ordinary man could never have committed: the style very lively and concise (consequently sometimes obscure) it is the gravity of Tacitus (whom he admires) tempered with the gayety and fire of a Frenchman.

The time of night will not suffer me to go on, but I will write again in a week. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton and your family, I am ever, most sincerely yours,

T. GRAY.

March 9th, [1748—9] Thursday, Cambridge.

* See Walpole's Letters to H. Mann, vol. ii. p. 330. *Ed.*

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XXVI. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

April 25, Cambridge [1749.]

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I PERCEIVE that second parts are as bad to write, as they can be to read. For this, which you ought to have had a week after the first, has been a full month in coming forth. The spirit of Laziness, (the spirit of the place) begins to possess even me, that have so long declaimed against it Yet has it not so prevailed, but that I feel that discontent with myself, that *Ennuy*, that ever accompanies it in its beginnings. Time will settle my conscience, time will reconcile my languid companion; we shall smoke, we shall tipple, we shall doze together, we shall have our little jokes, like other people, and our long stories. Brandy will finish what Port begun; and a month after the time you will see in some corner of a London Evening Post, yesterday, died the Rev. Mr. John Grey, Senior-Fellow of Clare-hall, a facetious companion, and well-respected by all that knew him. His death is supposed to have been occasioned by a fit of an apoplexy, being found fallen out of bed with his head in a chamber-pot.

I am half ashamed to write university news to you, but as perhaps you retain some little leven of

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Pembroke-Hall, your nursing mother, I am in hopes you will not be more than half-ashamed to read it. Pembroke then is all harmonious and delightful since the pacification: but I wish you would send them up some boys, for they are grown extremely thin from their late long indisposition. Keene's *Implications* have ended queerly, for, contrary to all common-sense, Peter Nourse and two others have joined Rogers, and brought in a shameful low creature by a majority. The master appeals to the Visitor against their choice as of a person not qualified, he has received the appeal, and I suppose will put in Brocket (Dr. Keene's man) by main force. Chapman is at present in town in waiting; he has just married a Miss Barnwell, niece to one Dr. Barnwell who was minister of Trompington, with £2000, a plain woman, and about his own age. I hear that when he went to Leicester-house to know when the Prince would be waited upon with the book of verses on the peace, the Prince appointed no day at all; but ordered the verses to be sent, and left there. The design of receiving the University at Newcastle-house is said to be altered; the Duke intending to come hither (I imagine) after the Parliament is risen. *Ross's Epis-

* Concerning Ross's Edition of the Epistolæ Familiares of Cicero, I am tempted to mention the opinion of Markland, especially as the passage has never been alluded to in print, and the name of Ross, or his book not being mentioned, it might escape the readers of the learned and inte-

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tles of Tully ad Familiares will come out in about a week. It is in two handsome 8vo. Volumes, with an Introduction and Notes in English, but no translation, dedicated to Lord Gower. Now I am come to books, there is a new edition of Montesquieu's Work (which I mentioned to you before) publishing in 2 vols. 8vo. Have you seen old Crebillon's Catilina, a Tragedy which has had a prodigious run at Paris? historical truth is too much perverted in it, which is ridiculous in a story so generally known: but if you can get over this, the sentiments and versification are fine, and most of the characters (particularly the principal one) painted with great

resting volume in which it is to be found.—"I thank you for the first volume of the book you sent me, and wait with somewhat of impatience for the second, in which I want to see several places. It fully answers the expectations which I had formed from his former performance, and I have had a very full and very innocent revenge upon him for his pertness and want of judgment, in undertaking what I then saw he knew nothing of, and now see so many instances of his ignorance, and want of skill and taste in these matters, as, if I could shew them to you, would make you laugh, even though you had a moderate fit of the colic upon you. But this between ourselves, for this is the *Esoteric* Doctrine, which I shall communicate only to Mr. Clarke and yourself, the *Exoteric* is, that the English is very good and the Notes (scarce one of them his own, but taken from men, without any acknowledgment for the most part) very useful, and such as I could wish might be read by every body. I do not doubt, but he will get a great deal of reputation from this Work."—*Extracts from Markland's Letters, in Miscellaneous Tracts of Bowyer, p.* 513, 514, 516.

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spirit. Observe, if you chuse to send for it, not to have Brindley's edition, which is all false prints, but Vaillant's. There is a Work publishing in Denmark by subscription, (4 guineas) Travels in Egypt by Captain Norden. He was once in England (as tutor to a young Count Daniskiold,* hereditary Admiral of Denmark) and known to many persons as a man of sense, and that understood drawing extremely well; accordingly it is the plates that raise it to such a price, and are said to be excellent. The author himself is dead, and his papers are published by the Academy at Copenhagen. Mr. Birch, the indefatigable, has just put out a thick 8vo. of original papers of Queen Elizabeth's time, there are many curious things in it, particularly Letters from Sir Robert Cecil (Salisbury) about his Negotiations with Henry IVth of France; the Earl of Monmouth's odd account of Queen Elizabeth's death, several peculiarities of James Ist, and Prince Henry, &c.; and above all an excellent account of the State of France, with characters of the King, his Court and Ministry, by Sir G. Carew, ambassador there. This, I think, is all new worth mentioning, that I have seen or heard of, except a Natural History of Peru in Spanish, printed at London by Don —— something, a man of learning sent thither by that court on purpose.

* See a curious account in Bruce's Travels, of Norden, and of the Danish Admiral's attempt to reach the sources of the Nile.—*Ed.*

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I shall venture to accept of a part of that kind offer you once made me (for my finances are much disordered this year) by desiring you to lend me twenty guineas. The sooner you can do this, the more convenient it will be to me, and if you can find a method to pay it here; still more so. But if any thing should happen, that may defer it, or make this method troublesome, then I will desire you to make it payable in town after the first week in June, when I shall be obliged to go thither.

I want to hear from you, to know of your health and that of your family. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. Mr. Brown comes and throws in his *little compliments* too, and we are both very truly yours,

T. G.

XXVII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I PROMISED Dr. Keene long since to give you an account of our magnificences here,* but the newspapers and he himself in person have got the start of my indolence, so that by this time you are well acquainted with all the events that adorned that week of wonders, thus much I may venture to tell

* The Duke of Newcastle's Installation as Chancellor of the University.—*Mason.*

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you, because it is probable nobody else has done it, that our friend Chappy's zeal and eloquence surpassed all power of description. Vesuvio in an eruption was not more violent than his utterance, nor (since I am at my mountains) Pelion with all its pine trees in a storm of wind more impetuous than his action, and yet the Senate-house still stands, and (I thank God) we are all safe and well at your service. I was ready to sink for him, and scarce dared to look about me, when I was sure it was all over; but soon found I might have spared my confusion, for all people joined to applaud him: every thing was quite right; and I dare swear, not three people here but think him a model of oratory. For all the Duke's little court came with a resolution to be pleased; and when the tone was once given, the University, who ever wait for the judgment of their betters, struck into it with an admirable harmony. For the rest of the performances they were (as usual) very ordinary. Every one, while it lasted, was very gay and very busy in the morning, and very owlish and very tipsey at night. I make no exceptions from the Chancellour to Blewcoat. Mason's Ode was the only entertainment, that had any tolerable elegance; and for my own part, I think it (with some little abatements) uncommonly well on such an occasion, pray let me know your sentiments, for doubtless you have seen it. The author of it grows apace in my good graces: he is very ingenious, with great good-nature and

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simplicity. A little vain, but in so harmless and so comical a way, that it does not offend one at all; a little ambitious, but withal so ignorant in the world and its ways, that this does not hurt him in one's opinion. So sincere and so undisguised, that no mind with a spark of generosity would ever think of hurting him, he lies so open to injury, but so indolent, that if he cannot overcome this habit, all his good qualities will signify nothing at all. After all I like him so well, I could wish you knew him.

Tuthill, who was here at the installation and in high spirits, will come to settle in Cambridge at Michaelmas, and I have hopes, that these two, with Brown's assistance, may bring Pembroke into some esteem: but then there is no making bricks without straw. They have no boys at all, and unless you can send us a hamper or two out of the north to begin with, they will be like a few rats straggling about an old deserted mansion-house.

I should be glad (as you will see Keene often) if you could throw in a word, as of your own head merely, about a Fellowship for Stonhewer; he has several times mentioned it himself, as a thing he would try to bring about either at Queen's or Christ's, where he has interest: but I know not how, it has gone off again, and we have heard no more lately about it. I know it is not practicable here at Peterhouse, because of his county; and though at Pembroke we might possibly get a majority, yet Roger is an animal, that might play over again all his

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old game, and with a better appearance than before. You would therefore oblige me, if you would sound him upon this subject, for it is Stonhewer's wish, and (I think) would be an advantage to him, if he had a reason for continuing here some time longer: if you can get Keene to be explicit about it (but it must seem to be a thought entirely of your own) I will desire you to let me know the result. My best wishes, dear Sir, ever attend on you and Mrs. Wharton. I am most sincerely and unalterably yours,

T. G.

August 8th, [1749] Cambridge.

XXVIII. MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

Cambridge, Nov. 7, 1749.

THE unhappy news I have just received from you equally surprises and afflicts me.* I have lost a person I loved very much, and have been used to from my infancy; but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them

* The death of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Antrobus, who died the 5th of November, and was buried in a vault in Stoke church-yard near the chancel door, in which also his mother and himself (according to the direction in his will) were afterwards buried.—*Mason.*

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yourself; and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation that no one can give, except He who has preserved her to you so many years, and at last, when it was his pleasure, has taken her from us to himself: and perhaps, if we reflect upon what she felt in this life, we may look upon this as an instance of his goodness both to her, and to those that loved her. She might have languished many years before our eyes in a continual increase of pain, and totally helpless; she might have long wished to end her misery without being able to attain it; or perhaps even lost all sense, and yet continued to breathe; a sad spectacle to such as must have felt more for her than she could have done for herself. However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at last easy and happy; and has now more occasion to pity us than we her. I hope, and beg, you will support yourself with that resignation we owe to Him, who gave us our being for our good, and who deprives us of it for the same reason. I would have come to you directly, but you do not say whether you desire I should or not; if you do, I beg I may know it, for there is nothing to hinder me, and I am in very good health.

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XXIX. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR, Stoke, June 12, 1750.

As I live in a place, where even the ordinary tattle of the town arrives not till it is stale, and which produces no events of its own, you will not desire any excuse from me for writing so seldom, especially as of all people living I know you are the least a friend to letters spun out of one's own brains, with all the toil and constraint that accompanies sentimental productions. I have been here at Stoke, a few days, (where I shall continue good part of the summer;) and having put an end to a thing,* whose beginning you have seen long ago, I immediately send it you. You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a thing with an end to it: a merit that most of my writings have wanted, and are like to want, but which this epistle I am determined shall not want, when it tells you that I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

Not that I have done yet; but who could avoid the temptation of finishing so roundly and so cleverly, in the manner of good Queen Anne's days?

* This was the Elegy in a Country Church-yard.—*Ed.*

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Now I have talked of writings, I have seen a book which is by this time in the press, against Middleton (though without naming him,) by Asheton. As far as I can judge from a very hasty reading, there are things in it new and ingenious, but rather too prolix, and the style here and there savouring too strongly of sermon. I imagine it will do him credit. So much for other people, now to *self* again. You are desired to tell me your opinion, if you can take the pains, of these lines. I am, once more, ever yours.

XXX. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON, Stoke, Aug. 9, 1750.

ARISTOTLE says* (one may write Greek to you without scandal) that Ὀι [γὰρ] τόποι ὀυ διαλυόυσι τὴν φιλίαν ἀπλῶς, ἄλλα τὴν ἐνεργέιαν. Εἂνδέ χρονίος ἡ ἄπουσία γενήται, κὰι τῆς φιλίας δοκε̄ι λήθην ποιε̄ιν· ὅθεν ἐίρηται,

πολλὰς δὴ φιλίας ἀπροσηγορία διέλυσεν.

But Aristotle may say whatever he pleases, I do not find myself at all the worse for it. I could indeed wish to refresh my ἐνεργέια a little at Dur-

* Vide Aristotelis Ethic. Nicomach. Lib. 9. cap. 5, p. 350. ed. Wilkinson.

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ham by a sight of you, but when is there a probability of my being so happy? It concerned me greatly when I heard the other day, that your asthma continued at times to afflict you, and that you were often obliged to go into the country to breathe. You cannot oblige me more than by giving me an account of the state both of your body and mind; I hope the latter is able to keep you cheerful and easy in spite of the frailties of its companion. As to my own, it can do neither one, nor the other; and I have the mortification to find my spiritual part the most infirm thing about me. You have doubtless heard of the loss I have had in Dr. Middleton, whose house was the only easy place one could find to converse in at Cambridge. For my part I find a friend so uncommon a thing, that I cannot help regretting even an old acquaintance, which is an indifferent likeness of it, and though I don't approve the spirit of his books, methinks 'tis pity the world should lose so rare a thing as a good writer.*

My studies cannot furnish a recommendation of many new books to you; there is a defence de l'Esprit des Loix, by Montesquieu himself. It has some lively things in it, but is very short, and his adversary appears to be so mean a bigot, that he deserved no answer. There are three Vols. in 4to.

* Mr. Gray used to say, that good writing not only required great parts, but the very best of those parts.—*Mason.*

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of Histoire du Cabinet du Roi, by Messrs. Buffons and D'Aubenton. The first is a man of character, but (I am told) has hurt it by this work. It is all a sort of introduction to natural history. The weak part of it is a love of system, which runs through it, the most contrary thing in the world to a science entirely grounded upon experiments, and that has nothing to do with * vivacity of imagination. There are some microscopical observations, that seemed curious to me, on those animalculæ to which we are supposed to owe our origin; and which he has discovered of like figure in females not pregnant, and in almost every thing we use for nourishment, even vegetables, particularly in their fruits and seeds. Not that he allows them to be animated bodies, but *molecules organisées.* If you ask what that is, I cannot tell; no more than I can understand a new system of generation which he builds upon it. But what I was going to commend, is a general view he gives of the face of the earth, followed by a particular one of all known nations, their peculiar figure and manners, which is the best epitome of Geography I ever met with, and wrote with sense and elegance; in short, these books are well worth turning over. The Mémoires of the Abbé de Mongon, in 5 Vol., are highly commended, but I have not seen them. He was engaged in

* One cannot therefore help lamenting, that Mr. Gray let his imagination lie dormant so frequently, in order to apply himself to this very science.—*Mason.*

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several Embassies to Germany, England, &c. during the course of the late war. The Presid. Henault's Abrégé Chronologique de l'Hist. de France,* I believe I have before mentioned to you, as a very good book of its kind.

You advised me in your last to be acquainted with Keene, and we are accordingly on very good and civil terms: but to love one another (I reckon) you hardly proposed. I always placed the service he did me about Tuthill to your account. This latter has done him some service, about his regulations. If you will give me the pleasure of a letter, while I continue here, it will be a great satisfaction to me. I shall stay a month longer. My best wishes to Mrs. Wharton and your family. I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

Do not imagine I have forgot my debts, I hope to replace them this year.

XXXI. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

A LITTLE kind of reproach, that I saw the other day in a letter of yours to Mr. Brown, has made my guilt fly in my face, and given me spirit to be

* See Walpole's Letters to H. Mann, vol. ii. p. 331. *Ed.*

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a beast no longer. I desired him to tell you in the beginning of the summer, that I feared my journey into the north would be prevented by the arrival of my cousin, Mrs. Forster (whom you remember by the name of Pattinson) from India; she came in August; and I continued in town with her a month, in order to do what little services I could to a person as strange, and as much to seek, as though she had been born in the Mud of the Ganges. After this the year was too far advanced to undertake such an expedition; and the thought of seeing you here in the spring, in some measure comforts me for the disappointment; for I depend upon your coming then, when it will be far easier to confer together, and determine about a thing, in which (I fear) I am too much interested to deserve having any great share in the determination

* * * * *

You are aware undoubtedly, that a certain deference, not to say servility, to the heads of colleges, is perhaps necessary to a physician, that means to establish himself here: you possibly may find a method to do without it. Another inconvenience, your wife, rather than you, will feel, the want of company of her own sex; as the women are few here, squeezy and formal, and little skilled in amusing themselves or other people. All I can say is, she must try to make up for it among the men, who are not over-agreeable neither. I much approve of your settling seriously to your profes-

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sion; but as your father is old, if you should lose him, what becomes of your interest, and to whom is it then to be transferred? Would you leave London and your practice again to canvass an election for yourself? It seems to me, that if you execute your present scheme, you must (in case of Mr. Wharton's death) entirely lay aside all views of that kind. The gradual transition you propose to make through Bath or Cambridge to London, is very well judged, and likely enough to succeed. For Bath, I am wholly unacquainted with it, and therefore can say little to the purpose. The way of life there, might be more amusing to Mrs. Wharton, than this; but to you, I think, would be less satisfactory. I sincerely congratulate you on the good effects of your new medicine, which is indeed a sufficient recompense for any pains you have taken in that study. But to make a just trial of its efficacy, and of your own constitution, you certainly ought to pass a little time at London, (a month or so.) * * * * *

* * * * * *

Our good Mr. Brown goes out of his office to day, of which he is not a little glad. His college, which had much declined for some time, is picking up again: they have had twelve admissions this year; and are just filling up two fellowships with a Mr. Cardell, whom I do not know, but they say he is a good scholar; and a Mr Delaval, a Fellow Commoner (a younger son to old Delaval of Nor-

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thumberland) who has taken a degree in an exemplary manner, and is very sensible and knowing. The appeal, which has been so long contended for, will, I believe, at last be yielded to with a good grace; or rather bestowed, by the advice of the D. of Newcastle, and my Lord Ch^{r}, and will be the best, the most popular thing they can do. But you must not mention it, till it is actually done. I am sorry your friend Chapman will lose all the merit of his pamphlet, which (by the way) has been answered exceedingly well, and with all due contempt. He seems much mortified, and was preparing a reply, but this event I doubt will cut him short.

I know of nothing new in the literary way, but the history of Lewis 14th by Voltaire; not that I have yet seen it, but my expectations are much raised. Adieu, my dear Wharton, most truly yours,

T. G.

P.S. I am ready to pay my debts, if you will tell me to whom. My compliments and good wishes to Mrs. Wharton and the little gentry.

[Oct. 10, 1750.]

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XXXII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Cambridge, Feb. 11, 1751.

As you have brought me into a little sort of distress, you must assist me, I believe, to get out of it as well as I can. Yesterday I had the misfortune of receiving a letter from certain gentlemen (as their bookseller expresses it), who have taken the Magazine of Magazines into their hands: They tell me that an *ingenious* Poem, called reflections in a Country Church-yard, has been communicated to them, which they are printing forthwith; that they are informed that the *excellent* author of it is I by name, and that they beg not only his *indulgence*, but the *honour* of his correspondence, &c. As I am not at all disposed to be either so indulgent, or so correspondent, as they desire, I have but one bad way left to escape the honour they would inflict upon me; and therefore am obliged to desire you would make Dodsley print it immediately (which may be done in less than a week's time) from your copy, but without my name, in what form is most convenient for him, but on his best paper and character; he must correct the press himself, and print it without any interval between the stanzas, because the sense is in some places continued beyond them; and the title must be,—Elegy,

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written in a Country Church-yard. If he would add a line or two to say it came into his hands by accident, I should like it better. If you behold the Magazine of Magazines in the light that I do, you will not refuse to give yourself this trouble on my account, which you have taken of your own accord before now. If Dodsley do not do this immediately, he may as well let it alone.

XXXIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Ash-Wednesday, Cambridge, 1751.

MY DEAR SIR,

You have indeed conducted with great decency my little *misfortune:* you have taken a paternal care of it, and expressed much more kindness than could have been expressed from so near a relation. But we are all frail; and I hope to do as much for you another time.

Nurse Dodsley has given it a pinch or two in the cradle, that (I doubt) it will bear the marks of as long as it lives. But no matter: we have ourselves suffered under her hands before now; and besides, it will only look the more careless and by *accident* as it were. I thank you for your advertisement, which saves my honour, and in a manner *bien flatteuse pour moi*, who should be put to it even to make myself a compliment in good English.

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You will take me for a mere poet, and a fetcher and carrier of sing-song, if I tell you that I intend to send you the beginning of a drama,* not mine, thank God, as you will believe, when you hear it is finished, but wrote by a person whom I have a very good opinion of. It is (unfortunately) in the manner of the ancient drama, with choruses, which I am to my shame the occasion of; for, as great part of it was at first written in that form, I would not suffer him to change it to a play fit for the stage, and as he intended, because the lyric parts are the best of it, they must have been lost. The story is Saxon, and the language has a tang of Shakespeare, that suits an old-fashioned fable very well. In short I don't do it merely to amuse you, but for the sake of the author, who wants a judge, and so I would lend him *mine:* yet not without your leave, lest you should have us up to dirty our stockings at the bar of your house, for wasting the time and politics of the *nation*. Adieu, Sir! I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

* This was the Elfrida of Mr. Mason.

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XXXIV. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Cambridge, March 3, 1751.

ELFRIDA (for that is the fair one's name) and her author are now in town together. He has promised me, that he will send a part of it to you some morning while he is there; and (if you shall think it worth while to descend to particulars) I should be glad you would tell me very freely your opinion about it; for he shall know nothing of the matter, that is not fit for the ears of a *tender* parent—though, by the way, he has ingenuity and merit enough (whatever his drama may have) to bear hearing his faults very patiently.

I must only beg you not to show it, much less let it be copied; for it will be published, though not as yet.

I do not expect any more editions; * as I have appeared in more magazines than one. The chief errata † were *sacred* bower for *secret; hidden* for *kindred* (in spite of dukes and classics); and '*frown-*

* Of the Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

† Besides these errors of the text, in the Magazine of Magazines, the following occurred:—"their *harrow* oft the stubborn glebe has broke."—"And read their *destiny* in a nation's eyes."—"With uncouth rhymes and shapeless *culture* decked."—"Slow through the churchway *pass* we saw him borne,"—and many others of less consequence.—*Ed.*

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ing as in scorn' for *smiling*. I humbly propose, for the benefit of Mr. Dodsley and his matrons, that take **awake* for a verb, that they should read *asleep*, and all will be right. Gil Blas is the Lying Valet in five acts. The fine lady has half-a-dozen good lines dispersed in it. Pompey is the hasty production of a Mr. Coventry (cousin to him you knew) a young clergyman; I found it out by three characters, which once made part of a comedy that he shewed me of his own writing. Has that miracle of *tenderness and sensibility* (as she calls it) Lady Vane† given you any amusement? Peregrine,‡ whom she uses as a vehicle, is very poor indeed, with a few exceptions. In the last volume is a character of Mr. Lyttleton, under the name of Gosling Scrag, and a parody of part of his Monody, under the notion of a Pastoral on the death of his grandmother. I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

* 'Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.'

† See Walpole's Lett. to H. Mann, vol. i. p. 166; vol. ii. p. 412.—*Ed.*

‡ Peregrine Pickle was published in the year 1751.

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XXXV. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Cambridge, Oct. 8, 1751.

I SEND you this* (as you desire) merely to make up half-a-dozen; though it will hardly answer your end in furnishing out either a head or a tail-piece. But your own †fable may much better supply the place. You have altered it to its advantage; but there is still something a little embarrassed here and there in the expression. I rejoice to find you apply (pardon the use of so odious a word) to the history of your own times. Speak, and spare not. Be as impartial as you can; and after all, the world will not believe you are so, though you should make as many protestations as bishop Burnet. They will feel in their own breast, and find it very possible to hate fourscore persons, yea, ninety and nine: so you must rest satisfied with the testimony of your own conscience. Somebody has laughed at Mr. Dodsley, or at me, when they talked of the *bat:* I have nothing more either nocturnal or diurnal, to deck his miscellany with. We have a man here that writes a good hand; but he has little failings that hinder my recommending him to you.‡ He is lousy,

* The Hymn to Adversity.

† The Entail, see Walpole's Works, vol. i. p. 28.

‡ As an Amanuensis.

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and he is mad: he sets out this week for Bedlam; but if you insist upon it, I don't doubt he will pay his respects to you. I have seen two of Dr. Middleton's unpublished works. One is about 44 pages in 4to. against Dr. Waterland, who wrote a very orthodox book on the Importance of the Doctrine of the Trinity, and insisted that Christians ought to have no communion with such as differ from them in fundamentals. Middleton enters no farther into the doctrine itself than to shew that a mere speculative point can never be called a fundamental: and that the earlier fathers, on whose concurrent tradition Waterland would build, are so far, when they speak of the three persons from agreeing with the present notion of our church, that they declare for the inferiority of the Son, and seem to have no clear and distinct idea of the Holy Ghost at all. The rest is employed in exposing the folly and cruelty of stiffness and zealotism in religion, and in showing that the primitive ages of the church, in which tradition had its rise, were (even by the confession of the best scholars and most orthodox writers) *the æra of nonsense and absurdity*. It is finished and very well wrote; but has been mostly incorporated into his other works, particularly the enquiry; and for this reason, I suppose, he has writ upon it, "*This wholly laid aside.*" The second is in Latin, on miracles; to shew, that of the two methods of defending Christianity, one from its intrinsic evidence, the holiness and purity of its

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doctrines, the other from its external, the miracles said to be wrought confirm it; the first has been little attended to by reason of its difficulty; the second much insisted upon, because it appeared an easier task; but that, in reality, it can prove nothing at all. "Nobilis illa quidem defensio (the first) quam si obtinere potuissent, rem simul omnem expediisse, causamque penitus vicisse viderentur. At causa hujus defendendæ labor cum tantâ argumentandi cavillandique molestiâ conjunctus ad alteram, quam dixi, defensionis viam, ut commodiorem longè et faciliorem, plerosque adegit——ego verò istiusmodi defensione religionem nostram non modo non confirmari, sed dubiam potiùs suspectamque reddi existimo." He then proceeds to consider miracles in general, and afterwards those of the Pagans compared with those of Christ. I only tell you the plan, for I have not read it out (though it is short); but you will not doubt to what conclusion it tends. There is another thing, I know not what, I am to see. As to the Treatise on Prayer, they say it is burnt indeed. Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

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XXXVI. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

YOUR pen was too rapid to mind the common form of a direction, and so, by omitting the words *near Windsor*, your letter has been diverting itself at another Stoke, near Ailesbury, and came not to my hands till to-day.

The true original chairs were all sold, when the Huntingdons broke; there are nothing now but Halsey chairs, not adapted to the squareness of gothic dowager's rump. And by the way I do not see how the uneasiness and uncomfortableness of a coronation-chair can be any objection with you: every chair that is easy is modern, and unknown to our ancestors. As I remember there were certain low chairs, that looked like ebony, at Esher, and were old and pretty. Why should not Mr. Bentley improve upon them?—I do not wonder at Dodsley. You have talked to him of six *Odes*, for so you are pleased to call every thing I write, though it be but a receipt to make apple-dumplings. He has reason to gulp when he finds one of them only a long story. I don't know but I may send him very soon (by your hands) an ode to his own tooth, a high Pindaric upon stilts, which one must be a better scholar than he is to understand a line of,

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and the very best scholars will understand but a little matter here and there.

It wants but seventeen lines of having an end, I don't say of being finished. As it is so unfortunate to come too late for Mr. Bentley, it may appear in the 4th volume of the Miscellanies, provided you don't think it execrable, and suppress it. Pray when the fine* book is to be printed, let me revise the press, for you know you can't; and there are a few trifles I could wish altered.

I know not what you mean by hours of love, and cherries, and pine-apples. I neither see nor hear any thing here, and am of opinion that is the best way. My compliments to Mr. Bentley, if he be with you. I am yours ever,

T. GRAY.

I desire you would not show that Epigram I repeated to you, as mine. I have heard of it twice already as coming from you.

XXXVII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

I AM obliged to you for Mr. Dodsley's book,† and having pretty well looked it over, will (as you desire) tell you my opinion of it. He might, methinks,

* The Edition of his Odes printed at Strawberry-hill.
† His collection of Poems.

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have spared the graces in his frontispiece, if he chose to be economical, and dressed his authors in a little more decent raiment—not in whited-brown paper, and distorted characters, like an old ballad. I am ashamed to see myself; but the company keeps me in countenance: so to begin with Mr. Tickell. This is not only a state-poem (my ancient aversion), but a state-poem on the peace of Utrecht. If Mr. Pope had wrote a panegyric on it, one could hardly have read him with patience: but this is only a poor short-winded imitator of Addison, who had himself not above three or four notes in poetry, sweet enough indeed, like those of a German flute, but such as soon tire and satiate the ear with their frequent return. Tickell has added to this a great poverty of sense, and a string of transitions that hardly become a school-boy. However, I forgive him for the sake of his ballad,† which I always thought the prettiest in the world.

All there is of M. Green here, has been printed before; there is a profusion of wit every where; reading would have formed his judgment, and harmonized his verse, for even his wood-notes often break out into strains of real poetry and music. The School Mistress is excellent in its kind and masterly; and (I am sorry to differ from you, but) London is to me one of those few imitations that

† Colin and Lucy, beginning—

"Of Leinster fam'd for maidens fair."

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have all the ease and all the spirit of an original. The same man's verses* on the opening of Garrick's theatre are far from bad. Mr. Dyer (here you will despise me highly) has more of poetry in his imagination than almost any of our number; but rough and injudicious. I should range Mr. Bramston only a step or two above Dr. King, who is as low in my estimation as in yours. Dr. Evans is a furious madman; and pre-existence is nonsense in all her altitudes. Mr. Lyttleton is a gentle elegiac person. Mr. Nugent† sure did not write his own Ode. I like Mr. Whitehead's little poems, I mean the Ode on a Tent, the Verses to Garrick, and particularly those to Charles Townsend, better than any thing I had seen before of him. I gladly pass over H. Browne and the rest, to come at you. You know I was of the publishing side, and thought your reasons against it none; for though, as Mr.

* Dr. Samuel Johnson.

† The Ode addressed to Mr. Pulteney, by Mr. Nugent, (afterwards Earl Nugent), was distinguished for the following spirited stanza; which has since received the honour of being quoted by Mr. Gibbon, in his character of Brutus.

"What! tho' the good, the brave, the wise,
With adverse force undaunted rise
To break th' eternal doom;
Though Cato liv'd, though Tully spoke,
Though Brutus dealt the god-like stroke,
Yet perished fated Rome."

'Nugent had lost the reputation of a great poet by writing works of his own, after he had acquired fame by an ode that

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Chute said extremely well, the *still small voice* of Poetry was not made to be heard in a crowd; yet satire will be heard, for all the audience are by nature her friends; especially when she appears in the spirit of Dryden, with his strength, and often with his versification, such as you have caught in those lines on the Royal Unction, on the Papal Dominion, and Convents of both Sexes; on Henry VIII. and Charles II. for these are to me the shining parts of your Epistle.* There are many lines I could wish corrected, and some blotted out, but beauties enough to atone for a thousand worse faults than these. The opinion of such as can at all judge, who saw it before in Dr. Middleton's hands, concurs nearly with mine. As to what any one says, since it came out; our people (you must know,) are slow of judgment; they wait till some bold body saves them the trouble, and then follow

was the joint production of several others. It was addressed to Lord Bath, upon the author's change of his religion; but was universally believed to be written by *Mallet*, who was tutor to Newsham, Mr. Nugent's son, and improved by Mr. Pulteney himself and Lord Chesterfield. Had this Ode been really his own, he would resemble the poet Tynnichus, in Plato's Io, who never composed any other poem worth the mention or remembrance besides that poem which everybody sings.—V. Walpole's Memoirs, p. 40. This stanza was *re-manufactured* by Mr. Courtenay, v. Antijacobin, p. 51 (New Morality.)

'As clumsy Courtenay mars the verse he steals.'—*Ed.*

* Walpole's Epistle to Thomas Asheton, from Florence.

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his opinion; or stay till they hear what is said in town, that is at some Bishop's table, or some coffee-house about the Temple. When they are determined I will tell you faithfully their verdict. As for the beauties * I am their most humble servant. What shall I say to Mr. Lowth, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Rolle, the Reverend Mr. Brown, Seward, &c.? If I say Messieurs! this is not the thing; write prose, write sermons, write nothing at all; they will disdain me and my advice. What then would the sickly Peer † have done, that spends so much time in admiring every thing that has four legs, and fretting at his own misfortune in having but two; and cursing his own politic head and feeble constitution, that won't let him be such a beast as he would wish? Mr. S. Jenyns now and then can write a good line or two—such as these—

> Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
> Calm every grief, and dry each childish tear, &c.

I like Mr. Aston Hervey's Fable; and an Ode (the last of all) by Mr. Mason, a new acquaintance of mine, whose Musæus too seems to carry with it a promise at least of something good to come. I was glad to see you distinguished who poor West was, before his charming Ode,‡ and

* The Epistle to Mr. Eckardt, the Painter. See Walpole's Works, vol. i. p. 19.

† Lord Hervey.

‡ Monody on the Death of Queen Caroline.

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called it any thing rather than a Pindaric. The town is an owl, if it don't like Lady Mary,* and I am surprised at it: we here are owls enough to think her eclogues† very bad; but that I did not wonder at. Our present taste is Sir T. Fitz-Osborne's Letters.

I send you a bit of a thing for two reasons; first, because it is of one of your favourites, Mr. M. Green: and next, because I would do justice. The thought on which my second Ode‡ turns is manifestly stole from hence; not that I knew it at the time, but having seen this many years before, to be sure it imprinted itself on my memory, and, forgetting the Author, I took it for my own. The subject was the Queen's Hermitage.

* * * * * * *

Tho' yet no palace grace the shore,
To lodge the pair you § should adore,
Nor abbeys great in ruins rise,
Royal equivalents for vice;
Behold a grot in Delphic grove,
The Graces' and the Muses' love,
A temple from vain-glory free;
Whose goddess is Philosophy;
Whose sides such licens'd idols ‖ crown,
As Superstition would pull down:

---

* Lady Mary W. Montagu's Poems.

† V. Walpole's Letters to H. Mann, vol. ii. p. 236.—*Ed.*

‡ The Ode to Spring.

§ Speaking to the Thames.

‖ The four Busts.

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The only pilgrimage I know,
That men of sense would choose to go.
Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,
Urania cheers with heavenly voice;
While all the Virtues gather round
To see her consecrate the ground.

If thou, the God with winged feet,
In council talk of this retreat;
And jealous Gods resentment show
At altars rais'd to men below.
Tell those proud lords of heaven 'tis fit
Their house our heroes should admit.
While each exists (as poets sing)
A lazy, lewd, immortal thing;
They must, or grow in disrepute,
With earth's first commoners recruit.

Needless it is, in terms unskill'd,
To praise whatever Boyle shall build.
Needless it is the busts to name
Of men, monopolists of fame;
Four chiefs adorn the modest stone,
For virtue, as for learning known:
The thinking sculpture helps to raise
Deep thoughts, the genii of the place:
To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
There silence speaks, and shade gives light:
While insects from the threshold preach,
And minds dispos'd to musing teach;
Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,
They perish by the slightest bruise;
Or maladies begun within
Destroy more slow life's frail machine:
From maggot-youth, thro' change of state,
They feel like us the turns of fate:
Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,
And chang'd earth's cells for dwellings high:

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And some that did their six wings keep,
Before they died, been forced to creep.
They politics, like ours, profess;
The greater prey upon the less.
Some strain on foot huge loads to bring,
Some toil incessant on the wing:
Nor from their vigorous schemes desist
Till death; and then they are never mist.
Some frolick, toil, marry, increase,
Are sick and well, have war and peace;
And broke with age in half a day,
Yield to successors, and away.

* * * * * * *

Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

XXXVIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Nov. Tuesday, Cambridge.

IT is a misfortune to me to be at a distance from both of you at once. A letter can give one so little idea of such matters, * * * * I always believed well of his heart and temper, and would gladly do so still. If they are as they should be, I should have expected every thing from such an explanation; for it is a tenet with me (a simple one, you'll perhaps say) that if ever two people, who love one another, come to breaking, it is for want of a timely eclaircissement, a full and precise one, without witnesses or mediators, and without reserving any one

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disagreeable circumstance for the mind to brood upon in silence.

I am not totally of your mind as to Mr. Lyttleton's elegy, though I love kids and fawns as little as you do. If it were all like the fourth stanza, I should be excessively pleased. Nature and sorrow, and tenderness, are the true genius of such things; and something of these I find in several parts of it (not in the orange-tree :) poetical ornaments, are foreign to the purpose; for they only show a man is not sorry;—and devotion worse; for it teaches him that he ought not to be sorry, which is all the pleasure of the thing. I beg leave to turn your weathercock the contrary way. Your epistle* I have not seen a great while, and Doctor M— is not in the way to give me a sight of it: but I remember enough to be sure all the world will be pleased with it, even with all its *faults upon its head*, if you don't care to mend them. I would try to do it myself, (however hazardous) rather than it should remain unpublished. As to my Eton ode, Mr. Dodsley is *padrone*. The second† you had, I suppose you do not think worth giving him: otherwise, to me it seems not worse than the former. He might have Selima‡ too, unless she be of too

* From Florence to Thomas Asheton. See Walpole's Works, vol. i. p. 4.

† The Ode on Spring.

‡ The Ode on Mr. Walpole's Cat, drowned in a tub of gold fishes.

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little importance for his patriot-collection; or perhaps the *connections* you had with her may interfere. Che so io? Adieu! I am yours ever,

T. G.

XXXIX. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Cambridge, Dec. Monday.

THIS comes du fond de ma cellule to salute Mr. H. W. not so much him that visits and votes, and goes to White's and to Court, as the H. W. in his rural capacity, snug in his tub on Windsor-hill, and brooding over folios of his own creation: him that can slip away, like a pregnant beauty, (but a little oftener,) into the country, be brought to bed perhaps of twins, and whisk to town again the week after, with a face as if nothing had happened. Among the little folks, my godsons and daughters, I cannot choose but enquire more particularly after the health of one; I mean (without a figure) the Memoires: Do they grow? Do they unite, and hold up their heads, and dress themselves? Do they begin to think of making their appearance in the world, that is to say, fifty years hence, to make posterity stare, and all good people cross themselves? Has Asheton (who will then be Lord Bishop of Killaloe, and is to publish them) thought of an *aviso all' lettore* to prefix to them yet, import-

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ing, that if the words church, king, religion, ministry, &c. be found often repeated in this book, they are not to be taken literally, but poetically, and as may be most strictly reconcileable to the faith then established;—that he knew the author well when he was a young man; and can testify upon the honour of his function, that he said his prayers regularly and devoutly, had a profound reverence for the clergy, and firmly believed every thing that was the fashion in those days?

When you have done impeaching my Lord Lovat, I hope to hear *de vos nouvelles*, and moreover, whether you have got Colonel Conway yet? Whether Sir C. Williams is to go to Berlin? What sort of a prince Mitridate may be?—and whatever other tidings you may chuse to refresh an anchoret with. *Frattanto* I send you a scene in a tragedy:* if it don't make you cry it will make you laugh; and so it moves some passion, that I take to be enough. Adieu, dear Sir! I am sincerely yours,

T. GRAY.

XL. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

You are apprised by this time, (I don't doubt) that your Mr. Spencer is chose at Pembroke. I re-

* The first Scene in Agrippina.

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ceived, while I was at Stoke, a letter from Tuthill, wherein were these words, 'Spencer will, I am almost persuaded, be chose at this audit, and perhaps without a quarrel. I shall vote for him with great pleasure, because I believe he may justly claim it; and because I believe, Dr. Wharton would, if he knew of our election, desire it; for *he* was maintained by his Mr. Wilkinson.' Dr. Long did not make any resistance, when he saw how it would go, so Chapman had little occasion for his *effectual interest*. Oh! by the way I give you joy of that agreeable creature, who has got one of your Prebends of £400 a year, and will visit you soon, with that dry piece of goods, his wife.

Of my house* I cannot say much. I wish I could! but for my heart it is no less yours, than it has long been: and the last thing in the world, that will throw it into tumults is a fine Lady; the verses† you so kindly try to keep in countenance were wrote to divert that particular family; and succeeded accordingly; but being shewed about in town, are not liked there at all.

Mrs. French, a very fashionable personage, told Mr. Walpole that she had seen a thing by a friend of his, which she did not know what to make of, for it aimed at every thing and meant nothing, to which he replied, that he had always taken her for a woman of sense, and was very sorry to be unde-

* The house he was rebuilding in Cornhill.—*Mason.*

† The long story.

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ceived;—on the other hand, the stanzas* which I now enclose to you, have had the misfortune, by Mr. Walpole's fault, to be made still more public, for which they certainly were never meant: but it is too late to complain. They have been so applauded, it is quite a shame to repeat it. I mean not to be modest; but I mean, it is a shame for those who have said such superlative things about them, that I can't repeat them. I should have been glad that you and two or three more people had liked them, which would have satisfied my ambition on this head amply. I have been this month in town, not at Newcastle-house, but diverting myself among my gay acquaintance, and return to my cell with so much the more pleasure. I do not speak of my future excursion to Durham, for fear—but at present it is my full intention. His Prussian Majesty has published the *Suite des Memoirs* pour servir à l'Histoire de la Maison de Brandebourg, which includes a very free account of his Grandfather's Life, who was the first king of that House, reflections on the gradual advance in science, commerce, &c. of his subjects, and on their changes in religion—it is much in Voltaire's manner. The book itself is at present hard to be got; but you may see a good extract of it in the Mercure Historique, a work published monthly. Whether it is in that for October or September I cannot justly say. There is also an account of the History of

* The Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

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Crusades, which seems to be Voltaire's, and promises well. I hear talk of a Pamphlet, called Voix du Sage, et du Peuple, ascribed to Montesquieu; and a book styled only *Lettres*, by the Procureur General, Fleury, on the power of the clergy in France, but have not seen either of them, being very scarce as yet. Mr. de Buffon has discovered the Speculum of Archimedes, which burns at 200 feet distance. * * You mention Stonhewer, I should be glad to know whether he frequents you? whether you find him improved? and what sort of life he leads, among you country-folks? Brown, who has been in the midst of tumults and mutinies lately, and Tuthill, desire their best compliments to you. Mine ever wait on Mrs. Wharton. Adieu! Believe me, most truly yours.

December 18, [1751,] Cambridge.

XLI. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I SHOULD not have made this little journey to town, if I had not imagined the situation of your affairs (after the loss you have lately had) would have prevented your design of coming to Cambridge. The pleasure I have here, is not sufficient, I am sure, to balance a much slighter than I shall have in

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seeing you again; my stay, therefore, will at farthest not be longer than Wednesday next, when my business will be over, and we shall have time, I hope, to make up in some degree for so many years' separation.

My thanks to Mr. Brown for his letter, and I will trouble you to tell him, I see no reason why the person he mentions, should refuse the proposal made him. He must necessarily, and I think, in prudence sooner or later enter into the profession, that qualifies him for it, and this is perhaps as creditable a way of doing it as ever will offer; besides that it need not oblige him to any thing he dislikes, and may perhaps lead to great advantages. I need not tell you that I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

[April, 1752.]

XLII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

* * * *

I AM sorry to tell you a sad story of our friend over the way. Young Vane, who is now chaplain to your new Bishop, and has had the promise of it some time, applied to his little red Lordship, as a friend to him and to his family, to put him into Orders. He begun by a direct lie, and told him,

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he knew the bishop was absolutely engaged to two people of Oxford, whom he named. Then he drilled him on with various trifling pretences, and at last went to town without ordaining him, or appointing any time when he would; in the mean time Vane being pressed by letters from home, went to town and was immediately ordained by the Archbishop of York, and soon after appointed chaplain. He was informed from a very sure hand, that all this time his friend of Ch[r] had been making interest for Ross against him, and particularly had said, that Vane could not have it, for he was a young man *not in Orders yet:* I assure you they are very angry, and with reason, at Raby Castle; * * * * * * * *I am reading*† de Maintenon's Letters; they are undoubtedly genuine. They begin very early in her life, before she married Scarron, and continue after the King's death to within a little while of her own. They bear all the marks of a noble spirit, (in her adversity particularly) of virtue, and unaffected devotion, insomuch that I am almost persuaded she indulged Lewis XIV. in no liberties, till he actually married her, and this not out of policy and ambition, but conscience: for she was what we should call a Bigot;‡ yet with great good-

† "*I am reading.*"—I have inserted these words, necessary to supply the sense; the Manuscript being torn in this place.—*Ed.*

‡ "La fausse Beate," v. Mem. de Simon. vol. iv. p. 233.—*Ed.*

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sense: in short she was too good for a court; misfortunes in the beginning of her life had formed her mind (naturally lively and impatient) to reflexion, and a habit of piety; she was always miserable while she had the care of Mad. de Montespan's children, timid and very cautious of making use of that unlimited power she rose to afterwards, for fear of trespassing on the king's friendship for her; and after his death, not at all afraid of meeting her own. I don't know what to say to you with regard to Racine: it sounds to me as if any body should fall upon Shakespeare, who indeed lies infinitely more open to criticism of all kinds; but I should not care to be the person that undertook it. If you don't like Athaliah, or Britannicus, there is no more to be said. I have done.

Ross bears, or dissembles his disappointment better than I expected of him: perhaps indeed it may not turn out to his disadvantage at the end. He is in London about something. Have you seen Bishop Hall's Satyres, called Virgidemiæ, republished lately,* they are full of spirit and poetry; as much of the first as Dr. Donne, and far more of the latter. They were wrote at this University, when he was about 23 years old, in Queen Eliza-

* This Edition of Hall's Satires was printed at Oxford in 1753; the Editor was Dr. Dodd; or rather the Rev. W. Thompson, of Queen's College, as Mr. Reed appears to have suggested to Dr. Farmer. See Ritson's Bibl. Poetica, p. 233.—*Ed.*

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beth's time.* Adieu, [ ] Brown and Tuthill send their best compliments, with mine, to you and Mrs. Wharton. I am ever very sincerely yours,

T. G.

[December 19, 1752.]

XLIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Stoke, Jan. 1753.

I AM at present at Stoke, to which place I came at half an hour's warning upon the news I received of my mother's illness, and did not expect to have found her alive; but when I arrived she was much better, and continues so. I shall therefore be very glad to make you a visit at Strawberry-hill, whenever you give me notice of a convenient time. I am surprised at the print,† which far surpasses my

* Mr. Mason has finished this letter with the following Paragraph.—"You do not say whether you have read the Crito; I only recommend the dramatic part of the Phædo to you, not the argumentative. The subject of the Erastre is good, it treats of that peculiar character and turn of mind which belongs to a true Philosopher, but it is shorter than one would wish. The Euthyphro I would not read at all."—This Paragraph did not stand in the situation in which he placed it, as the letter concludes exactly as I have printed it.—*Ed.*

† A proof print of the Cul de Lampe, which Mr. Bentley designed for the Elegy in a Country Church-yard, and which represents a village-funeral; this occasioned the

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idea of London graving: The drawing itself was so finished, that I suppose it did not require all the art I had imagined to copy it tolerably. My aunts seeing me open your letter, took it to be a burying-ticket, and asked whether any body had left me a ring; and so they still conceive it to be, even with all their spectacles on. Heaven forbid they should suspect it to belong to any verses of mine, they would burn me for a poet. On my own part I am satisfied, if this design of yours succeed so well as you intend it; and yet I know it will be accompanied with something not at all agreeable to me.—While I write this, I receive your second letter.—Sure, you are not out of your wits! This I know, if you suffer my head to be printed, you will infallibly put me out of mine. I conjure you immediately to put a stop to any such design. Who is at the expence of engraving it, I know not; but if it be Dodsley, I will make up the loss to him. The thing as it was, I know, will make me ridiculous enough;

pleasant mistake of his two aunts. The remainder of the letter relates entirely to the projected publication of Mr. Bentley's designs, which were printed after by Dodsley this same year. The latter part of it, where he so vehemently declares against having his head prefixt to that work, will appear highly characteristical to those readers, who were personally acquainted with Mr. Gray. The print, which was taken from an original picture, painted by Eckardt, in Mr. Walpole's possession, was actually more than half engraved; but afterwards on this account suppressed.

Mason.

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but to appear in proper person, at the head of my works, consisting of half a dozen ballads in thirty pages, would be worse than the pillory. I do assure you, if I had received such a book, with such a frontispiece, without any warning, I believe it would have given me a palsy: Therefore I rejoice to have received this notice, and shall not be easy till you tell me all thoughts of it are laid aside. I am extremely in earnest, and cannot bear even the idea.

I had written to Dodsley if I had not received yours, to tell him how little I liked the title which he meant to prefix; but your letter has put all that out of my head. If you think it necessary to print these explanations for the use of people that have no eyes, I should be glad they were a little altered. I am to my shame in your debt for a long letter, but I cannot think of any thing else, till you have set me at ease on this matter.

XLIV. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I JUDGE by this time you are in town: the reason that I thought would have deprived me of the pleasure of seeing you is now at an end. My poor mother, after a long and painful struggle for life, ex-

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pired on Sunday morning: when I have seen her buried, I shall come to London; and it will be a particular satisfaction to me to find you there. If you can procure me a tolerable lodging near you, be so good (if you can conveniently) to let me know the night you receive this; if not, I shall go to my old landlord in Jermyn Street. I believe I shall come on Tuesday, and stay a few days, for I must return hither to pay my aunt her arrears, which she will demand with great exactness. Adieu, dear Sir,

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

To me at Mrs. Rogers's of Stoke, near Windsor, Bucks.

March 15, [1753.] Stoke.

XLV. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

You may well suppose me no longer here, as I have neglected thus long to answer two very kind letters, and (which is more) to congratulate you on what most of your friends regard as a very happy event; but to me, I own, it has another face, as I have a much greater regard for you than for the young gentleman, whom I never saw; and foresee, that

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from this time you will never part with your bottle, which is properly the father of this boy. All my rhetorick will be thrown away, the gout may groan at you, and brandish its crutches, the stone rattle, and the palsy shake its head unheeded. We shall be no match for claret if it can get an heir, as well as carry an election; now I talk of elections, we have a report here that your friend Mr. V. (I mean Lord Barnard)* means to bring in his son-in-law at Durham. Is this true? H. Vane sets out for the North on Saturday, so I suppose the Bishop's entry will be over next week: and next Monday fortnight I hope to set out myself with Stonehewer, who is going down to his father's, in a post-chaise. We shall not come very fast, as I propose to see Burleigh, Bevoir Castle, &c. by the way. But I shall write again before I come, to tell you exactly what

* See Walpole's Letters to H. Mann, vol. ii. p. 286; and Memoirs, p. 267. The conversation made no noise at the time, only Dr. Chapman, Master of Magdalen Coll. in Camb. gave private intelligence of it to *Harry Vane*, a creature of the accursed triumvirate. Of the D. of Newcastle's speech, an hour in length, I shall touch but a few of the most remarkable passages, such as, after acquitting Lord Ravensworth, vents his panegyric on *Harry Vane*, "who never said a false thing, or did a bad one," p. 285. The Chancellor's sincerity and services were crowned with an earldom, but as the Roman Consuls in the very car of victory were coupled with a slave, to remind them of their mortality, *Harry Vane*, lately become Lord Barnard by the death of his father, was created Earl of Darlington at the same hour, p. 337. See Bell's Fugitive Poetry, vol. xvi. p. 20, 25.—*Ed.*

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day we shall be at York. If the time does not suit you, you will inform me as soon as possible. I did not run away from his Grace, but followed your advice, had a very affectionate squeeze by the hand, and a fine compliment in a corner. Many people here have been curious to know what it was; but I have kept my own secret, for indeed I do not know myself; only I remember it felt warm, and sweated a little. Adieu! You will not fail to present my compliments to Mrs. Wharton. If she drank as much claret as you have done, we shall have the boy *stand* for the county, as soon as he can walk alone. Mr. Brown (I believe) will be engaged here with Plummer greatest part of the summer; he and Tuthill desire to be remembered to you both. I am ever, truly yours,

T. GRAY.

Camb. June 28th, 1753. Thursday.

XLVI. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

Cambridge, Saturday, July 14, 1753.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

THIS is only to tell you that we set out on Monday morning, and shall travel leisurely, not by the direct road, for we intend to see several houses and places as we go; on Thursday we see York, and

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next morning as early as we can, (certainly before ten o'clock) shall hope to meet you at Studley. You will understand all this with Arch-Bishop Potter's Proviso; God willing, and provided nothing hinder, for if we are overturned and *tous fracassées*, or if the mob at Leeds cut us off as friends to turnpikes; or if the waters be out and drown us; or (as Herodotus says) if we can go no further for *feathers*;* in all these cases, and many more, we may chance to fail you. My respects to Mrs. Wharton. I am ever yours.

T. GRAY.

XLVII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, Oct. 18, [1753.] Stoke.

You will wonder not to have heard sooner of me. The reason has been the instability of my own situation. As soon as I arrived at Cambridge, I found a letter informing me my aunt Rogers had had a

* This passage from the 4th Book of Herodotus is humorously applied, by Swift, to the number of Authors existing in England. "A happiness (he says) derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors, among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expressing it than by saying —'That in the regions far to the North it was hardly possible for a man to travel; the very air was so replete with feathers.'"—*Tale of a Tub*, Sect. vii.

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stroke of the palsy, so that I stayed only a single day, and set out for this place. I found her recovered surprisingly from the greatest danger, her speech only is not yet quite restored; but it is easily intelligible to such as are used to her. Is not this something extraordinary at seventy-seven?

I met Mason at York, and passed that evening with him. * * * * * has absolutely no support at present but his Fellowship; yet he looks more like a hero, than ever I knew him, like one that can stare poverty in the face without being frighted; and instead of growing little and humble before her, has fortified his spirit, and elevated his brow, to meet her like a man. In short, if he can hold it, I shall admire him; for I always maintained, that nobody has occasion for pride, but the poor; and that every where else it is a sign of folly.

My journey was not so bad as usual in a stage-coach. There was a Lady Swinburne, a Roman-Catholick, not young, that had been much abroad, seen a great deal, knew a great many people, very chatty and communicative, so that I passed my time very well; and on the third day left them at Stilton, and got to Cambridge that night. As I know and have heard mighty little to entertain you with, I can only tell you my observations on the face of the country, and the season in my way hither, that you may compare them with what you see at Durham. Till I came to York, I thought the face of every thing rather altered for the worse, certainly not better than that corner of the Bishoprick

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about Darlington. At Topcliff I saw a large vine full of black grapes, that seemed ripe. At Helperby met a flock of geese in *full song*: if their person had not betrayed them, one might have taken them for nightingales. At York walnuts ripe, twenty for a penny. From thence especially, South of Tadcaster, I thought the country extremely beautiful, broke into fine hills covered with noble woods, (particularly towards the east) and every thing as verdant almost, as at midsummer: this continued to Doncaster, the hazle and white-thorn were turning yellow in the hedges, the sycamore, lime, and ash, where it was young or much exposed, are growing rusty, but far greener, than in your county. The old ash, the oak and other timber, shewed no signs of winter: some few of the lands were even in stubble, but for the most part they were ploughed up, or covered with turnips. I find Mr. Evelyn in his book of forest trees, published in Queen Anne's time, takes notice—'That Shropshire, and several other counties, and rarely any beyond Stamford to Durham, have the vernacular, (or French elm) growing for many miles together.' I cannot say I saw any, but about Scrubey, in Nottinghamshire, and they were young ones newly planted, near a hedge row. He also mentions the elm of a more scabrous leaf, harsh and very large, which becomes a huge tree; *mentioned in the* Statute-Books *under the name* *

* These words in Italics are supplied; the manuscript being imperfect.—*Ed.*

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of the Wych-Hayle. For my part, I could find no sort but the last, at least of any size, or growing in a wild way, till I came into Northamptonshire. I thought the winter more advanced in Lincolnshire, and so on till I had passed Huntingdon, than it was in the West Riding of Yorkshire. In Northamptonshire I first observed the appearances of a long drought, which continued quite hither. The turf is every where brown and burnt up, as in Italy; even the low meadows want their usual verdure. At Cambridge the finest grapes I ever saw there. The lime-trees were only changing colour, but had dropped few of their leaves. In the smoke of London they had almost lost their old leaves, but made fresh shoots as green as in April; and here, before my window, are two young sycamores, which have done the same, but still retain all their old leaves too, without any change of colour. At Trompington the new rye was green in the fields, and three inches high: it is the same in this county. We are here upon a loam with a bed of gravel below, and rag-stone beneath that. The hay is usually all in by Old Midsummer, this year it was all cut by New Midsummer, but a great deal of it lost for want of rain, which likewise spoiled the tares and peas. In the beginning of August was rain for near three weeks, which saved the corn. Oats were in some places cut before the wheat, which was all got in by the 20th of August. Barley, beans, &c. by the 7th of September. I came hither the 6th of October, and they had then, within a mile of the Thames

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(where the soil is better than here) begun to sow wheat. For six weeks before my arrival it had been continued fine weather, and the air, till sunset, was like July. Never almost was such a year known for fruit. The nectarines and best peaches had been all gathered three weeks before. The grapes were then perfectly ripe, and still continue the best I ever eat in England. October 9th, it began to rain, and we have had showers every day since, with brisk winds in the S. and S.W.; to-day it is in the North, clear sunshine, but cold, and a little wintry: and so ends my Georgick in prose. Excuse me if I had nothing better to send you; it is partly from my own eye-sight, and partly from the report of such as have no prejudice in favour of their county, because they hardly know there is any other. I write chiefly to draw on a letter from you, for I am impatient to know many things: but remember this election-time letters are apt to be opened at the offices. Pray make my sincere acknowledgements to my *kind Hostess;* I trust she was not the worse for her journey. I hope you know that I am ever yours,

T. G.

At Mrs. Rogers's, of Stoke,
near Windsor, Bucks.

P. S. Every thing resounds with the wood-lark and robin; and the voice of the sparrow is heard in our land. Remember me to all that remember there is such a person. Adieu!

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XLVIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON, Sept. 29, [1753,] Stoke.

I SHALL be in town on Monday next, for Mr. Brown informed me you would arrive there on the 30th, and I ordered my matters here accordingly. You will see me the instant I come, having (I need not tell you) not only nothing I like better to do there, but literally nothing else, than to see you. I have not time to enlarge, as I send this by a person who is just going from our house to Uxbridge; though, to my shame, I stand indebted to you for a very kind letter I received long ago. Adieu! I am always very truly yours,

T. GRAY.

XLIX. MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

Durham, Dec. 26, 1753.

A LITTLE while before I received your melancholy letter, I had been informed by Mr. Charles Avison of one of the sad events you mention.* I know what

* The death of my Father, and of Dr. Marmaduke Pricket, a young Physician of my own age, with whom I

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it is to lose persons that one's eyes and heart have long been used to; and I never desire to part with the remembrance of that loss, nor would wish you should. It is something that you had a little time to acquaint yourself with the idea before-hand; and that your Father suffered but little pain, the only thing that makes death terrible. After I have said this, I cannot help expressing my surprise at the disposition he has made of his affairs. I must (if you will suffer me to say so) call it great weakness; and yet perhaps your affliction for him is heightened by that very weakness; for I know it is possible to feel an additional sorrow for the faults of those we have loved, even where that fault has been greatly injurious to ourselves.—Let me desire you not to expose yourself to any further danger in the midst of that scene of sickness and death; but withdraw as soon as possible to some place at a little distance in the country; for I do not, in the least, like the situation you are in. I do not attempt to console you on the situation your fortune is left in; if it were far worse, the good opinion I have of you, tells me, you will never the sooner do any thing mean or unworthy of yourself; and consequently I cannot pity you on this account, but I sincerely do on the new loss you have had of a good and friendly man, whose memory I honour. I have seen the scene you describe, and know how

was brought up from infancy, who died of the same infectious fever.—*Mason.*

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dreadful it is: I know too I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtless things, and have no sense, no use in the world any longer than that sad impression lasts; the deeper it is engraved the better.

. . .

L. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR SIR, Stoke, Aug. 13, [1754].

HAVING been some little time absent from hence, I missed of your letter, or I had answered it as soon as you desire me. The opportunity of a good house, I hope you will not suffer to escape you, whether the rent be too high, you alone can properly judge. There is a great comfort to be sure in a good house. Some appearance of economy, I should think, would give you credit, in that part of the town, you are to be well with: they pride themselves in living much within their income;—upon the whole I seem to have a partiality for Mr. Crumpe, but be sure never to repent; if you think you shall, by all means settle yourself in the great house. Beside I do not know, but some great old Doctor may come and squat himself down there at your elbow (for I suppose there may be some convenience in succeeding to a house of the same profession) and then you would be horridly out of

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humour. In short, you see with your own eyes, you know the quarter, and must necessarily be best qualified to decide. Dr. Fothergill's invitation is very civil. As to the depth of science which you seem to dread, it always grows shallower, as one comes nearer, though it makes a great noise at a distance. The design of the society at least is a good one: but if they are warm and professed enemies of the College, I should think the same reason that makes Heberden withdraw himself, should prevent your admission in it. It will be easy to delay it however, on various pretences, without disobliging any one.

I am glad you agree with me in admiring Mr. Southcote's Paradise, which whenever you see it again, will improve upon you. Do you know, you may have it, for £20,000, but I am afraid the lands are not very improvable. You don't say enough of Esher, it is my other favourite place. It was a Villa of Cardinal Wolsey's, of which nothing but the gateway remained. Mr. Kent supplied the rest, but I think with you, that he had not read the Gothic Classics with taste or attention. He introduced a mixed style, which now goes by the name of the *Battey-Langley manner*. He is an architect, that has published a book of bad designs; —if you have seen Mr. Walpole's, pray let me hear your opinion, which I will not anticipate by saying any thing about it. To be sure its extreme littleness will be the first thing that strikes you. By

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all means see Lord Radnor's again. He is a simple old Phobus, but nothing can spoil so glorious a situation, which surpasses every thing round it. I take it ill you should say any thing against the Mole; it is a reflection, I see, cast at the Thames. Do you think that rivers which have lived in London, and its neighbourhood all their days, will run roaring and tumbling about, like your Tramontane torrents in the North. No, they only glide and whisper. In your next expedition, you will see Claremont, and Lord Portman's, which joins my Lord Lincoln's, and above all Mr. Hamilton's, at Cobham,* in Surrey, which all the world talks of, and I have seen seven years ago. The year indeed does not behave itself well, but think what it must be in the North. I suppose the roads are impassable with the deep snow still.

I could write abundance more, but am afraid of losing this post. Pray let me hear from you, as soon as you can, and make my compliments to Mrs. Wharton. Mason is by this time in town again. Tuthill, * * * * Brown, I believe, at Cambridge. Adieu! I am ever yours, T. G.

I am obliged to you for sending the tea, which is excellent.

* Mr. Hamilton formed many of the beautiful scenes in the grounds at Paineshill from the Pictures of Poussin and the Italian Masters: the Waterfall at Bow-wood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, made by Mr. Hamilton, is from a Picture of G. Poussin.—*Ed.*

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LI. MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

DEAR SIR, Stoke, Sept. 18, 1754.

I REJOICE to find you at last settled to your heart's content, and delight to hear you talk of giving your house some *Gothic ornaments* already. If you project any thing, I hope it will be entirely within doors, and don't let me (when I come gaping into Coleman-street) be directed to the gentleman's at the ten Pinnacles, or with the church porch at his door. I am glad you enter into the spirit of Strawberry-castle ;—it has a purity and propriety of Gothicism in it, (with very few exceptions) that I have not seen elsewhere. The eating-room and library were not completed when I was there, and I want to know what effect they have. My Lord Radnor's Vagaries (I see) did not keep you from doing justice to his situation, which far surpasses every thing near it, and I do not know a more *laughing* scene, than that about Twickenham and Richmond. Dr. Akenside (I perceive) is no conjurer in Architecture, especially when he talks of the ruins of Persepolis, which are no more Gothic, than they are Chinese. The Egyptian style (see Dr. Pococke, not his discourses, but his prints) was apparently the mother of the Greek, and there is such a similitude between the Egyptian and those

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Persian ruins, as gave room to * Diodorus to affirm that the old buildings of Persia were certainly performed by Egyptian Artists. As to the other parts of his opinion, that the Gothic manner is the Saracen or Moorish, he has a great authority to support him, that of Sir Christopher Wren, and yet (I cannot help thinking) is undoubtedly wrong. The Palaces in Spain, I never saw, but in description, which gives us little or no idea of things; but the Doge's palace at Venice I have seen (which is in the Arabesque manner) and the houses of Barbary you may see in Dr. Shaw's book, not to mention abundance of other eastern buildings in Turkey, Persia, &c. that we have views of, and they seem plainly to be corruptions of the Greek architecture, broke into little parts indeed, and covered with little ornaments, but in a taste very distinguishable from what we call Gothic. There is one thing that runs through the Moorish buildings, that an imitator would certainly have been first struck with, and would have tried to copy, and that is the Cupolas, which cover every thing, baths, apartments, and even kitchens—yet who ever saw a Gothic cupola; it is a thing plainly of Greek ori-

* See Diodori Hist. ed. Wesseling. Lib. I. c. 46. v. i. p. 55. Diodorus says, that the Royal Palaces in Persepolis, in Susa, and those in Media, were built by Egyptian Architects, when Cambyses burnt the temples of Egypt, carried their riches into Asia, and transported their Artificers there.—*Ed.*

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ginal. I do not see any thing but the slender spires, that serve for steeples, which may perhaps be borrowed from the Saracen minarets or their mosques.

I was in Northamptonshire when I received your letter, but am now returned hither. I have been at Warwick, which is a place worth seeing. The town is on an eminence, surrounded every way with a fine cultivated valley, through which the Avon winds, and at the distance of five or six miles, a circle of hills well wooded, and with various objects crowning them, that close the prospect. Out of the town on one side of it, rises a rock that might remind one of your rocks at Durham, but that it is not so savage or so lofty, and that the river which washes its foot, is perfectly clear, and so gentle that its current is hardly visible. Upon it stands the castle, the noble old residence of the Beauchamps and Nevilles, and now of Earl Brooke. He has sashed the great apartment that's to be sure, (I can't help these things) and being since told that square sash windows were not Gothic, he has put certain whim-whams within side the glass, which appearing through, are to look like fret-work. Then he has scooped out a little burrough in the massy walls of the place, for his little self, and his children, which is hung with paper, and printed linen, and carved chimney pieces, in the exact manner of Berkley-square, or Argyle-buildings. What in short can a Lord do now a days, that is lost in a great old solitary Castle, but skulk about, and get

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into the first hole he finds, as a rat would do in like case. A pretty long old stone-bridge leads you into the town, with a mill at the end of it, over which the rock rises with the Castle upon it, with all its battlements, and queer-ruined towers, and on your left hand the Avon strays through the park, whose ancient elms seem to remember Sir Philip Sidney (who often walked under them) and talk of him to this day. The Beauchamp Earls of Warwick lie under stately monuments in the choir of the great church, and in our lady's chapel [adjoining to it. There also lie Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and his brother, the famous Lord Leicester, with Lettice, his Countess. This chapel is preserved entire, though the body of the church was burnt down sixty years ago, and rebuilt by Sir C. Wren. I had heard often of Guy-Cliff, two miles from the town, so I walked to see it; and of all improvers commend me to Mr. Greathead, its present owner. He shewed it me himself, and is literally a fat young man, with a head and face much bigger than they are usually worn. It was naturally a very agreeable rock, whose cliffs covered with large trees hung beetling over the Avon, which twists twenty ways in sight of it; there was the cell of Guy Earl of Warwick cut in the living stone, where he died a hermit (as you may see in a penny history, that hangs upon the rails in Moorfields); there were his fountains bubbling out of the cliff;—there was a chantry founded to his memory in

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Henry the VIth's time, but behold the trees are cut down to make room for flowering shrubs, the rock is cut up till it is as smooth and as sleek as satin; the river has a gravel-walk by its side; the cell is a grotto with cockle-shells and looking-glass; the fountains have an iron gate before them, and the chantry is a barn, or little house. Even the poorest bits of nature that remain, are daily threatened; for he says, (and I am sure, when the Great-heads are once set upon a thing, they will do it) he is determined it shall be *all new*. These were his words, and they are fate. I have also been at Stow, at Woburn (the Duke of Bedford's), and at Moxton (Duke of Guilford's), but I defer these chapters till we meet. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that the parts of Northamptonshire where I have been, is in fruits, in flowers, and in corn, very near a fortnight behind this part of Buckinghamshire; that they have no nightingales, and that the other birds are almost as silent as at Durham. It is rich land, but upon a clay, and in a very bleak, high, exposed situation. I hope you have had some warm weather, since you last complained of the south. I have thought of seeing you about Michaelmas, though I shall not stay long in town; I should have been at Cambridge before now, if the Duke of Newcastle and his foundation-stone would have let me, but I want them to have done before I go. I am sorry Mr. Brown should be the only one that has stood upon punctilios with me, and would not write

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first; pray tell him so. Mason is (I believe) in town, or at Chiswick. No news of Tuthill. I wrote a long letter to him in answer to one he wrote me, but no reply. Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. G.

Brown called here this morning before I was up, and breakfasted with me.

LII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

ODE IN THE GREEK MANNER.

* * * [The Ode on the Progress of Poesy.] * * *

* * * * *

If this be as tedious to you, as it is grown to me, I shall be sorry that I sent it you. I do not pretend to *deballate* * any one's pride, I love my own too well to attempt it. As to mortifying their vanity, it is too easy and too mean a task for me to delight in. You are very good in shewing so much sensibility on my account, but be assured my taste for praise is not like that of children for fruit; if there were nothing but medlars and blackberries in the world, I could be very well content to go without any at all. I dare say Mason (though some years younger than I) was as little elevated with the approbation of Lord D. and Lord M. as

* *Humble* any one's pride.—*Ed. Mason.*

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I am mortified by their silence. I desire you would by no means suffer this to be copied, nor even shew it, unless to very few, and especially not to mere scholars, that can scan all the measures in Pindar, and say the Scholia by heart. The oftener, (and in spite of poor Trollope) the *more* you write to me, the happier I shall be. I envy your opera. Your politics I don't understand, but I think matters can never continue long in the situation they now are. *Barbarossa I have read, but I did not cry; at a modern tragedy, it is sufficient not to laugh. I had rather the King's Arms looked askew upon me, than the Mitre; it is enough to be well bred to both of them. You do not mention Lord Strath-

* Barbarossa. This play was written by Dr. Brown, the admirer and friend of Warburton; and author of the Estimate, Essay on Satire, Garrick wrote the Epilogue, the following line of which gave the greatest offence to the Author:

"Let the poor devil eat, allow him that," &c.

"A very indifferent new Tragedy (says Mr. Walpole, in a letter to Mr. Bentley, p. 305) now making: the author unknown, but believed to be Garrick himself. There is not one word of Barbarossa's real story, but almost the individual history of Merope. Not one new thought, and which is the next material want, but one line of perfect nonsense.

'And rain down transports in the shape of sorrow.'

To complete it, the manners are so ill observed, that a Mahometan Princess Royal is at full liberty to visit her lover in Newgate, like the Banker's Daughter, in George Barnwell."—*Ed.*

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more, so that I doubt if you received my little letter about him. Mason is still here: we are all mighty glad he is in orders, and no better than any of us. Pray inform me if Dr. Clarke is come to town, and where he is fixed, that I may write to him, angry as he is. My compliments to my friend Mrs. Wharton, to your mother, and all the little gentry. I am ever, dear Doctor, most sincerely yours.

Camb. Dec. 26, 1754.

LIII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, March 9, 1755. Cambridge.

ACCORDING to my reckoning, Mrs. Wharton should have been brought to bed before this time; yet you say not a syllable of it. If you are so loth to publish *your productions*, you cannot wonder at the repugnance I feel, to spreading abroad mine. But in truth, I am not so much against publishing, as against publishing *this* alone*. I have two or three ideas more in my head; what is to come of them? must they too come out in the shape of little sixpenny flams, dropping one after another, till Mr. Dodsley thinks fit to collect them with Mr. this's song, and Mr. t'other's epigram, into a pretty volume! I am sure Mason must be sensible of this,

* His Ode on the Progress of Poetry.—*Mason.*

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and therefore can never mean what he says. To be sure, Doctor, it must be owned, that physic, and indeed all professions, have a bad effect upon the mind. This it is my duty, and interest to maintain. But I shall still be very ready to write a satire upon the clergy, and an epode against historiographers, whenever you are hard-pressed: and (if you flatter me) may throw in a few lines with somewhat handsome, upon Magnesia alba, and Alicant-soap. As to humanity you know my aversion to it, which is barbarous and inhuman; but I cannot help it, God forgive me. I am not quite of your opinion, with regard to Strophe* and Antistrophe, setting aside the difficulties, methinks it has little or no effect

* He often made the same remark to me in conversation, which led me to form the last Ode of Caractacus in shorter stanzas: But we must not imagine that he thought the regular Pindaric method without its use; though, as he justly says, when formed in long stanzas, it does not fully succeed in point of effect on the ear: For there was nothing which he more disliked than that chain of irregular stanzas which Cowley introduced, and falsely called Pindaric; and which from the extreme facility of execution, produced a number of miserable imitators. Had the regular return of Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode no other merit than that of extreme difficulty, it ought on this very account, to be valued; because we well know that "Easy writing is no easy reading." It is also to be remarked, that Mr. Congreve, who (though without any lyrical powers) first introduced the regular Pindaric form into the English language, made use of the short stanzas which Mr. Gray here recommends.——See his Ode to the Queen: Works, vol. iii. p. 438, Ed. Birm. *Mason.*

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upon the ear, which scarce perceives the regular return of metres, at so great a distance from one another. To make it succeed, I am persuaded the stanzas must not consist of above nine lines each at the most. Pindar has several such odes.

Lord Strathmore is come, and makes a tall genteel figure in our eyes. His tutors and he appear to like one another mighty well. When we know more of him than his outside, you and the historian shall hear of it. I am going to ask a favour of you, which I have no better pretence for doing, than that I have long been used to give you trouble. It is that you would go to the London Insurance office, in Birchin-lane, for me, and pay two insurances; one of my house at Wanstead, (Policy, No. 9675.) the other of that in Cornhill (No. 23470.) from Lady-day next, to Lady-day 1756. The first is twenty shillings, the second, twelve shillings; and be pleased to enclose the two receipts (stamped) in a cover, and send them to me. The sooner the better, for I am always in a little apprehension, during this season of conflagrations. I know you will excuse me, and therefore will make no excuses. I cannot think of coming to town till some time in April, myself.

I know you have wrote a very obliging letter to Tuthill, but as I have not seen it, and he is not in my way at present, I leave him to answer for himself. Adieu, dear Sir, and make my compliments to your family. I am ever yours,

T. G.

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LIV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Aug. 6, 1755. Stoke.

I WAS just returned from my Hampshire* expedition, and going to enquire after your little family, and how they had got over the measles, when I found a letter from Stonehewer, in which he says nothing on that head, whence I conclude they are out of danger, and you free from anxiety about them. But he tells me you expect me in town, for which I am at a loss to account, having said nothing to that purpose, at least, I am sure nothing with that meaning. I said I was to go to Twickenham, and am now expecting a letter from Mr. Walpole, to inform me, when he shall be there. My stay will be at farthest a week with him, and at my return I shall let you know, and if the season be better than it now is, enquire, if you continue inclined to visit Windsor and its environs. I wished for you often on the Southern coast, where I have been, and made much the same tour that Stonehewer did before me. Take notice that the oaks grow quite down to the beach, and that the sea

* Mr. Gray went on the 15th of July, to Mr. Chute's at the Vine, from thence he went to Portsmouth, and returned to Stoke on the 31st of July, as appears by a journal which he kept.—*Ed.*

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forms a number of bays little and great, that appear glittering in the midst of thick groves of them. Add to this the Fleet (for I was at Portsmouth two days before it sailed) and the number of vessels always passing along, or sailing up Southampton river, (which is the largest of these bays I mention) and enters about ten miles into the land, and you will have a faint idea of the *South*. From Fareham to Southampton, where you are upon a level with the coast, you have a thousand such peeps and delightful openings; but would you see the whole at once, you must get upon Ports-down, five miles upon this side Portsmouth. It is the top of a ridge that forms a natural terrass three miles long, literally not three times broader than Windsor-terrass, with a gradual fall on both sides, and covered with a turf like Newmarket. To the North, opens Hampshire and Berkshire, covered with woods, and interspersed with numerous gentlemen's houses and villages, to the South, Portsmouth, Gosport, &c. just at your foot in appearance, the Fleet, the sea winding and breaking in bays into the land, the deep shade of tall oaks in the enclosures, which become blue, as they go off to distance. Porchester-castle, Calshot-castle, and all the Isle of Wight, in which you plainly distinguish the fields, hedge-rows, and woods, next the shore, and a back ground of hills behind them. I have not seen a more magnificent or more varied prospect. I have been also at Tichfield, at Netly-abbey (a most beautiful ruin

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in as beautiful a situation) at Southampton, at Bevis-mount, at Winchester, &c. My gout is gone, but I am not absolutely well yet. I heard Mason was expected on Monday last, but was not to speak of it, therefore you will say nothing till you see him. I do not understand this; nor what he means by coming, it seems wrong to me. What did you think of the *Morceau** I sent you. Pray speak your mind. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. Adieu. I am ever yours, T. G.

LV.

DEAR SIR, Stoke, Aug. 14, 1755.

I WRITE to the Vine, imagining you may be still there, to tell you, that I was to have gone to Strawberry on Monday last; but being ill was obliged to write the day before, and excuse myself. Mr. W. could not receive my letter till Monday afternoon, and had therefore sent a messenger from London, early that morning to say, that he was very ill of a fever, and rash, and unable to go himself to Twickenham. I know this is a dangerous season; and that malignant fevers are now very

* A copy of the *first* part of the Bard, but which, I am sorry to say, is not preserved among Dr. Wharton's MSS. *Ed.*

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common, and am therefore something alarmed at his situation. If you have heard any thing, you will let me know, and particularly if any thing should carry you soon to town. I myself have been ill, ever since I came out of Hampshire. I have had *advice* and been bloodied, and taken draughts of Salt of Wormwood, Lemons, Tincture of Guiacum, Magnesia, and the Devil. You will immediately conclude, they thought me rheumatic and feverish, no such thing! they thought me gouty, and that I had no fever. All I can say, is, that my heats in the morning are abated, that my foot begins to ach again; and that my head achs, and feels light and giddy. So much for me. My compts. to the gentleman with the Moco-smelling-bottle, the Muntz's, the Betties, and the Babies. Adieu, I am ever.

LVI. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Stoke, Aug. 21, 1755.

INSTEAD of going to Twickenham I was obliged to send my excuses, and the same day Mr. Walpole sent a messenger to say he was confined in town with a fever, and a rash. He has since wrote me word, that he is well again. But for me, I continue much as I was, and have been but once out of the house to walk since I returned from Hampshire.

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Being much inclined to bleeding myself, I yet was fearful to venture, lest it should bring on a regular fit of the gout, so I sent for advice at last, and expected Dr. Hayes should tell me presently whether it were Gout or Rheumatism; in his talk, he treated it rather as the former, but his prescription appears to me to be meant for the latter. You will judge, he took away 10 or 11 oz. of blood, and ordered these draughts night and morning. *Sal. Absinth. Succ. Limon finitâ effervescentiâ add. Aqua. Alexit. Simpl. Menth. Piperit, Magnes. alb., Tinct. G. Guiac. Spirituos.* The quantities I can't read; only I think there is a drachm of the Tincture, and half a drachm of Magnesia in each draught. The blood had no sign of Inflammation, but of a bright red; the serum of a dark yellow with little transparency, not viscid to the touch. The draughts (which I took over night only) made me sweat almost immediately, and opened a little in the morning, the consequence is, that I have still many slight complaints, broken and unrefreshing sleeps, as before, less feverish than I was in a morning. Instead of it a sensation of weariness and soarness in both feet, which goes off in the day, a frequent dizziness and lightness of head, easily fatigued with motion. Sometimes a little pain in my breast, as I had in the winter. These symptoms are all too slight to make an illness, but they do not make perfect health, that is sure.

Though I allow abundance for your kindness and

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partiality to me, I am much pleased with the good opinion you seem to have of the *Bard*. You may alter that, '*Robed in* the sable, &c.' almost in your own words, thus,

> With fury pale, and pale with woe,
> Secure of Fate, the Poet stood, &c.

Though *haggard*, which conveys to you the idea of a *Witch*, is indeed only a metaphor taken from an unreclaimed Hawk, which is called a *haggard*, and looks wild and *farouche*, and jealous of its liberty. I have sent now to Stonehewer a bit more of the *Prophecy*, and desire him to shew it you immediately: it is very rough and unpolished at present. Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever truly yours,

T. G.

* * * * * *

She-wolf of France with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate;
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven; what terrors round him wait;
Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

ANT. 2.

victor
Mighty Conqu'ror, mighty Lord,
his
Low on the funeral couch he lies;
No no
What pitying heart, what eye afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?

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Thy son is gone, he rests among the dead.
in thy noontide beam were born,
The swarm that hover'd in thy noontide ray,
morn.
Gone to salute the rising day.*

EPODE 3.

Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast.
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A *smile of horror* on their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse!
Long years of havock urge their destined course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye
Grim towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
And spare the meek Usurper's *hallow'd* head.
Above, below, the Rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe we spread.
The bristled boar, in infant gore,
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail,
All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

ANTIST. 3.

Girt with many a
Youthful Knights, and Barons bold

---

* Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth in the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

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Sublime their starry fronts they rear,
With dazzling helm, and horrent spear,
And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old,
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a Form divine,
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
Her her
A Lyon-port, an awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
What strains of vocal transport round thee play!
Hear, from the grave, great Taliessin, hear,
They breathe a soul, to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven, her many-coloured wings.
Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

STROPHE 3.

Edward, lo! to sudden fate,
(Weave we the woof, the thread is spun),
Half of thy heart we consecrate,
(The web is wove, the work is done.)
thus
Stay, oh stay, nor here forlorn
me unbless'd, unpitied here
Leave your despairing Caradoc* to mourn.
track
In yon bright clouds, that fires the western skies,
melt
They sink, they vanish from my eyes.
solemn scenes
But ah! what *scenes of Heaven* on Snowdon's height,

* 'The Mountain in Shropshire is called Caer Caradoc; but Mr. Gray asserts that the middle syllable is long, or he could have used it in his Poem of the Bard;' see Cradock's Mem. vol. i. p. 82, vol. iv. p. 105, 144.—*Ed.*

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glitt'ring
Descending slow their golden skirts unroll!
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul.

EPODE 3.

The verse adorn again,
Fierce War and faithful Love,
And Truth severe by Fairy-Fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horrour tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice as of the Cherub-Quire,
Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me, with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign,
Be thine Despair, and sceptr'd Care,
To triumph, and to die are mine.
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he sunk to endless night.

LVII. MR. GRAY TO MR. STONEHEWER.*

Aug. 21, 1755.

I THANK you for your intelligence about Herculaneum, which was the first news I received of it. I

* Auditor of Excise. His friendship with Mr. Gray commenced at College, and continued till the death of the

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have since turned over Monsignor Baiardi's book,* where I have learned how many grains of modern wheat the Roman Congius, in the Capitol, holds, and how many thousandth parts of an inch the Greek foot consisted of more or less (for I forget which) than our own. He proves also by many affecting examples, that an Antiquary may be mistaken: That for any thing any body knows, this place under ground might be some other place, and not Herculaneum; but nevertheless, that he can shew for certain that it was this place and no other place; that it is hard to say which of the several Herculeses was the founder; therefore (in the third volume) he promises to give us the memoirs of them all; and after that, if we do not know what to think of the matter, he will tell us. There is a great deal of wit too, and satire, and verses, in the book, which is intended chiefly for the information of the French King, who will be greatly edified without doubt.

I am much obliged to you also for Voltaire's performance; it is very unequal, as he is apt to be in

latter.—*Mason.* Mr. Stonehewer was, while at Cambridge, the Tutor, afterwards the private Secretary, and intimate friend of the late Duke of Grafton.—*Ed.*

* I believe the book here ridiculed was published by the authority of the King of Naples. But afterwards, on finding how ill qualified the Author was to execute the task, the business of describing the Antiquities found at Herculaneum was put into other hands; who have certainly, as far as they have gone, performed it much better.—*Mason.*

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all but his dramas, and looks like the work of a man that will admire his retreat and his Lemon-Lake no longer than till he finds an opportunity to leave it:* However, though there be many parts which I do not like, yet it is in several places excellent, and every where above mediocrity. As you have the politeness to pretend impatience, and desire I would communicate, and all that, I annex a piece of the Prophecy;† which must be true at least, as it was wrote so many hundred years after the events.

LVIII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, [Oct. 18, 1755.]

I OUGHT before now to have thanked you for your kind offer, which I mean soon to accept, for a reason, which to be sure can be no reason to you, or Mrs. Wharton, and therefore I think it my duty to give you notice of it. It is a very possible thing

* I do not recollect the title of this Poem, but it was a small one which M. de Voltaire wrote when he first settled at Ferney. By the long residence he has since made there, it appears either that our Author was mistaken in his conjecture, or that an opportunity of leaving it had not yet happened.—*Mason.*

† The second Antistrophe and Epode, with a few lines of the third Strophe of his Ode entitled the Bard, were here inserted.—*Mason.*

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I may be ill again in town, which I would not chuse to be in a dirty inconvenient lodging, where perhaps my Nurse might stifle me with a pillow, and therefore it is no wonder if I prefer your house. But I tell you of this in time, that if either of you are frighted at the thought of a sick body, you may make a handsome excuse, and save yourselves this trouble. You are not to imagine my illness is in *Esse;* no, it is only in *Posse*, otherwise I should myself be scrupulous of bringing it home to you. I shall be in town in about a fortnight. You will be sorry (as I am) at the destruction of poor Stonehewer's views which promised so fair; but both he and I have known it this long time; so, I believe, he was prepared, and his old Patron is no bad resource. I am told, it is the fashion to be totally silent with regard to the *ministry. Nothing is to be talked of, or even suspected, till the Parliament meets; in the mean time the new *Manager* has taken what appears to me a very odd step. If you do not hear of a thing, which is in its nature no secret, I cannot well inform you by the Post, to me it is utterly unaccountable.

* This alludes to the dismissal of Pitt, then paymaster of the forces, and the Right Honorable Henry Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the question, of engaging this nation in a continental connexion for the defence of Hanover. See Smollett's History of England, vol. iii. p. 436. An interesting account of the debate on this subject, (in which single-speech Hamilton spoke for the first time), may be seen in Walpole's Letters. Vol. v. p. 41.—*Ed.*

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Pray what is the reason I do not read your name among the Censors of the College? did they not offer it you, or have you refused it? I have not done a word more of *Bard*. Having been in a very listless, unpleasant, and inutile state of mind for this long while; for which I shall beg you to prescribe me somewhat strengthening and agglutinant, lest it turn to a confirmed Pythisis.* To shew you how epidemical self-murther is this year, Lady M. Capel (Lord Essex's sister) a young person, has just cut the veins of both arms across, but (they say) will not die of it, she was well, and in her senses, though of a family that are apt to be otherwise. Adieu, dear Doctor, I should be glad of a line from you, before I come. Believe me ever, most sincerely yours, T. G.

* Instead of publishing this Letter as it was originally written, Mr. Mason has commenced with a sentence from Letter lvi. then added the last paragraph but one of this Letter. Then taken the last sentence of Letter lxii. and ended with the first part of this Letter; to this *authentic* Epistle he has given the date of 14th June, 1756. See Letter xxiii. of this Section in his Edition.—*Ed.*

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LIX. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Jan. 9, Cambridge, 1756.

I AM quite of Mr. Alderman's opinion; provided you have a very fair prospect of success (for I do not love repulses, though I believe in such cases, they are not attended with any disgrace) such an employment must necessarily give countenance and name to one in your profession, not to mention the use it must be of in refreshing, and keeping alive the ideas of practice you have already got, and improving them by new observation. It cannot but lead to other business too, in a more natural way, than perhaps any other, for whatever lucky chance may have introduced into the world, here and there a Physician of great vogue, the same chance may hardly befall another in an age; and the indirect and by-ways that doubtless have succeeded with many, are rather too dirty for you to tread. As to the time it would take up, so much the better. Whenever it interferes with more advantageous practice, it is in your power to quit it. In the mean time it will prepare you for that trouble and constant attendance, which much business requires a much greater degree of. For you are not to dream of being your own master, till old-age, and a satiety of gain shall set you free. I tell you

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my notions of the matter, as I see it at a distance, which you, who stand nearer, may rectify at your pleasure.

I have continued the Soap every other day from the time I left you, except an interval or two of a week or ten days at a time, which I allow in order to satisfy myself, whether the good effects of it were lasting, or only temporary. I think I may say, it has absolutely cured that complaint, I used to mention to you; and (what is more) the ill-habit, which perhaps was the cause of that, and of the flying pains I have every now and then felt in my joints; whenever I use it, it much increases my appetite, and the heart-burn is quite banished, so I may venture to say, it does good to my stomach. When I shall speak of its bad effects, you are no longer to treat me as a whimsical body, for I am certain now that it disorders the head, and much disturbs one's sleep. This I now avoid by taking it immediately before dinner; and besides, these things are trifles compared with the good it has done me. In short, I am so well, it would be folly to take any other medicine, therefore I reserve lime water, for some more pressing occasion. I should be glad to know the particulars of Lord Northumberland and the Archbishop's illnesses, and how far it has eased them in the gout.

I am glad you admire *Machiavel, and are enter-

* I should deem myself almost deficient in the duty of an Editor, were I not, in this place, to point out to the reader,

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tained with Buffon, and edified with the divine Ashton. The first (they say) was a good man, as much as he has been abused; and we will hope the best of the two latter. Mr. [ ] who as [ ]

the just, and animated portrait of Machiavel drawn by Mr. Dugald Stewart, in his interesting Dissertation prefixed to the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, p. 32.—"The founder of this new Sect [the Machiavelian School] or to speak more correctly, the Systematizer and Apostle of its doctrines, was born as early as 1469, that is, about ten years before Luther. And, like that Reformer, acquired, by the commanding superiority of his genius, an astonishing ascendant (though of a very different nature) over the minds of his followers. No writer, certainly, either in ancient or in modern times, has ever united in a more remarkable degree a greater variety of the most dissimilar, and seemingly the most discordant gifts and attainments,—a profound acquaintance with all those arts of dissimulation and intrigue, which in the petty Cabinets of Italy were then universally confounded with political wisdom.—An imagination familiarized to the cool contemplation of whatever is perfidious or atrocious in the history of conspirators and of tyrants;—combined with a graphical skill in holding up to laughter the comparative harmless follies of ordinary life. His dramatic humour has been often compared to that of Molière; but it resembles it rather in comic force, than a benevolent gaiety, or in chastened morality. Such as it is, however, it forms an extraordinary contrast to that strength of intellectual character, which, in one page, reminds us of the deep sense of Tacitus, and in the next of the dark and infernal policy of Cæsar Borgea. To all this must be superadded a purity of taste, which has enabled him as an historian to rival the severe simplicity of the Grecian masters; and a sagacity in combining historical facts, which was afterwards to afford lights to the school of Montesquieu." See also Note C. p. 152. of the same Work.—*Ed.*

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sent me word, desired to be acquainted with me, called here, before I came down, and would pay a visit to my rooms. He made Dr. Long conduct him thither, left me a present of a book (not of his own writing) and a note with a very civil compliment. I wrote to him to thank him, and have received an answer, that fifteen years ago might have turned my head. I know [ ] will abuse him to you, but I insist he is a slanderer, and shall write a satire upon him, if he does not do justice to my new admirer. I have not added a line more to old Caradoc. When I do, you will be sure to see it. You who give yourself the trouble to think of my health, will not think me very troublesome, if I beg you to bespeak me a rope-ladder (for my neighbours every day make a great progress in drunkenness, which gives me reason to look about me) it must be full thirty-six feet long, or a little more, but as light and manageable as may be, easy to unroll, and not likely to entangle. I never saw one, but I suppose it must have strong hooks, or something equivalent at top, to throw over an iron bar to be fixed withinside of my window. However, you will chuse the properest form, and instruct me in the use of it. I see an Ephraim Hadden, near Hermitage-stairs, Wapping, that advertises them, but perhaps you may find a better artisan near you. This with a canister of tea, and another of snuff, which I left at your house, and a pound of soap from Mr. Field (for mine is not so good here) will fill a box,

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which I beg the favour of you to send me when you can conveniently. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. I am ever yours,

T. G.

LX. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Pemb. Hall, March 25, 1756.

THOUGH I had no reasonable excuse for myself before I received your last letter, yet since that time I have had a pretty good one; having been taken up in quarrelling with* Peter-House, and in removing myself from thence to Pembroke. This may be looked upon as a sort of æra in a life so barren of events as mine, yet I shall treat it in Voltaire's manner, and only tell you that I left my lodgings because the rooms were noisy, and the people of

* The reason of Mr. Gray's changing his College, which is here only glanced at, was in few words this: Two or three young men of fortune, who lived in the same stair-case, had for some time intentionally disturbed him with their riots, and carried their ill behaviour so far as frequently to awaken him at midnight. After having borne with their insults longer than might reasonably have been expected, even from a man of less warmth of temper, Mr. Gray complained to the governing part of the Society; and not thinking that his remonstrance was sufficiently attended to, quitted the College. The slight manner in which he mentions this affair, when writing to one of his most intimate friends, certainly does honour to the placability of his disposition.—*Mason.*

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the house *dirty*:* this is all I would chuse to have said about it; but if you, in private, should be curious enough to enter into a particular detail of facts, and minute circumstances, Stonehewer, who was witness to them, will probably satisfy you. All I shall say more is, that I am for the present extremely well lodged here, and as quiet as in the Grande Chartreuse; and that every body, (even the Dr. Longs and Dr. Mays) are as civil as they could be to Mary of Valens† in person. With regard to any advice I can give as to the hospital, I freely own it ought to give way to Dr. Heberden's counsels, who is a much better judge, and (I should think) disinterested. I love refusals no more than you do. But as to your effluvia, I maintain that one sick *rich*, has more of pestilence and putrefaction about him, than a whole ward of sick poor.

You should have received Mason's present‡ as last Saturday. I desire you to tell me your critical opinion of the new Ode; and also whether you have found out two lines, which he has inserted in another of them, that are superlative.§ We do

* Uncivil.—*Mason.*

† Foundress of the College.—*Mason.*

‡ The four Odes which I had just published separately. *Mason.*

§ I should leave the Reader to guess (if he thought it worth his while) what this couplet was which is here commended so much beyond its merit, did not the Ode conclude with a compliment to Mr. Gray, in which part he might probably look for it, as those lines were written with the

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not expect that the world, which is just going to be *invaded*, will bestow much attention on them; if you hear any thing, you will tell us.

The similitude between the Italian Republicks and ancient Greece, has often struck me, as it does you. I do not wonder that Sully's Memoirs have highly entertained you; but cannot agree with you, in thinking him or his master two of the *best* men in the world. The king was, indeed, one of the best natured men that ever lived; but it was owing only to chance that his intended marriage with Mad. d'Estrées, or with the Marq^se^ de Verneuil, did not involve him and the kingdom in the most inextricable confusion. And his design upon the Princess of Condé (in his old age) was worse still. As to the minister, his base application to Concini, after the murther of Henry, has quite ruined him in my esteem, and destroyed all the merit of that honest surly pride for which I honoured him before. Yet I own that as kings and ministers go, they were both extraordinary men. Pray look at the end of Birch's State Papers of Sir T. Edmondes, for the character of the French Court, at that time, written by Sir George Carew.

greater care. To secure, therefore, my friend from any imputation of vanity, whatever becomes of myself, I shall here insert the passage:

> While thro' the west, where sinks the crimson Day,
> Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray.
> *Mason.*

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Pray don't suspect me of any such *suspicions* as you mention. I would hardly believe you were tired of me, though you told me so yourself, sensible, as I am, nevertheless, that you might have reason enough to be so. To prove what I say, I have thoughts of coming to you for three days in April; there is to be a Concerto Spirituale, in which M^rs. Mingotti (who has just lain in) and Riccioralli will sing the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi. You and Mason and I are to be at it together; so pray make no excuses, nor put-offs, saving to you however the liberty of saying whether you have a bed to spare, (I mean for me, not for him) in your house. Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever faithfully yours,

T. G.

My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. I give you joy of the divine Ashton; it is indeed a conquest you have made.

LXI. MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

Stoke, July 25, 1756.

I FEEL a contrition for my long silence; and yet perhaps it is the last thing you trouble your head about. Nevertheless I will be as sorry as if you took it ill. I am sorry too to see you so punctilious as to stand upon answers, and never to come near me till I have regularly left my name at your

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door, like a Mercer's Wife, that imitates people who go a visiting. I would forgive you this, if you could possibly suspect I were doing any thing that I liked better; for then your formality might look like being piqued at my negligence, which has somewhat in it like kindness: But you know I am at Stoke, hearing, seeing, doing absolutely nothing. Not such a nothing as you do at Tunbridge, chequered and diversified with a succession of fleeting colours; but heavy, lifeless, without form and void; sometimes almost as black as the moral of Voltaire's Lisbon,* which angers you so. I have had no more muscular inflations, and am only troubled with this depression of mind. You will not expect therefore I should give you any account of my *Verve*, which is at best (you know) of so delicate a constitution, and has such weak nerves, as not to stir out of its chamber above three days in a year. But I shall enquire after yours, and why it is off again? It has certainly worse nerves than mine, if your Reviewers have frighted it. Sure I (not to mention a score of your other Critics) am something a better judge than all the Man-Midwives and Presbyterian Parsons† that ever were born. Pray give me leave to ask you, do you find yourself tickled with the commendations of such people? (for you have your share of these too) I dare say not; your vanity has

* His Poem "Sur la Destruction de Lisbon," published about that time.—*Mason.*

† The Reviewers, at the time, were supposed to be of these professions.—*Mason.*

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certainly a better taste. And can then the censure of such critics move you? I own it is an impertinence in these gentry to talk of one at all, either in good or in bad; but this we must all swallow: I mean not only we that write, but all the *we's* that ever did any thing to be talked of.

While I am writing I receive yours, and rejoice to find that the genial influences of this fine season, which produce nothing in me, have hatched high and unimaginable fantasies in you.* I see, methinks, as I sit on Snowdon, some glimpse of Mona and her haunted shades, and hope we shall be very good neighbours. Any Druidical anecdotes that I can meet with, I will be sure to send you when I return to Cambridge; but I cannot pretend to be learned without books, or to know the Druids from modern Bishops at this distance. I can only tell you not to go and take Mona for the Isle of Man: it is Anglesey, a tract of plain country, very fertile, but picturesque only from the view it has of Caernarvonshire, from which it is separated by the Menaï, a narrow arm of the sea. Forgive me for supposing in you such a want of erudition.

I congratulate you on our glorious successes in the Mediterranean. Shall we go in time, and hire a house together in Switzerland? It is a fine poetical country to look at, and nobody there will understand a word we say or write.

* I had sent him my first idea of Caractacus, drawn out in a short argument.—*Mason.*

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LXII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Stoke, Oct. 15, 1756.

I HAVE not been dead, but only gone to [ ]* was seized with a cruel fit of the gout, which held him five weeks, and as he had no other company in the house, it was impossible to leave him in that condition. Since my return I have made a visit of four days at Twickenham. I shall probably stay here till the middle of next month, and then transplant myself to London, if Mrs. Wharton and you *de bon cœur* have no objection to me. If any thing has happened, since I saw you, to make it inconvenient, I insist upon being told so. I have heard the story of the *Lyon*, and its consequences, though you say not a word about it. Pray inform me how Miss Peggy got over her operation. Leicester-house is (as I suppose you know) settling upon its own terms, £40,000 a year for the Prince; 5000 for P. E$^{d.}$; no removing to St. James's; Earl of Bute, Groom of the Stole, (there is for you); Mr. Stone, Controller of the [ ] (a concession by way of thanks). Lords of the Bedchamber I have forgot.

* The MS. is imperfect in this place.

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Miss Shepherd's Mr. Ingram, and Mr. Onslow, the Speaker's son, Grooms of the Bedchamber; are you upon the list?

Shew me such another king as the K. of Prussia. Every body used to call him coxcomb; and to be sure he is one; but a coxcomb (it is plain) may make a figure far superior to the ordinary run of kings. I delight in his treatment of the K. of Poland. When he first informed him of the necessity he was under to make use of Saxony in his way to Bohemia, he added that if his Majesty chose to retire into his Polish dominions he had ordered relays* on the road, and that all the respect in the world should be shewn him, and his last memorial to the Empress-Queen ended with *point de reponse, en stile d'Oracle.*

I recommend two little French books to you, one called Mémoires de M. de la Porte, it has all the air of simplicity and truth, and contains some few very extraordinary facts, relating to Anne of Austria, and Card. Mazarin. The other is two small volumes Memoires de Madame Stael, the facts are no great matter, but the manner and vivacity of it make it interesting. She was a sort of confidante to the late Dutchess of Maine, and imprisoned a long time in the Bastile on her account, during the Regency. The first you may buy, and the latter borrow. I desire my compliments to Mrs. Wharton, and am, ever yours, T. G.

* See Duclos' Mémoires, vol. ii. p. 432.—*Ed.*

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LXIII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Nov. 12, 1756.

I GROW impatient to be in town, and hope for the pleasure of seeing you on Tuesday next. I must confess, the present revolution of affairs, which are settling so slowly, is some spur to my curiosity, though my own interests have no more concern in it than those of any cottager in the nation. I flatter myself that necessity will at last throw the management of affairs into more capable, if not more honest hands, than usual.* My Gazette says, that Mr. Pitt will be Secretary of State, and has accepted it (though ill of the gout in the country); that the D. of Devonshire has consented (which was one of the conditions of acceptance) to be at the head of the Treasury; Lord Temple, of the Admiralty; G. Grenville, Paymaster; Mr. Legge, Chanc^r. of the Exchequer; Sir G. Lee, Sec. at War; Mr T.† nothing. How far all this is fact, you know by this time. I do not forget your letter,

* See Walpole's Letter to H. Mann, vol. iii. p. 168. Ditto to Montagu, p. 142. Lord Chesterfield's Letters, vol. iv. p. 104. Ellis's Letter on English History, vol. iv. p. 390, Second Series. Letter ccccIxvi.—*Ed.*

† Mr. T. is (I suppose) Mr. C. Townshend, who wished for the place of Secretary of War in this Administration;

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when I say this, and to whom it was wrote; but I much doubt, whether you would have received more benefit from his good offices, while he continued in, than now he is in effect out. I am concerned too for another person, who surely can never continue where he is, (if he should, it is a wonderful proof of the force of insignificancy), and if he does not, a good friend of ours must feel it a little in a part very tender to most people—his hopes; but he very wisely has been arming it for some time, I believe, with a reasonable insensibility, and taking, by way of precaution, a dose of my sovereign anodyne fastidium.

Don't fancy to yourself that I have been doing any thing here. I am as stupid as a post, and have not added a syllable, but in plain prose. Am still ever yours, T. G.

LXIV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I CANNOT help thanking you for your kind letter, though I have nothing essential to inform you of in return. Lord S. and his brother are come back,

which was, however, possessed by Lord Barrington. Mr. Townshend unwillingly accepted the place of Treasurer to the Chambers. See "Memoirs of a celebrated Literary and Political Character," p. 74. See his Character drawn by Walpole, in Memoirs, p. 296.—*Ed.*

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and in some measure rid me of my apprehensions for the College. Stonehewer is gone to town, but (as he assures me) not to stay above a week. You advise me to be happy, and would to God it depended upon your wishes. A part of what I imagined has already happened here, though not in the way I expected; in a way indeed, that confutes itself, and therefore (as I am told) makes no impression on the hearers, but I will not answer for the truth of this: at least such as are strangers to me, may be influenced by it. However, though I know the quarter whence it comes, I cannot interpose at present, lest I make the matter worse: judge you of my happiness; may yours never meet with any cloud or interruption. Adieu! I beg you to write to me.

Feb. 17, 1757.

LXV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, April 17, Sunday, 1757.

If I did not immediately answer your kind enquiry, you will attribute it to the visit, which I was obliged to do the honours of, for two or three days, and which is now over. I find nothing new to add to my uneasiness here; on the contrary, it is considerably abated; and quiet, and hope is gradually returning. I am extremely glad to hear your coun-

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try residence promises so well, and has been so serviceable to Mrs. Wharton, already.

You desire to know how I like my visit. Lord N. is a sensible, well bred young man, a little too fine even for me, who love a little finery: he never will be popular, and it is well if he be not very much hated. His party were Lord Villers and Mr. Spencer, but I did not see a great deal of them. Lord John has been with me all this morning; the Duke of Bedford is now here to settle his son at Trinity, and Mr. Rigby is come to assist him with his advice. Adieu, I am interrupted, but will write again soon. Believe me ever yours,

T. G.

LXVI. MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

Cambridge, May, 1757.

You are so forgetful of me that I should not forgive it, but that I suppose Caractacus may be the better for it. Yet I hear nothing from him neither, in spite of his promises: there is no faith in man, no not in a Welshman; and yet Mr. Parry * has been here, and scratched out such ravishing blind

* A capital performer on the Welsh harp, and who was either born blind, or had been so from his infancy.—*Mason.* For an account of Parry, the son of this blind harper, see Northcote's Life of Sir J. Reynolds, p. 93.—*Ed.*

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harmony, such tunes of a thousand years old, with names enough to choke you, as have set all this learned body a dancing, and inspired them with due reverence for my old Bard his countryman, whenever he shall appear. Mr. Parry, you must know, has put my Ode in motion again, and has brought it at last to a conclusion. 'Tis to him, therefore, that you owe the treat which I send you inclosed; namely, the breast and merry-thought, and rump too of the chicken which I have been chewing so long, that I would give the world for neck-beef or cow-heel.

You will observe, in the beginning of this thing, some alterations of a few words, partly for improvement, and partly to avoid repetitions of like words and rhymes; yet I have not got rid of them all; the six last lines of the fifth stanza are new, tell me whether they will do. I am well aware of many weakly things towards the conclusion, but I hope the end itself will do; give me your full and true opinion, and that not upon deliberation, but forthwith. Mr. Hurd* himself allows that *Lyon port* is not too bold for Queen Elizabeth.

I have got the old Scotch Ballad on which Douglas† was founded; it is divine, and as long as from

* Dr. Hurd, the survivor of all Mr. Gray's friends, except Mr. Nichols, died at Hartlebury Castle, May 28, 1808, aged 88. *Whitaker, MS. Note.*

† He had a high opinion of this first drama of Mr. Home. In a letter to another friend, dated August 16, this year, he

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hence to Aston. Have you never seen it? Aristotle's best rules are observed in it, in a manner that shews the Author had never read Aristotle. It begins in the fifth act of the play: you may read it two-thirds through without guessing what it is about; and yet when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story. I send you the two first stanzas.

* * * *

LXVII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Stoke, July 11, 1757.

I WILL not give you the trouble of sending your chaise for me. I intend to be with you on Wednesday in the evening. If the press stands still all this time for me, to be sure it is dead in childbed. I do not love notes, though you see I had resolved to put two or three.* They are signs of

says, "I am greatly struck with the tragedy of Douglas, though it has infinite faults: the author seems to me to have retrieved the true language of the stage, which had been lost for these hundred years; and there is one scene (between Matilda and the old peasant) so masterly, that it strikes me blind to all the defects in the world." The Ballad, which he here applauds, is to be found in Mr. Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 89, a work published after the date of this letter.—*Mason.* See Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, part ii. p. 73, and Jamieson's Ballads.—*Ed.*

* To the Bard.

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weakness and obscurity. If a thing cannot be understood without them, it had better be not understood at all. If you will be vulgar, and pronounce it *Lunnun*, instead of London,* I can't help it. †Caradoc I have private reasons against; and besides it is in reality Carādoc, and will not stand in the verse.

I rejoice you can fill all your *vuides;* the Maintenon could not, and that was her great misfortune. Seriously though, I congratulate you on your happiness, and seem to understand it. The receipt is obvious; it is only, Have something to do; but how few can apply it. Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

LXVIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

I AM so charmed with the two specimens of Erse poetry, that I cannot help giving you the trouble to enquire a little farther about them, and should wish to see a few lines of the original, that I may form some slight idea of the language, the measures, and the rhythm.

* Ye towers of Julius, *London's* lasting shame.
Bard, v. 87.

† Gray alludes to the line "Leave your despairing *Caradoc*, to mourn," which he afterwards altered to "Leave me unblessed, unpitied here to mourn."—*Ed.*

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Is there any thing known of the author or authors, and of what antiquity are they supposed to be? Is there any more to be had of equal beauty, or at all approaching to it? I have been often told that the Poem called Hardicanute (which I always admired and still admire) was the work of somebody that lived a few years ago.* This I do not at all believe, though it has evidently been retouched in places by some modern hand: but however, I am authorised by this report to ask, whether the two Poems in question are certainly antique and genuine. I make this enquiry in quality of an antiquary, and am not otherwise concerned about it: for, if I were sure that any one now living in Scotland had written them to divert himself, and laugh at the credulity of the world, I would undertake a journey into the Highlands only for the pleasure of seeing him.

* Concerning this ballad of "Hardyknute" see Pinkerton's Scottish Ballads, vol. i. p. 135. Maitland's Poems, vol. i. p. cxxvi. and Percy's Reliques of Ant. Poetry, vol. ii. p. 94. The fullest account of this ballad may be seen in Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads, by Mr. Finlay, vol. i. p. 1. It appears, that Lady Wardlaw was the author of the first part; which she communicated through her brother Sir John Bruce, to Lord Binning. The Ballad was first published in 1719, Lady Wardlaw died about 1727. The second part is a forgery by Mr. Pinkerton, which he confessed in the Maitland Poems. He also, it appears, considerably corrupted the text of the first part.—*Ed.*

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LXIX. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

I HAVE been very ill this week with a great cold and a fever, and though now in a way to be well, am like to be confined some days longer: whatever you will send me that is new, or old, and long, will be received as a charity. Rousseau's people do not interest me; there is but one character and one style in them all, I do not know their faces asunder. I have no esteem for their persons or conduct, am not touched with their passions; and as to their story, I do not believe a word of it—not because it is improbable, but because it is absurd. If I had any little propensity, it was to Julie; but now she has gone and (so hand over head) married that Monsieur de Wolmar, I take her for a *vraie Suissesse*, and do not doubt but she had taken a cup too much like her lover. All this does not imply that I will not read it out, when you can spare the rest of it.

LXX. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Aug. 17, 1757. Stoke.

IT feels to me, as if it were a long while since I heard from you. Not a word to flatter or to abash the vanity of an author! suffer me then to tell you, that I hear we are not at all popular. The great

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objection is obscurity, nobody knows what we would be at.* One man (a Peer) I have been told of, that thinks the last stanza of the 2nd Ode relates to Charles the First, and Oliver Cromwell, in short the Συνετοὶ appear to be still fewer than even I expected.

You will imagine all this does not go very deep; but I have been almost ever since I was here exceedingly dispirited, besides being really ill in body. No gout, but something feverish that seems to come almost every morning, and disperses soon after I am up. The Cobhams are here, and as civil as usual. Garrick and his wife have been down with them some days, and are soon to come again. Except the little amusement they give me, and two volumes of the Encyclopedia, now almost exhausted, I have nothing but my own thoughts to feed upon, and you know they are of the gloomy cast. Write to me then, for *sweet St. Charity*, and remember, that while I am my own, I am most faithfully yours,

T. G.

My best services to Mrs. Wharton.

* See Walpole's Lett. to H. Mann, vol. iii. p. 234, on the Odes.—*Ed.*

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LXXI. MR. GRAY TO MR. HURD.*

Stoke, August 25, 1757.

I DO not know why you should thank me for what you had a right and title to;† but attribute it to the excess of your politeness; and the more so, because almost no one else has made me the same compliment. As your acquaintance in the University (you say) do me the honour to *admire*, it would be ungenerous in me not to give them notice, that they are doing a very unfashionable thing; for all People of Condition are agreed not to admire, nor even to understand. One very great Man, writing to an acquaintance of his and mine, says that he had read them seven or eight times; and that now, when he next sees him, he shall not have above *thirty questions* to ask. Another (a Peer) believes that the last Stanza of the second Ode relates to King Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell. Even my friends tell me they do not *succeed*, and write me moving topics of consolation on that head. In short, I have heard of no body but an Actor and a Doctor of Divinity that profess their esteem for them.‡ Oh yes, a Lady of quality, (a friend

* Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry.

† A present of his two Pindaric Odes just then published.

‡ This was written August 25, 1757. An extract from a letter of Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton, dated October 7, 1757,

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of Mason's) who is a great reader. She knew there was a compliment to Dryden, but never suspected there was any thing said about Shakespeare or Milton, till it was explained to her, and wishes that there had been titles prefixed to tell what they were about.

From this mention of Mason's name you may think, perhaps, we are great correspondents. No such thing; I have not heard from him these two months. I will be sure to scold in my own name, as well as in yours. I rejoice to hear you are so ripe for the press, and so voluminous; not for my own sake only, whom you flatter with the hopes of seeing your labours both public and private, but for yours too; for to be employed is to be happy. This principle of mine (and I am convinced of its truth) has, as usual, no influence on my practice. I am alone, and *ennuyé* to the last degree, yet do no-

mentions another admirer, whom he knew how to value. "Dr. Warburton is come to town, and I am told likes them extremely; he says the world never passed so just an opinion upon any thing as upon them; for that in other things they have affected to like or dislike: whereas here they own they do not understand, which he looks upon to be very true; but yet thinks they understand them as well as Milton or Shakespeare, whom they are obliged, by fashion, to admire. Mr. Garrick's complimentary verses to me you have seen; I am told they were printed in the Chronicle of last Saturday. The Critical Review is in raptures; but mistakes the Æolian Lyre for the Harp of Æolus, and on this pleasant error founds both a compliment and a criticism. This is all I heard that signifies any thing."—*Mason.*

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thing. Indeed I have one excuse; my health (which you have so kindly enquired after) is not extraordinary, ever since I came hither. It is no great malady, but several little ones, that seem brewing no good to me. It will be a particular pleasure to me to hear whether Content dwells in Leicestershire, and how she entertains herself there. Only do not be too happy, nor forget entirely the quiet ugliness of Cambridge.

LXXII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Stoke, Sept. 7, 1757.

I AM greatly obliged to your care and kindness for considering with more attention than it deserves, the article of my health; at present I am far better, and take long walks again, have better spirits, and am more capable of amusement. The offer you make me of your lodgings for a time I should gladly embrace, both for the sake of seeing you, and for variety, and because it will answer another end, by furnishing me with a reason for not going into the country to *a place where I am invited*, (I think, you understand me). But the truth is, I cannot afford to hurry about from place to place; so I shall continue where I am, and trust to *illness*, or some other cause for an excuse, since to *that place*, I am positive, I will not go. It hurts me beyond

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measure, that I am forced to make these excuses, but go I cannot, and something must be said. These are cruel things!

The family you mention near me, are full as civil as ever; Miss Speed seems to understand; and to all such as do not, she says—*φωνάντα συνετοῖσι*—in so many words. And this is both my motto and comment. I am afraid you mistake Mr. Roper's complaisance for approbation. Dr. Brown (I hear) says, they are the *best Odes in our language. Mr. Garrick, the best in ours, or *any other*. I should not write this immodest panegyric, did not you guess at the motive of their applause. Lord Lyttleton and Mr. Shenstone admire, but wish they were a little clearer. Lord Barrington's explanation, I think, I told you before, so will not repeat it. Mr. Fox thinks, if the Bard sung his song but once over, King Edward could not possibly understand him. Indeed I am of his opinion, and am certain, if he had sung it fifty times, it was impossible the king should know a jot the more about Edward the III., and Queen Elizabeth, and Spencer, and Milton, &c. * * Mr. Wood (Mr. Pitt's Wood) is disappointed in his expectations. Dr. Akenside criticises opening a †*source* with a *key*.

* From a note communicated to me by my friend Mr. James Boswell, I find that on the 29th June, 1757, Gray received forty guineas for his two Odes.—*Ed.*

† 'Thine too these golden *keys*, immortal boy,
This can *unlock* the gates of joy,

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The Critical Review you have seen, or may see. He is in raptures (they say, it is Professor Franklin) but mistakes the *Æolian Lyre for the *Harp of Æolus*, and on this mistake founds a compliment and a criticism. This is, I think, all I have heard, that signifies.

The Encyclopedia, I own, may cloy one, if one sits down to it. But you will own, that out of one great good dinner, a number of little good dinners may be made, that would not cloy one at all. There is a long article *sur le Beau*, that for my life, I cannot understand. Several of the geographical articles are carelessly done, and some of the Antiquities or Ancient History.

My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton; I hope the operation going forward on your children will succeed to your wishes. Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me, ever yours, T. G.

This letter is *to yourself* only; our best Mason, I suppose you know, is in town, and in *waiting*. Do you know any thing of Stonehewer? pray desire Mason to repeat an Epigram to you.

Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or *ope* the sacred *source* of sympathetic tears.'
Progress of Poetry, iii. 1. v. 91.

But Akenside, in his Ode on Lyric Poetry, p. 34: "While I so late *unlock* thy purer *springs*." In Pleasures of Imagination (Book I.) "I *unlock the springs* of ancient Wisdom." *Ed.*

* See Critical Review, vol. vii. p. 31.

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LXXIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

Stoke, Sept. 28, 1757.

I HAVE (as I desired Mr. Stonehewer to tell you) read over Caractacus twice, not with pleasure only, but with emotion. You may say what you will; but the contrivance, the manners, the interests, the passions, and the expression, go beyond the dramatic part* of your Elfrida, many many leagues. I even say (though you will think me a bad judge of this) that the *World* will like it better. I am struck with the Chorus, who are not there merely to sing and dance, but bear throughout a principal part in the action; and have (beside the *Costume*,

* In the manuscript now before him, Mr. Gray had only the first Ode, the others were not then written; and although the dramatic part was brought to a conclusion, yet it was afterwards in many places altered. He was mistaken with regard to the opinion the world would have about it. That world, which usually loves to be led in such matters, rather than form an opinion for itself, was taught a different sentiment; and one of its leaders went so far as to declare, that he never knew a second work fall so much below a first from the same hand. To oppose Mr. Gray's judgment to his, I must own, gives me some satisfaction; and to enjoy it I am willing to risk that imputation of vanity, which may probably fall to my share for having published this letter. I must add, however, that some of my friends advised it for the sake of the more *general* criticisms which they thought too valuable to be suppressed.—*Mason.*

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which is excellent) as much a character of their own, as any other person. I am charmed with their priestly pride and obstinacy, when, after all is lost, they resolve to confront the Roman general, and spit in his face. But now I am going to tell you what touches me most from the beginning. The first opening is greatly improved: the curiosity of Didius is now a very natural reason for dwelling on each particular of the scene before him; nor is the description at all too long. I am glad to find the two young men are Cartismandua's sons. They interest me far more. I love people of condition. They were men before that nobody knew: one could not make them a bow if one had met them at a public place.

I always admired that interruption of the Druids to Evelina, *Peace, virgin, peace,* &c. and chiefly the *abstract idea personified* (to use the words of a critic) at the end of it. That of Caractacus, *Would save my Queen,* &c. and still more that, *I know it, reverend Fathers, 'tis Heav'n's high will,* &c. to *I've done, begin the rites!* This latter is exemplary for the expression (always the great point with me); I do not mean by expression, the mere choice of words, but the whole dress, fashion, and arrangement of a thought. Here, in particular, it is the brokenness, the ungrammatical position, the total subversion of the period that charms me. All that ushers in the incantation from *Try we yet, what holiness can do,* I am delighted with

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in quite another way; for this is pure poetry, as it ought to be, forming the proper transition, and leading on the mind to that still purer poetry that follows it.

In the beginning of the succeeding act I admire the chorus again, *Is it not now the hour, the holy hour*, &c. and their evasion of a lie, *Sayst thou, proud Boy*, &c. and *sleep with the unsunn'd silver*, which is an example of a dramatic simile. The sudden appearance of Caractacus, the pretended respect and admiration of Vellinus, and the probability of his story, the distrust of the Druids, and their reasoning with Caractacus, and particularly that, *'Tis meet thou should'st, thou art a King*, &c. and *Mark me, Prince, the time will come, when Destiny*, &c. are well, and happily imagined. Apropos, of the last striking passage I have mentioned, I am going to make a digression.

When we treat a subject, where the manners are almost lost in antiquity, our stock of ideas must needs be small; and nothing betrays our poverty more, than the returning to, and harping frequently on, one image. It was therefore I thought you should omit some lines before, though good in themselves, about the *scythed car*, that the passage now before us might appear with greater lustre when it came; and in this I see you have complied with me. But there are other ideas here and there still, that occur too often, particularly about *the Oaks*, some of which I would discard to make way for the rest.

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But the subjects I speak of to compensate (and more than compensate) that unavoidable poverty, have one great advantage when they fall into good hands. They leave an unbounded liberty to pure imagination and fiction, (our favourite provinces) where no critic can molest, or antiquary gainsay us; and yet (to please me) these fictions must have some affinity, some seeming *connexion*, with that little we really know of the character and customs of the people. For example, I never heard in my days that Midnight and the Moon were sisters; that they carried rods of ebony and gold, or met to whisper on the top of a mountain: but now I could lay my life it is all true; and do not doubt it will be found so in some Pantheon of the Druids, that is to be discovered in the library at Herculaneum. The *Car of Destiny and Death* is a very noble invention of the same class, and, as far as that goes, is so fine, that it makes me more delicate, than perhaps I should be, about the close of it. *Andraste sailing on the wings of Fame*, that snatches the wreaths from oblivion to hang them on her loftiest Amaranth, though a clear and beautiful piece of *unknown* Mythology, has too *Greek* an air to give me perfect satisfaction.

Now I proceed. The preparation to the Chorus, though so much akin to that in the former act, is excellent. The remarks of Evelina and her suspicions of the Brothers, mixed with a secret inclination to the younger of them, (though, I think,

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her part throughout wants retouching) yet please me much, and the contrivance of the following scene much more. *Masters of Wisdom, no,* &c. I always admired; as I do the rocking stone, and the distress of Elidurus. Evelina's examination of him is a well-invented scene, and will be, with a little pains, a very touching one; but the introduction of Arviragus is superlative. I am not sure whether those few lines of his short narrative, *My strength repair'd, it boots not, that I tell,* &c. do not please me as much as any thing in the whole drama. The sullen bravery of Elidurus, the menaces of the Chorus, that *Think not Religion,* &c. the Trumpet of the Druids, that *I'll follow him, tho' in my chains,* &c. *Hast thou a brother, no,* &c. the placability of the Chorus, when they see the motives of Elidurus' obstinacy, give me great contentment: so do the reflections of the Druid on the necessity of lustration, and the reasons for Vellinus's easy escape; but I would not have him *seize on a spear,* nor *issue hasty through the cavern's mouth.* Why should he not steal away, unasked and unmissed, till the hurry of passions in those, that should have guarded him, was a little abated? But I chiefly admire the two speeches of Elidurus; *Ah, Vellinus, is this then,* &c. and, *Ye do gaze on me, Fathers,* &c. the manner in which the Chorus reply to him is very fine; but the image at the end wants a little mending. The next scene is highly moving! it is so very good, that I must have it made yet better.

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Now for the last act. I do not know what you would have, but to me the design and contrivance of it is at least equal to any part of the whole. The short-lived triumph of the Britons, the address of Caractacus, to the Roman Victims, Evelina's discovery of the ambush, the mistake of the Roman fires for the rising sun, the death of Arviragus, the interview between Didius and Caractacus, his mourning over his dead son, his parting speech, (in which you have made all the use of Tacitus that your plan would admit) every thing, in short, but that little dispute between Didius and him; *'Tis well, and therefore to encrease that reverence*, &c. down to, *Give me a moment* (which must be omitted, or put in the mouth of the Druids), I approve in the highest degree. If I should find any fault with the last act, it could only be with trifles and little expressions. If you make any alterations, I fear it will never improve it; I mean as to the plan. I send you back the two last sheets, because you bid me. I reserve my nibblings and minutiæ for another day.

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LXXIV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, October 7, 1757.

I HEARTILY rejoice with you, that your little family are out of danger, and all apprehensions of that kind over with them for life. Yet, I have heard, you were ill yourself, and kept your bed: as this was (I imagine) only by way of regimen, and not from necessity, I hope soon to be told, you have no farther occasion for it; yet, take care of yourself, for there is a bad fever now, very frequent, it is among the boys at Eton; and, (I am told) is much spread about London too. My notion is, that your violent quick pulse, and soapy diet, would not suit well with feverish disorders. Though our party at Slough turned out so ill, I could not help being sorry that you were not with us.

Have you read Mr. Hurd's (printed) letter to Mason, on the Marks of Imitation? You do not tell me your opinion of it. You bid me send you criticisms on myself, and, even *compliments*. Did I tell you what the speaker says? the second Ode, he says, is a good pretty tale, but nothing to the *Churchyard*. Mr. Bedingfield, in a golden shower of panegyric, writes me word that at York Races,

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he overheard three people, whom, by their dress and manner, he takes for lords, say, that I was impenetrable and inexplicable, and they wished I had told them in prose what I meant in verse, and then they bought me (which was what most displeased him) and put me in their pocket. Dr. Warburton is come to town, and likes them extremely. He says, the world never passed so just an opinion upon any thing as upon them; for, that in other things, they have affected to like or dislike, whereas, here, they own they do not understand, which he looks upon to be very true: but yet thinks they understand them, as well as they do Milton or Shakespeare, whom they are obliged by fashion to admire. Mr. Garrick's compliment you have seen; I am told it was printed in the Chronicle of last Saturday. The Review I have read, and admire it, particularly that observation, that the *Bard* is taken from *Pastor, cum traheret.* And the advice to be more an *original*, and in order to be so, the way is (he says), to cultivate the native flowers of the soil, and not introduce the exotics of another climate.

I am greatly pleased with Mason's Caractacus in its present state. The contrivance and arrangement of events, the manners of the country: the characters and passions strike me wonderfully. The difficult part is now got over; nothing remains, but to polish and retouch a little; yet, only the beginning of the first chorus is done of the lyric

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part: have you seen it? Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me ever yours, T. G.

I shall be in town probably sooner than you come to stay there.

LXXV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I SHOULD be extremely sorry to think that you or Mrs. Wharton came a day the sooner to town on my account, this fine season. If you are already come, I shall come to you; if not, you will let me know some day this week (for I shall hardly stay here much longer), that I may write for a lodging. I rejoice to hear you are all well.

If there be really any enquiry into the expedition (which I believe will scarcely be, unless it be very hard press'd), many things will appear, as well with regard to the design as the execution, that do not yet seem to be generally known. *The design,

* This passage refers to the unsuccessful result of the expedition, under the command of Sir Edward Hawke, and Sir John Mordaunt, against Rochefort, in the month of September, 1757. For which Sir John Mordaunt was afterwards tried by a court martial, and acquitted. See Walpole's Letters to H. Mann, vol. iii. p. 249. Lord Chesterfield's Letters, vol. iv. p. 122; and Memoires de Duclos, vol. ii. p. 456.—*Ed.*

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for which the soldiers were put into the boats, was to attack a fort, called *Fourasse*, at the mouth of the Charante, (for Rochefort itself lies five miles up the river), it was necessary they should be masters of this place, not only to clear their way to the town, but to have some place of security for their first embarkation of about 1,200 men, who must remain for four hours exposed to the enemy, before any reinforcement could join them (as the admirals declared), and (I have heard) this design was laid aside in great measure, upon Captain Hone's saying, it would be, if practicable at all, a very bloody and difficult attempt. If, therefore, he asserts what you have been told, it is very strange. When I see you, I shall tell you more: and even this, if you do not hear it publicly said, I should wish you would not mention.

I want to know what is said of our captain general's resignation,* and the causes of it, for this seems a more extraordinary thing than the other. Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever faithfully yours,

T. G.

Oct. 31, 1757.

* I suppose that this relates to the resignation of the command of the army by the D. of Cumberland, after the capitulation of Closter-Seven. See Ld. Chesterfield's Letters, iv. p. 125. Walpole's Memoirs, and Lett. to H. Mann, vol. iii. p. 243. 250.—*Ed.*

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LXXVI. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, December 8, 1757.

I HAVE received the draught you were so good to send me, and the money is paid. You apprehend too much from my resolutions about writing. They are only made to be broken, and after all, it will be just as the maggot bites. You have a very mean opinion of the epic, if you think it consists only in laying out a plan. In four and twenty years, at a moderate computation, I may have finished twelve books, and nine years after I hope to publish. I shall then be 74 years old, and I shall get £500 for the copy, to make me easy for the remainder of my days. Somebody has directed a letter to the *Rev.* Mr. G. at Strawberry-Hill, which was sent me yesterday hither. It is anonymous, consists of above nine pages, all about the Bard, and if I would hear as much more about his companion, I am to direct to the Post House at Andover.* I do not

* Gray's, then unknown, critic and correspondent was, I believe, 'Mr. J. Butler, of Andover.' In a MS. letter from Gray to Dodsley (which Mr. Bindley purchased at the sale of Mr. Isaac Reed's books, subsequently bought by Mr. Rogers at Bindley's sale for eighteen guineas), after he has mentioned how he wishes his poems to be printed, and added some notes, &c. he says, "When you have done, I shall

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know but I may have that curiosity, for his observations (whoever it is) are not nonsense. He takes the liberty of a person unknown, and treats me with abundance of freedom. I guess it to be some *reading* clergyman. Mr. Brown and I join in our best compliments to Mrs. Wharton, and I am, dear Sir, most sincerely yours, T. G.

LXXVII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

You will wonder, why I trouble you so soon with another letter; it is about the great box, which I committed to the care of your John, which does not yet make its appearance at Cambridge. In it are all my shoes, clogs, Encyclopedia, and other rich moveables, and I begin to fear, it has miscarried. I shall be much obliged to you, if you will let him make enquiry after it.

desire you to present, in my name, a copy to Mr. Walpole, in Arlington Street; another to Mr. Daines Barrington (he is one of the Welsh judges) in the Inner Temple; and a third, to *Mr. J. Butler, at Andover*. Whether this latter gentleman is living or not, or in that neighbourhood, I am ignorant; but you will oblige me in making the enquiry. If you have no better means of knowing, a line directed to the post mistress, at Andover, will bring you information; after this you may, if you please, bestow another copy or two on me. I am, &c."—*Ed.*

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What are we to believe about Silesia?* am I to make bonfire, or keep a general fast? pray rid me of this suspense, for it is very uneasy to me. I am ever yours, T. G.

Cambridge, December 12, 1757.

LXXVIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

Cambridge, Dec. 19, 1757.

A LIFE spent out of the world has its hours of despondence, its inconveniences, its sufferings, as numerous and as real, though not quite of the same sort, as a life spent in the midst of it. The power we have, when we will exert it over our own minds, joined to a little strength and consolation, nay, a little pride we catch from those that seem to love us, is our only support in either of these conditions. I am sensible I cannot return you more of this assistance than I have received from you;

* This alludes to the various turns of fortune in the contest then taking place between the King of Prussia and the Austrians. The latter, it will be recollected, took Schweidnitz, and afterwards defeated the Prince of Bevern, at Breslaw, by which they got possession of that town. They were, however, defeated by the K. of Prussia himself, at Lissa; who then retook Schweidnitz and Breslaw, and thus became master of Silesia. See Memoires de Duclos, vol. ii. p. 469. *Ed.*

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and can only tell you, that one who has far more reason than you, I hope, ever will have to look on life with something worse than indifference, is yet no enemy to it; but can look backward on many bitter moments, partly with satisfaction, and partly with patience; and forward too, on a scene not very promising, with some hope, and some expectations of a better day. The cause, however, which occasioned your reflection, (though I can judge but very imperfectly of it) does not seem, at present, to be weighty enough to make you take any such resolution as you meditate. Use it in its season, as a relief from what is tiresome to you, but not as if it was in consequence of any thing you take ill; on the contrary, if such a thing had happened at the time of your transmigration, I would defer it merely to avoid that appearance.

As to myself, I cannot boast, at present, either of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or fertility. The days and the nights pass, and I am never the nearer to any thing, but that one to which we are all tending; yet I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you to do so while you can. I expect to see Caractacus completed, and therefore I send you the books you wanted. I do not know whether they will furnish you with any new matter; but they are well enough written, and easily read. I told you before, that (in a time of dearth) I would borrow from the Edda, without

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entering too minutely on particulars: but, if I did so, I would make each image so clear, that it might be fully understood by itself; for in this obscure mythology we must not hint at things, as we do with the Greek fables, that every body is supposed to know at school. However, on second thoughts, I think it would be still better to graft any wild picturesque fable, absolutely of one's own invention, on the Druid-stock; I mean on those half dozen of old fancies that are known to be a part of their system. This will give you more freedom and latitude, and will leave no hold for the critics to fasten on.

I send you back the Elegy,* as you desired me to do. My advices are always at your service to take or to refuse, therefore, you should not call them severe. You know I do not love, much less pique myself on criticism; and think even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it. I like greatly the spirit and sentiment of it (much of which you perhaps owe to your present train of thinking); the disposition of the whole too is natural and elegiac; as to the expression, I would venture to say (did you not forbid me) that it is sometimes too easy. The last line I protest against (this, you will say, is worse than blotting out rhymes); the descriptive part is excellent.

* Elegy in the Garden of a Friend.

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Pray, when did I pretend to finish, or even insert passages into other people's works, as if it were equally easy to pick holes and to mend them? All I can say is, that your Elegy must not end with the worst line in it.* It is flat; it is prose; whereas that, above all, ought to sparkle, or at least to shine. If the sentiment must stand, twirl it a little into an apophthegm; stick a flower in it; gild it with a costly expression; let it strike the fancy, the ear, or the heart, and I am satisfied.

The other particular expressions which I object to, I mark on the manuscript. Now, I desire you would neither think me severe, nor at all regard what I say, further than as it coincides with your own judgment; for the child deserves your partiality; it is a healthy well-made boy, with an ingenuous countenance, and promises to live long. I would only wash its face, dress it a little, make it walk upright and strong, and keep it from learning *paw* words.

I hope you couched my refusal† to Lord John Cavendish in as respectful terms as possible, and with all due acknowledgments to the Duke. If you

* An attempt was accordingly made to improve it; how it stood when this criticism upon it was written, I cannot now recollect.—*Mason.*

† Of being Poet-Laureat on the death of Cibber, which place the late Duke of Devonshire (then Lord Chamberlain) desired his brother to offer to Mr. Gray; and his Lordship had commissioned me (then in town) to write to him concerning it.—*Mason.*

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hear who it is to be given to, pray let me know; for I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it; Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson; Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses.

LXXIX. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, February 21, 1758.

I FEEL very ungrateful (which is the most uneasy of all feelings), in that I have never once inquired how you and your family enjoy the region of air and sunshine, into which you are removed, and with what contempt you look back on the perpetual fogs that hang over Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Paterson. Yet you certainly have not been the less in my mind. That at least has packed up with you, has helped Mrs. Wharton to arrange the mantle-piece, and drank tea next summer in the grotto. But I am much puzzled about the bishop and his fixtures, and do not stomach the loss of that money.

Would you know what I am doing? I doubt you

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have been told already, and hold my employment cheap enough: but every one must judge of his own *capabilities*, and cut his amusements according to his disposition. The drift of my present studies, is to know, wherever I am, what lies within reach, that may be worth seeing; whether it be building, ruin, park, garden, prospect, picture, or monument. To whom it does, or has belonged, and what has been the characteristic and taste of different ages. You will say, this is the object of all antiquaries. But pray, what antiquary ever saw these objects in the same light, or desired to know them for a like reason? in short, say what you please, I am persuaded whenever my List* is finished, you will approve it, and think it of no small use. My spirits are very near the *freezing point;* and for some hours of the day, this exercise, by its warmth and gentle motion, serves to raise them a few degrees higher. I hope the misfortune that has befallen Mrs. Cibber's canary-bird, will not be the ruin of *Agis*. It is probable you will have curiosity enough to see it, as it comes from the writer of Douglas. I expect your opinion. I am told that Swift's History of the Tory Administration

* A Catalogue of the Antiquities, Houses, &c. in England and Wales; which Gray drew up in the blank pages of Kitchen's English Atlas: after his death, Mr. Mason printed a few copies, and distributed them among the friends of Gray; and, in 1787, a new edition was printed for sale. See Life of Gray, vol. i. p. xxxv.—*Ed.*

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is in the press; and that Stuart's Attica* will be out this spring. Adieu! Dear Sir, I am ever yours,

T. G.

Mr. Brown joins his compliments with mine to you and Mrs. Wharton.

LXXX. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR SIR, Sunday, April 9, 1758.

I AM equally sensible of your affliction,† and of your kindness that made you think of me at such a moment. Would to God I could lessen the one, or requite the other with that consolation which I have often received from you, when I most wanted it: but your grief is too just, and the cause of it too fresh, to admit of any such endeavour. What indeed is all human consolation? Can it efface every little amiable word or action of an object we loved, from our memory? Can it convince us that all the hopes we had entertained, the plans of future satisfaction we had formed, were ill-grounded and vain, only because we have lost them? The only comfort (I am afraid) that belongs to our condition is to reflect (when time has given us leisure for reflection)

* Gray was a subscriber to this book, as appears by a note in one of his pocket-journals.—*Ed.*

† Occasioned by the death of his eldest (and at the time his only) son.—*Mason.*

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that others have suffered worse, or that we ourselves might have suffered the same misfortune, at times and in circumstances that would probably have aggravated our sorrow. You might have seen this poor child arrive at an age to fulfil all your hopes, to attach you more strongly to him by long habit, by esteem, as well as natural affection, and that towards the decline of your life, when we most stand in need of support, and when he might chance to have been your *only* support; and then by some unforeseen and deplorable accident, or some painful lingering distemper, you might have lost him. Such has been the fate of many an unhappy father! I know there is a sort of tenderness which infancy and innocence alone produce; but, I think, you must own the other to be a stronger, and more overwhelming sorrow.

I am glad Mrs. Wharton has fortitude enough not to suffer this misfortune to prevail over her, and add to the natural weakness of her present condition. Mr. Brown sincerely sympathises with you, and begs to be kindly remembered to you both. I have been * * * *and should have been* in town by this time, had I not heard Mason was coming hither soon, and I was unwilling to miss him. Adieu, my dear Wharton, and believe me ever most sincerely yours,

T. G.

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LXXXI. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I AM much concerned to hear the account you give of yourself, and particularly for that dejection of spirits which inclines you to see every thing in the worst light possible, and throw a sort of voluntary gloom not only over your present, but future days, as if even your situation now were not preferable to that of thousands round you, and as if your prospect hereafter might not open as much of happiness to you as to any person you know. The condition of our life perpetually instructs us to be rather slow to hope, as well as to despair, and (I know you will forgive me, if I tell you) you are often a little too hasty in both, perhaps from constitution. It is sure, we have great power over our own minds, when we choose to exert it; and though it be difficult to resist the mechanic impulse and bias of our own temper, it is yet possible; and still more so, to delay those resolutions it inclines us to take, while we almost always have cause to repent.

You tell me nothing of Mrs. Wharton's or your own state of health. I will not talk to you more on this subject, till I hear you are both well, for that is the grand point, and without it we may as well not think at all. You flatter me in thinking that any-

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thing I can do* could at all alleviate the just concern your late loss has given you; but I cannot flatter myself so far, and know how little qualified I am at present to give any satisfaction to myself on this head, and in this way, much less to you. I by no means pretend to inspiration, but yet I affirm that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary. It is the result (I suppose) of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's-self, and which I have not felt this long time. You that are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give credit to what I say.

I am in hopes of seeing you very soon again in my way to Stoke. Mrs. Rogers has been very ill this Spring, and my other aunt writes me word, that she herself has had something (which she takes for a paralytic stroke) which came as she walked in the garden, and is afraid she shall lose the use of one leg; so that it looks to me, as if I should have perhaps some years to pass in a house with two poor bed-ridden women, a melancholy object, and one that in common humanity I cannot avoid. I shall be glad to know whether I can be in Gloucester Street for a week, ten or twelve days hence.

I had wrote to you sooner, but that I have been on a little expedition lately to see Ely, Peterborough, Crowland-Abbey, Thorney, Fotheringay,

* Dr. Wharton had requested him to write an Epitaph on the child.—*Mason.*

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and many other old places, which has amused me a little.

Poor Mason is all alone at Aston (for his Curate is gone to be Tutor to somebody) with an inflammation in his eyes, and he could scarce see to write me a few lines. Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever yours,

T. G.

June 18, 1758.

LXXXII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Stoke, Aug. 9, 1758.

I HAVE been, since I saw you in town, pretty much on the wing, at Hampton, Twickenham, and elsewhere. I staid at the first of these places with the Cobhams two days, and should (I own) gladly have done so longer, but for the reason we talked about. The place, spite of the weather, is delightful: every little gleam of sunshine, every accident of light, opens some new beauty in the view, and I never saw in so small a spot so much variety and so many natural advantages, nor ever hardly wished more for your company to partake of them. We were also at Hampton-Court, Sion, and several places in the neighbourhood again, particularly at Lord Lincoln's, who (I think) is hurting his view, by two plantations in front of his terrace, that regularly answer one another, and are of an oval form, with

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rustic buildings in the middle of them, a farm, dairies, &c. They stand on the opposite side of the water, and (as they prosper) will join their shade to that of the hills in the horizon, exclude all the intermediate scene of enclosures, meadows, and cattle feeding, and reduce that great distance to nothing. This seems to be the advice of some new gardener, or director of my Lord's taste; his successor perhaps may cut all down again.

I shall beg the favour of you (as you were so kind to offer it) to buy us a Lottery-Ticket, if you find the market will not be much lower than at present, and (if you think it has no great hazard in it) enclose it to me here. I will take care to repay you as soon as I come to town, or (if you choose it) directly. My best respects to Mrs. Wharton. Pray let me hear soon, how you both are. Believe me, ever yours, T. G.

LXXXIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. STONEHEWER.

Cambridge, Aug. 18, 1758.

I AM as sorry as you seem to be, that our acquaintance harped so much on the subject of materialism, when I saw him with you in town, because it was plain to which side of the long-debated question he inclined. That we are indeed mechanical and

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dependent beings, I need no other proof than my own feelings; and from the same feelings I learn, with equal conviction, that we are not *merely* such: that there is a power within that struggles against the force and bias of that mechanism, commands its motion, and, by frequent practice, reduces it to that ready obedience which we call *Habit;* and all this in conformity to a preconceived opinion (no matter whether right or wrong) to that least material of all agents, a Thought. I have known many in his case who, while they thought they were conquering an old prejudice, did not perceive they were under the influence of one far more dangerous; one that furnishes us with a ready apology for all our worst actions, and opens to us a full license for doing whatever we please; and yet these very people were not at all the more indulgent to other men (as they naturally should have been); their indignation to such as offended them, their desire of revenge on any body that hurt them was nothing mitigated: in short, the truth is, they wished to be persuaded of that opinion for the sake of its convenience, but were not so in their heart; and they would have been glad (as they ought in common prudence) that nobody else should think the same, for fear of the mischief that might ensue to themselves. His French Author I never saw, but have read fifty in the same strain, and shall read no more. I can be wretched enough without them. They put me in mind of the Greek Sophist that

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got immortal honour by discoursing so feelingly on the miseries of our condition, that fifty of his audience went home and hanged themselves; yet he lived himself (I suppose) many years after in very good plight.

You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a Philosopher in vogue; I will tell you: First, he was a Lord; 2ndly, he was as vain as any of his readers; 3dly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; 4thly, they will believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; 5thly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads no where; 6thly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seemed always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead Lord ranks but with Commoners: Vanity is no longer interested in the matter, for the new road has become an old one. The mode of free-thinking is like that of Ruffs and Farthingales, and has given place to the mode of not thinking at all; once it was reckoned graceful, half to discover and half conceal the mind, but now we have been long accustomed to see it quite naked: primness and affectation of style, like the good breeding of Queen Anne's Court, has turned to hoydening and rude familiarity.

It will, I think, be no improper supplement to

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the foregoing letter to insert a paper of Mr. Gray's, which contains some very pertinent strictures on the writings of a later Lord, who was pleased to attack the moral attributes of the Deity; or, what amounted to the same thing, endeavoured to prove, "that we have no adequate ideas of his goodness and justice, as we have of his natural ones, his wisdom and power." This position the excellent author of the View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy, calls the MAIN PILLAR of his system; and adds, in another place, that the FATE OF ALL RELIGION is included in this question. On this important point, therefore, that able writer has dwelt largely, and confuted his Lordship effectually. Some sort of readers, however, who probably would slight that confutation, may regard the arguments of a Layman, and even a Poet, more than those which are drawn up by the pen of a Divine and a Bishop. It is for the use of these that the paper is published; who, if they learn nothing else from it, will find that Mr. Gray was not of their party, nor so great a wit as to disbelieve the existence of a Deity.—*Mason.*

"I will allow Lord Bolingbroke, that the moral, as well as physical, attributes of God must be known to us only à posteriori, and that this is the only real knowledge we can have either of the one or the other; I will allow too that perhaps it may be an idle distinction which we make between them: His moral attributes being as much in his nature

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and essence as those we call his physical; but the occasion of our making some distinction is plainly this: His eternity, infinity, omniscience, and almighty power, are not what connect him, if I may so speak, with us his creatures. We adore him, not because he always did in every place, and always will, exist; but because he gave, and still preserves to us our own existence by an exertion of his goodness. We adore him, not because he knows and can do all things, but because he made us capable of knowing and of doing what may conduct us to happiness. It is therefore his benevolence which we adore, not his greatness or power; and if we are made only to bear our part in a system, without any regard to our own particular happiness, we can no longer worship him as our all-bounteous parent. There is no meaning in the term. The idea of his malevolence (an impiety I tremble to write) must succeed. We have nothing left but our fears, and those too vain; for whither can they lead but to despair and the sad desire of annihilation? 'If then, justice and goodness be not the same in God as in our ideas, we mean nothing when we say that God is necessarily just and good; and for the same reason it may as well be said that we know not what we mean when, according to Dr. Clarke, (Evid. 26th) we affirm that he is necessarily a wise and intelligent Being.' What then can Lord Bolingbroke mean, when he says every thing shews the wisdom of God; and

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yet adds, every thing does not shew in like manner the goodness of God, conformably to our ideas of this attribute in either! By wisdom he must only mean, that God knows and employs the fittest means to a certain end, no matter what that end may be. This indeed is a proof of knowledge and intelligence; but these alone do not constitute wisdom; the word implies the application of these fittest means to the best and kindest end: or, who will call it true wisdom? Even amongst ourselves, it is not held as such. All the attributes then that he seems to think apparent in the constitution of things, are his unity, infinity, eternity, and intelligence; from no one of which, I boldly affirm, can result any duty of gratitude or adoration incumbent on mankind, more than if He and all things round him were produced, as some have dared to think, by the necessary working of eternal matter in an infinite vacuum: for what does it avail to add intelligence to those other physical attributes, unless that intelligence be directed, not only to the good of the whole, but also to the good of every individual of which that whole is composed.

"It is therefore no impiety, but the direct contrary, to say that human justice and the other virtues, which are indeed only various applications of human benevolence, bear some resemblance to the moral attributes of the supreme Being. It is only by means of that resemblance, we conceive them in him, or their effects in his works. It is by the

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same means only, that we comprehend those physical attributes which his Lordship allows to be demonstrable. How can we form any notion of his unity, but from that unity of which we ourselves are conscious? How of his existence, but from our own consciousness of existing? How of his power, but of that power which we experience in ourselves? Yet neither Lord Bolingbroke nor any other man, that thought on these subjects, ever believed that these our ideas were real and full representations of these attributes in the Divinity. They say he knows; they do not mean that he compares ideas which he acquired from sensation, and draws conclusions from them. They say he acts; they do not mean by impulse, nor as the soul acts on an organized body. They say he is omnipotent and eternal; yet on what are their ideas founded, but on our own narrow conceptions of space and duration, prolonged beyond the bounds of place and time? Either, therefore, there is a resemblance and analogy (however imperfect and distant) between the attributes of the Divinity and our conceptions of them, or we cannot have any conceptions of them at all. He allows we ought to reason from earth, that we do know, to heaven which we do not know; how can we do so but by that affinity which appears between one and the other?

"In vain, then, does my Lord attempt to ridicule the warm but melancholy imagination of Mr. Wol-

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laston in that fine soliloquy: 'Must I then bid my last farewell to these walks when I close these lids, and yonder blue regions and all this scene darken upon me and go out? Must I then only serve to furnish dust to be mingled with the ashes of these herds and plants, or with this dirt under my feet? Have I been set so far above them in life, only to be levelled with them in death?'* No thinking head, no heart, that has the least sensibility, but must have made the same reflection; or at least must feel, not the beauty alone, but the truth of it when he hears it from the mouth of another. Now what reply will Lord Bolingbroke make to these questions which are put to him, not only by Wollaston, but by all mankind? He will tell you, that we, that is, the animals, vegetables, stones, and *other clods of earth*, are all connected in one immense design, that we are all Dramatis Personæ, in different characters, and that we were not made for ourselves, but for the action: that it is foolish, presumptuous, impious, and profane to murmur against the Almighty Author of this drama, when we feel ourselves unavoidably unhappy. On the contrary, we ought to rest our head on the soft pillow of resignation, on the immoveable rock of tranquillity; secure, that, if our pains and afflictions grow violent indeed, an immediate end will be put to our miserable being, and we shall be mingled

* Religion of Nature delineated, sect. 9, p. 209, quarto.

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with the dirt under our feet, a thing common to all the animal kind; and of which he who complains does not seem to have been set by his reason so far above them in life, as to deserve not to be mingled with them in death. Such is the consolation his philosophy gives us, and such the hope on which his tranquillity was founded."*

LXXXIV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I OUGHT to have informed you sooner, that I had received the Ticket you were so good to buy for me, but I have been obliged to go every day almost to Stoke-House, where the Garricks have been all the last week. They are now gone, and I am not sorry for it, for I grow so old, that I own, people in high spirits and gaiety overpower me, and entirely take away mine. I can yet be diverted with their sallies, but if they appear to take notice of my dullness, it sinks me to nothing. I do not know whether you will blame me, but I found so good an opportunity given me of entering into the quarrel

* The reader, who would choose to see the argument, as Lord Bolingbroke puts it, will find it in the 4th volume of his Philosophical Works, Sect. 40, 41. His ridicule on Wollaston is in the 50th Section of the same volume.—*Mason.*

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between Mason and him, that I could not help seizing it, and trying to shew him the folly of hearkening to half-witted friends and tale-bearers, and the greater folly of attempting to hurt, or merely to pique, so worthy and so estimable a man. If I did nothing else, I at least convinced him, that I spoke entirely from myself; and that I had the most entire good opinion, and most unalterable respect, as well as kindness for Mason.

I congratulate you on our successes, and condole with you on our misfortunes. But do you think we draw the nearer to any happy conclusion of the war, or that we can bear so great a burden much longer? *The King of Prussia's situation embarrasses me; surrounded as he is, and reduced to the defence of his own little marquisate.

Your Encyclopedia is the object of my envy. I am reduced to French Plays and Novels, Willis's Mitred Abbies, and the History of Norfolk in 3 volumes folio. These *latter* Authors have I think the most wit; though the others know rather more of the world.

I wish the air of Hampstead were not so necessary to you all, but am glad you always know where to find health, and that she lives so near you. I continue better than has been usual for me, in the summer, though I neither walk, nor take any thing: 'tis in mind only that I am weary and disagreeable.

* See Walpole's Lett. to H. Mann, vol. iii. p. 271.—*Ed.*

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Mrs. Rogers is declining every day; her stomach gone; very weak; sometimes giddy; and subject to disorders in her bowels. Yet I do not apprehend any immediate danger, but believe she will be reduced to keep her bed entirely. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton; pray let me hear from you, as soon as you are in a humour for writing; though from hence, I can requite your kindness with so little to amuse you. I am ever truly yours,

T. G.

Stoke, Aug. 31, 1758.

LXXXV. MR. GRAY TO MR. PALGRAVE.*

Stoke, Sept. 6, 1758.

I DO not know how to make you amends, having neither rock, ruin, or precipice near me to send you; they do not grow in the South: but only say the word, if you would have a compact neat box of red brick with sash windows, or a grotto made of flints and shell-work, or a walnut-tree with three mole-hills under it, stuck with honey-suckles round a bason of gold-fishes, and you shall be satisfied; they shall come by the Edinburgh coach.

In the mean time I congratulate you on your

* Rector of Palgrave and Thrandeston in Suffolk. He was making a tour in Scotland when this letter was written to him.—*Mason.*

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new acquaintance with the *savage*, the *rude*, and the *tremendous*. Pray, tell me, is it any thing like what you had read in your book, or seen in two-shilling prints? Do not you think a man may be the wiser (I had almost said the better) for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments? I almost envy your last month, being in a very insipid situation myself; and desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It will be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted every thing to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead pencil: Half a word fixed upon or near the spot, is worth a cart-load of recollection. When we trust to the picture that objects draw of themselves on our mind, we deceive ourselves; without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill-drawn at first, the outlines are soon blurred, the colours every day grow fainter; and at last, when we would produce it to any body, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination.* God forgive me,

* Had this Letter nothing else to recommend it, the advice here given to the curious traveller of making all his memoranda *on the spot*, and the reasons for it are so well expressed, and withal so important, that they certainly deserve our notice.—*Mason.*

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I suppose I have done so myself before now, and misled many a good body that put their trust in me. Pray, tell me, (but with permission, and without any breach of hospitality) is it so much warmer on the other side of the Swale (as some people of honour say) than it is here? Has the singing of birds, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of herds, deafened you at Raintom? Did the vast old oaks and thick groves of Northumberland keep off the sun too much from you? I am too civil to extend my inquiries beyond Berwick. Every thing, doubtless, must improve upon you as you advanced northward. You must tell me, though, about Melrose, Rosslin Chapel, and Arbroath. In short, your Port-feuille must be so full, that I only desire a loose chapter or two, and will wait for the rest till it comes out.

LXXXVI. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Sept. 16, 1758.

HAVING been for a considerable time without any news of you, I have taken it into my head that you are ill, or that Mrs. Wharton is so. You will not wonder, if I grow a little superstitious, when you know that I have not been a step out of the house for this fortnight or more past; for Mrs. Rogers has been at the point of death with a dis-

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order in her stomach, accompanied with continual and laborious retchings, and a total loss of appetite, that has reduced her to the weakness of an infant, I mean her body, though her senses are still perfect, and (what I think remarkable) she has recovered the use of her speech, (which for several years has been hardly intelligible), and pronounces almost as plain as ever she did. She is now, for three days past, (such is the strength of her constitution), in a way of recovery. I do not mean that she will ever recover her strength again, but I think she may live a good while in this helpless state; however, it is very precarious, and Dr. Hayes believes her quite worn out. I certainly do not put on (to you) more tenderness than I really feel on this occasion, but the approaches of death are always a melancholy object, and common humanity must suffer something from such a spectacle.

It is an age since I heard any thing from Mason; if I do not mistake, this should be his month of waiting, unless he has exchanged his turn with somebody. If he be in town you must probably have heard of him, and can give me some intelligence. My old new acquaintance, Lady Denbigh, is here at Stokehouse, but I do not believe I shall be able to get out, or have any opportunity of seeing her, while she stays.

If my fancies (which I hope in God are mere fancies) should prove true, I hope you will let some-

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body tell me how you do. If not, I shall beg you to tell me yourself as soon as possible, and set my understanding to rights. Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever most sincerely yours, T. G.

LXXXVII. MR. GRAY TO DR WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Nov. 1758, Stoke.

My judgement is, that if your picture possess but any one of the beauties you see and describe in it, it must be certainly worth eight or ten times as much as you gave for it. I only wonder you should forget to say, by what lucky chance you came by it. Old *Frank* was a Dutch master of some note; the history of that school I am very little acquainted with, but, if I am not mistaken, there was lately published a French account of their lives in two or more volumes 4to. which I have seen at Nourse's, in which you may meet with better information. I am agreeably employed here in dividing *nothing* with an *old Harridan*, who is the Spawn of Cerberus and the Dragon of Wantley. When I shall get to town, I cannot divine, but doubtless it will be between this and Christmas. You were so good to offer me house-room for some of my lumber: I am therefore packing up certain boxes and baskets which I believe you will be troubled with. But I

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beg Mrs. Wharton to consider well first, whether it will be inconvenient to her. If she assures me it will not, I shall inform you shortly of their shapes and numbers. At present it seems to me, that there will be three or four large boxes, and five baskets of china; the last, Madame Foster shall accommodate.

Ah! poor King of Prussia!* what will become of him? I am told here, that matters are much worse than is yet avowed. I also hear that seven Generals have refused the command, which Hopson† is now gone with, who has been before censured for ill-conduct, and is besides so infirm that he will not live the voyage. Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever yours, T. G.

* Gray's lamentation was excited, I conclude, by the defeat of the King of Prussia at Hochkirchen, by the Austrians under Marshal Daun, the 14th Oct. 1758. In this battle he lost 7000 men, his tents, and baggage; and the day was rendered memorable by the death of Marshal Keith, who was shot through the heart.—*Ed.*

† Major General Hopson was appointed to the command of an expedition against Martinique, which sailed on the 12th of November, 1758. The attack on this Island failed, and the armament directed its course to Guadaloupe, where General Hopson died.—See Walpole's Lett. to Mann, iii. p. 301.—*Ed.*

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LXXXVIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

Stoke, Nov. 9, 1758.

I SHOULD have told you that Caradoc came safe to hand;* but my critical faculties have been so taken up in dividing *nothing* with an old woman,† that they are not yet composed enough for a better and more tranquil employment: shortly, however, I will make them obey me. But am I to send this copy to Mr. Hurd, or return it to you? Methinks I do not love this travelling to and again of manuscripts by the post. While I am writing, your second packet is just arrived. I can only tell you in gross, that there seem to me certain passages altered which might as well have been let alone; and that I shall not be easily reconciled to Mador's own song.‡ I must not have my fancy raised to that agreeable pitch of heathenism and wild magical enthusiasm, and then have you let me drop into moral philosophy and cold good sense. I remember you insulted me when I saw you last, and affected to call that which delighted my imagination,

* A second manuscript of Caractacus with the Odes inserted.—*Mason.*

† Mrs. Rogers died about this time, and left Mr. Gray and Mrs. Olliffe, another of his aunts, her joint executors.—*Mason.*

‡ He means here the second Ode, which was afterwards greatly altered.—*Mason.*

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nonsense: Now I insist that sense is nothing in poetry, but according to the dress she wears, and the scene she appears in. If you should lead me into a superb Gothic building with a thousand clustered pillars, each of them half a mile high, the walls all covered with fretwork, and the windows full of red and blue saints that had neither head nor tail; and I should find the Venus of Medici in person, perked up in a long niche over the high altar, do you think it would raise or damp my devotions? I say that Mador must be entirely a Briton; and that his pre-eminence among his companions must be shown by superior wildness, more barbaric fancy, and a more striking and deeper harmony both of words and numbers: if British antiquity be too narrow, this is the place for invention; and if it be pure invention, so much the clearer must the expression be, and so much the stronger and richer the imagery. There's for you now!

LXXIX. MR. GRAY TO DR WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

* * * * * * *

I AM glad you are master of a "*Pieta.*" I could have said *Pieta* myself, if I had not left off being a coxcomb or a connoisseur. Palma (that is the *old*

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one) was a good colorist, like most of the Venetians, but remarkable for bad drawing, particularly of hands and arms. What you say of Dr. Ak. I fully agree with you in, and have mentioned it to Mason. As soon as I can write to Mr. H., I shall repeat to him a *part* of your own words, which I think will prevail, besides I know he thinks himself obliged to you in Dr. H^{n}'s affairs. I have seen no Rousseau, or any body else: all I can tell you is, that I am to dine with my lady Carlisle tomorrow, who is a melancholy Dowager, reduced from Castle-Howard and ten thousand pounds a year to £1500, her jewels, plate, and a fine house in town excellently well furnished. She has just discovered too (I am told in confidence) that she has been long the object of calumny and scandal. What am I to say to comfort her?

I do not dislike the Laureate at all, to me it is his best Ode,* but I don't expect any one should find it out, for Otbert and Ateste are surely less known than Edward the Ist and Mount Snowdon; it is no imitation of me; but a good one of

Pastor, cum traheret, &c.

which was falsely laid to my charge. Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever yours.

December 2, 1758.

* Ode for his Majesty's Birthday, November 10, 1758. See Whitehead's Poems, vol. ii. p. 263.—*Ed.*

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XC. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Saturday, July 21, 1759.

I HAVE at last found rest for the soul of my gouty foot in your old* dining-room, and hope, in spite of the damnation denounced by the bishop's two chaplains, that you may find at least equal satisfaction, and repose at Old-Park; if your bog prove as comfortable as my oven, I shall see no occasion to pity you; and only wish that you may *brew* no worse than I *bake*.

You totally mistake my talents, when you impute to me any magical skill in planting roses.† I know I am no conjuror in these things; when they are done, I can find fault, and that is all. Now this

* The house in Southampton-Row, where Mr. Gray lodged, had been tenanted by Dr. Wharton; who, on account of his ill health, left London the year before; and was removed to his paternal estate at Old Park, near Durham. *Mason.*

† 'I once called on Mr. Hurd, at Thurcaston, and he said to me: I wish you had come sooner, for *Mason* has just left me, he is going to Aston. I think you must have passed him in the gateway. He got up very early this morning to plant those roses opposite, and otherwise decorate my grounds; he boasts that he knows exactly where every rose ought to be planted.'—See Cradock's Memoirs, vol. iv, p. 194.—*Ed.*

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is the very reverse of genius, and I feel my own littleness. Reasonable people know themselves better than is commonly imagined, and therefore (though I never saw any instance of it) I believe Mason, when he tells me he understands planting better than any thing whatever. The *prophetic eye of taste* (as Mr. Pitt calls it) sees all the beauties that a place is susceptible of, long before they are born; and when it plants a seedling, already sits under the shadow of it, and enjoys the effect it will have from every point of view that lies in prospect. You must, therefore, invoke Caractacus, and he will send his spirits from the top of Snowdon to Cross-Fell or Warden-Law.

The thermometer is in the passage-window (where the sun never comes) near the head of the back-stairs. Since you went, I have never observed it lower than 68, most part of the day at 74, and yesterday at 5 in the afternoon it was at 79, the highest I have ever seen it. It now is prepared to correspond regularly with you, at the hours you mention. The weather, for this fortnight, has been broiling without interruption, one thunder-shower excepted, which did not cool the air at all. Rye (I am told) is begun to be cut near London. In Cambridgeshire, a fortnight ago, the promise of harvest was the finest I ever saw; but the farmers complain (I hear) that the ears do not fill for want of wet. The wheat was then turning yellow. Duke-cherries are over in London, three days ago they

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sold for half-a-crown a pound. Carooms and Blackhearts, very large and fine, drive about the streets in wheel-barrows a penny a pound. Raspberries, a few are yet remaining, but in a manner over. Melons are ripe, and apricots, and Orleans-plums are to be seen in the fruit-shops. Roses are (I think) over a week ago. The jessamine (at Mrs. Dod's, on a S. W. wall) was in full bloom (if you remember) long before you went from hence, and so it continues. That below in the garden, on a N. E. wall, has been all this week covered with flowers. My nosegays, from Covent-garden, consist of nothing but scarlet-martagons, everlasting-peas, double-stocks, pinks, and flowering-marjoram. As I have kept no exact account hitherto this year, I can say no more of July, that now is. Therefore, I shall annex one for the year 1754, which I observed day by day at Stoke. Observe, it had been then a cold rainy summer.

The heat was very moderate this month, and a great deal of rain fell. The sown hay was all got in by the first day; but the meadow-hay was not before the 23d. It was very good and in plenty, but sold at 40 shillings a load in the field, on account of the scarcity the year preceding. Barley was in ear on the first day; grey and white peas in bloom. The bean flowers were going off. Duke-cherries in plenty on the 5th; hearts were also ripe. Green melons on the 5th, but watry and not sweet. Currants begun to ripen on the 8th; and

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red gooseberries had changed colour; tares were then in flower, and meadow-hay cutting. Lime-trees in full bloom on the 9th. Mushrooms in perfection on the 17th. Wheat and oats had changed colour; and buck-wheat was in bloom on the 19th. The vine had then opened its blossoms, and the end of the month grapes were near the size of small peas. Turnips appeared above ground on the 22d; and potatoes were in flower. Barley had changed its hue, and rye was almost ripe on the 23rd. The pine-apple-strawberry was then in perfection. Black caroons were ripe, and some duke-cherries still remained on walls the 26th, but the hearts were then all spoiled by the rain. Goose-berries, red and white, were then ripe, and currants in abundance.

On the 1st.

Haws, turned red
Honey-suckles, in full bloom
Broomflower went off

On the 2nd.

Phlomis, or yellow-tree-sage

On the 3rd.

Virginia flowering Raspberry, blew
Shrub Cinque-foil
Spiræa-frutex
Syringa went off

On the 7th.

Balm of Gilead blowing

On the 8th.

Common Jasmine blew
Moss-Provence Rose
Yellow and Austrian Rose go off

On the 9th.

Yellow Jasmine blows
White and Gum-Cistus
Tamarisk in Flower
Coccygria
Virginia-Sumach
Tutsan or Park-leaves
Spanish-Broom
Scarlet and painted Geraniums

On the 11th.

Pyracantha, in berry
Mountain-Ash
White-Beam
Orange, flowering
Winter Cherry

On the 15th.

Single Velvet Rose goes off

On the 22nd.

Lavender and Morjoram blow

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On the 26th.

Damask, red, moss, and double Velvet Roses go off

On the 28th.

Rosa-Mundi, and Rose without Thorns, go off

On the 31st.

White Rose goes off

These were all the flowering Shrubs observed by me.

GARDEN FLOWERS.

On the 2nd.

Convolvulus Minor blows
Garden Poppy
Single Rose-Campion
Double Larkspur
Candy-Tuft
Common Marigold
Pansies continue blowing

On the 2nd.

Lupines, blue and white, blow
Purple Toads-flax
White and blue Campanula

On the 9th.

Double scarlet Lychnis blows
Tree Primrose
White Lilly
Willow-Bay
Scarlet-bean
French Marigold

On the 11th.

Yellow Lupin blows
Tree-Mallow
Amaranthus Cat's-tail

On the 19th.

Striped Lilly blows
Fairchild's Mule
Double rose-Campion
African Ragwort

On the 23rd.

Whole Carnations blow

On the 24th.

Double-white Stock in bloom

In the Fields: Scabious, St. John's Wort, Trefoil, Yarrow, Bugloss, Purple Vetch, Wild-thyme, Pale Wood-Orchis, Betony, and white Clover, flowering on the 1st. Large blue Cranesbill the 9th; Ragwort, Moth-mullein, and Brambles, the 20th; Knapweed all the month. There was rain, more or less, 13 days out of the 31, this month; and 17 days out of 30, in June preceding.

I was too late for the post on Saturday, so I continue on Monday. It is now 6 in the afternoon, and the thermometer is mounted to 80, though the wind is a N. E. by N. The gay Lady Essex is dead of a fever during her lying in; and Mrs. Charles York last week, with one of her children, of the sore throat. Heberden, and (I think) Taylor, at-

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tended her; the latter had pronounced her out of danger, but Heberden doubted about her. The little boy was at Acton, and escaped the infection.

Every body continues as quiet about the invasion,* as if a Frenchman, as soon as he set his foot on our coast, would die, like a toad in Ireland. Yet the king's tents and equipage are ordered to be ready at an hour's warning. Nobody knows, positively, what is the damage that Rodney† has done, whether much or little; he can only guess himself; and the French have kept their own secret, as yet. Of the 12 millions raised for the year, eight are gone already; and the old party assure us there is no more to be had for next year. You may easily guess at the source of my intelligence, and therefore will not talk of it. News is hourly expected of a battle in Westphalia, for P. Ferdinand was certainly preparing to fight the French, who have taken Minden by storm.

I have heard the D. of N. is much broke ever since his sister Castle-comer died, not that he cared for her, or saw her above once a year; but she was the last of the brood that was left; and he now goes regularly to church, which he never did before. Adieu! I am ever yours.

* See Walpole's Lett. to Mann, vol. iii. p. 323.—*Ed.*

† This alludes to the Bombardment of Havre-de-grace, by Admiral Rodney, in the month of July in this year; the French having collected several large flat-bottomed boats there, for a threatened invasion on some part of the British territories.—*Ed.*

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I hope Mrs. Wharton's native air will be more civil to her, when they are better acquainted; my best compliments to her; I am glad the children are well.

XCI. MR. GRAY TO MR. PALGRAVE.

London, July 24, 1759.

I AM now settled in my new territories commanding Bedford Gardens, and all the fields as far as Highgate and Hampstead, with such a concourse of moving pictures as would astonish you; so *rus-in-urbe-ish*, that I believe I shall stay here, except little excursions and vagaries, for a year to come. What though I am separated from the fashionable world by broad St. Giles's, and many a dirty court and alley, yet here is air, and sunshine, and quiet, however, to comfort you: I shall confess that I am basking with heat all the summer, and I suppose shall be blown down all the winter, besides being robbed every night; I trust, however, that the Musæum, with all its manuscripts and rarities by the cart-load, will make ample amends for all the aforesaid inconveniences.

I this day past through the jaws of the great leviathan into the den of Dr. Templeman, superintendant of the reading room, who congratulated himself on the sight of so much good company.

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We were, first, a man that writes for Lord Royston; 2dly, a man that writes for Dr. Burton, of York: 3rdly, a man that writes for the Emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; 4thly, Dr. Stukely, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and, lastly, I, who only read to know if there be any thing worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed 1000 copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and have sold only fourscore; that they have £900 a year income, and spend 1300, and are building apartments for the under-keepers; so I expect in winter to see the collection advertised and set to auction.

Have you read Lord Clarendon's Continuation of his History?* Do you remember Mr. * *'s account of it before it came out? How well he recollected all the faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties: Surely the grossest taste is better than such a sort of delicacy.

XCII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I CANNOT say any thing to you about Mason, whose motions I am entirely a stranger to, and have not once heard from him since he left London, till (the

* See Walpole's Letters to Zouch, p. 269.—*Ed.*

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3d of this month) a letter came, in which he tells me, that Gaskarth is at Aston with him, and that the latter end of the month, or the beginning of the next, he shall be in town, as he goes into waiting the last fortnight in October. Lord Holdernesse has sent him no less than four expresses (literally so) with public news, good and bad, which has made him of infinite importance in the eyes of that neighbourhood. I cannot pretend, therefore, to guess, whether he will be able to come to you. I am sorry to tell you, that I try in vain to execute your commission about tapestry. What is so bad as wry-mouthed histories? and yet for this they ask me at least double the price you talk of. I have seen nothing neither, that would please me at any price. Yet I allow tapestry (if at all tolerable) to be a very proper furniture for your sort of house; but doubt, if any bargain of that kind is to be met with, except at some old mansion-sale in the country, where people will disdain tapestry, because they hear that paper is all the fashion. Stonehewer has been in Northamptonshire till now; as you told me the subject of your letter, I did not send it thither to him, besides that, he was every day expected in town. At last he is come, and has it, but I have not yet seen him; he is gone to day (I believe) to Portsmouth to receive a Morocco Ambassador, but returns very shortly. There is one advantage in getting into your Abbey at Christmas time, that it will be at its worst, and if you can bear it then,

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you need not fear for the rest of the year. Mr. Walpole has lately made a new bed-chamber, which as it is in the best taste of any thing he has yet done, and in your own Gothic way, I must describe a little. You enter by a peaked door at one corner of the room (out of a narrow winding passage, you may be sure) into an alcove, in which the bed is to stand, formed by a screen of pierced work opening by one large arch in the middle to the rest of the chamber, which is lighted at the other end by a bow-window of three days, whose tops are of rich painted glass in mosaic. The ceiling is covered and fretted in star and quatre-foil compartments, with roses at the intersections, all is papier maché. The chimney on your left is the high altar in the cathedral of Rouen (from whence the screen also is taken) consisting of a low surbased arch between two octagon towers, whose pinnacles almost reach the ceiling, all of nich-work; the chairs and dressing-table are real carved ebony, picked up at auctions. The hangings uniform, purple paper, hung all over with the court of Henry the VIII. copied after the Holbeins in the Queen's Closet at Kensington, in black and gold frames. The bed is to be either from Burleigh (for Lord Exeter is new-furnishing it, and means to sell some of his original household stuff) of the rich old tarnished embroidery; or if that is not to be had, and it must be new, it is to be a cut velvet with a dark purple pattern on a stone-colour satin ground, and deep mixed

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fringes and tassels. There's for you, but I want you to see it. In the mean time I live in the Museum, and write volumes of antiquity. I have got (out of the original Ledger-book of the Signet) King Richard the Third's oath to Elizabeth, late *calling herself Queen of* England; to prevail upon her to come out of sanctuary with her five daughters. His grant to Lady Hastings and her son, dated six weeks after he had cut off her husband's head. A letter to his mother, another to his chancellor, to persuade his solicitor general not to marry Jane Shore then in Ludgate by his command. Sir Thomas Wyat's Defence at his trial, when accused by Bishop Bonner of high-treason; Lady Purbeck and her son's remarkable case, and several more odd things unknown to our historians. When I come home I have a great heap of the Conway Papers* (which is a secret) to read, and make out. In short, I am up to the ears.

The fish you mention is so accurately described, that I know it at sight. It is the Ink-fish, or Loligo of the Romans. In Greek Τευθὸς; in Italian,

* The Conway Papers in the Reign of James I. See Walpole's Letters, Vol. v. p. 61, and to the Rev. H. Zouch, p. 251. "I am still in the height of my impatience for the chest of old papers from Ragley, which either by the fault of their servants or the waggoner, is not yet arrived. I shall go to London again on Monday in quest of it; and in truth think so much about it, that when I first heard of the victory this morning, I rejoiced, as we were likely now *to recover the Palatinate.*"—*Ed.*

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Calamaio; in French, Calmar. You will find it ranged by Linnæus in the class of *Vermes*, the order of *Mollusca*, the genus of *Sepia*, No. 4, page 659. The smaller ones are eaten as a delicacy fried, with their own ink for sauce, by the Italians and others. You may see it in Aldrovandus.

I do not see much myself of the face of nature here, but I enquire. Wheat was cutting in Kent the 23rd of July, the 25th at Enfield. The 27th, wheat, barley, and oats cutting all at once about Windsor; the forward peas all got in, ground ploughed and turnips sowed. 9th of August, harvest still continued in Buckinghamshire; the 27th about Kennington, it was just over, being delayed for want of hands; in some places, 50 miles from London, it is but just over now for the same reason. The 3rd of August, catharine-pears, muscle-plums, and small black cherries were sold in wheelbarrows. Filberds in plenty the 8th. Mulberries and fine green-gage plums the 19th. Fine nectarines and peaches the 27th. The 4th of September, melons and perdrigon-plums. The 8th, walnuts 20 a penny. This is all I know about fruit. My weather is not very complete.

July

20, 1759.	London. Thermom. 5 in the Afternoon, at		79
21	. . . . .		—
22	. . . . .	same hour	76
23	Wind N.N.E. . Grass burnt up.	ditto . .	80
24	. . . . .		—
25	. . . . .	ditto . .	78

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July

26 Wind N.N.W. brisk at noon . . Thermom. . 71
27 . . laid at night . . . . . —
28 . . N. fair, white flying clouds, 9 in morning, 68
29 . . S.S.W. still, and cloudy sunshine, ditto . 69
30 Gloomy and hot, W.S.W. shower at night, ditto 70
31 Eight hours rain, S.W. moonshine night ditto 70

August

1 Cloudy, W.S.W. brisk and chill, bright even. do. 66
2 Cloudy sun, W.S.W. chill, a little rain, night clear, do. 65
3 Fine, wind N.W. cool . . . . . ditto 64
4 Gloomy, S.W. high, seven hours heavy rain ditto 64
5 Cloudy, N.W. hard rain at night . . . ditto 66
6 Clouds and sunshine, wind N.W. brisk . ditto 64
7 Wind S.W. fair . . . . . ditto 66
8 . . W. clear and hot . . . . . ditto 74
9 . . S.S.W. very hot . . . . . ditto 76
10 . . Ditto, hot and foggy . . . . . ditto 74
11 . . . . clear and extreme hot . . . ditto 76
12 . . N.N.W. small rain, evening fine . ditto 66
13 . . N.N.E. brisk, fine day . . . . ditto 66
14 . . . . . cloudy . . . . . ditto 64
15 . . N.N.W. clouds and sun . . . . ditto 68
16 . . . . . very fine . . . . . ditto 64
17 . . S.W. overcast, some rain . . . . ditto 68
18 . . very fine . . . . . ditto 64
19 . . W.N.W. cloudy, but fair, at night hard rain, do. 64
20 . . W.S.W. overcast, at night much rain, ditto 66

I go no farther than you do, but it is down in my book.

What do you say to all our Victories? The night we rejoiced for Boscawen,* in the midst of squibs

* Victory of Admiral Boscawen over the French Fleet under M. de la Clue, in the Mediterranean.—*Ed.*

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and bonfires arrived Lord G. Sackville.* He sees company, and to-day has put out a short address to the Public, saying he expects a Court-Martial (for no one abroad had authority to try him), and desires people to suspend their judgement. I fear it is a rueful case.

I believe I shall go on Monday to Stoke for a time, where Lady Cobham has been dying. My best respects to Mrs. Wharton. Believe me ever faithfully yours, T. G.

Southampton Row, Sept. 18, 1759.

XCIII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I KNOW not what to say to you after so long a silence, but that I have been down at Stoke to see poor Lady Cobham, and after about three weeks passed there, she being obliged to come for advice (as they call it) to town, I returned with her, and have been ever since, till about ten days ago, by her desire in the house with her in Hanover-Square. She is dying (as it now plainly appears) of a dropsy, and the contemplation of lingering death is not apt to raise the spirits of any spectator * * * *

* See Ellis's Letters on English History, vol. iv. p. 413, 2nd series. Walpole to H. Mann, vol. iii. p. 338.

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I have had an enquiry from Mr. Jonathan about painted glass, and have given him such information as I could procure. The manufacture at York seems to be the thing for your purpose, but the name of the person I cannot learn. He at Worcester sells it for two shillings a pound (for it is sold by weight). I approve very well of the canopy-work border on the sides of each light descending to the bottom, provided it do not darken the window too much, and take up so much of the twenty inches space, as to make the plain glass in the middle appear over narrow. But I have been more used to see the whole top of coloured glass (from where the Arch begins to turn), the gloom above contributing much to the beauty of the clear view below. I cannot decide: the first is more Gothic and more uncommon; the latter more convenient and more cheerful. Green glass is not classical, nor ever seen in a real church-window, but where there is history painted, and there the green is remarkably bad. I propose the rich amethyst-purple instead of it. The Mosaic pattern can hardly come amiss, only do not let too much yellow and scarlet come together. If I could describe the Mosaic at Mr. Walpole's it would be of no use to you, because it is not merely made of squares put together, but painted in a pattern of Price, and shaded. It is as if little Balaustines, or Pomegranate flowers, were set four together and formed a Lozenge. These are of a golden yellow, with a white Pearl

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at the junctions, and the spaces inclosed by them are scarlet or blue. This repeated makes a diaper-work, and fills the whole top of the window. I am sorry any of your designs depend upon Virginia; I fear it will fail you. Stonehewer tells me, you have a neighbouring scene superior to any banks of the Thames, where I am to live * * * * * * * * * clever, and forced from him by a nonsensical speech of Beckford's. The second was a studied and puerile declamation on funeral honours (on proposing a monument for Wolfe). In the course of it he wiped his eyes with one handkerchief, and Beckford (who seconded him) cried too, and wiped with two handkerchiefs at once, which was very moving. The third was about Gen. Amherst, and in commendation of the industry and ardour of our American Commanders, very spirited and eloquent. This is a very critical time, an action being hourly expected between the two great Fleets, but no news as yet. I don't know where my thermometer left off, but I do not find any observations till the 8th September.

Sept.

8, at 68 close and gloomy. Walnuts 20 a penny.
9, 70 same.
10, 72 very fine. Wind S.W. then N.W. Bergamot Pears.
11, 68 wet, evening fine S.W. foggy night.
12, 64 cloudy . . . S.S.W.
13, 68 showery afternoon S.W.
14, 62 fair . . . . . W.S.W. cool.
15, 62 a little rain . . N.W. little frost at night.

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16, 61 fair . Wind N.N.W. even. N.E. bright and cool.
17, 59 . . . . . N.W.
18, 58.
19, 57 . . . . . N.
20,
21, 60 fair . . . N.E. high.
22, 60 fair and cool N.E. at night a little frost.
23, 59 fair, aftern. cold and gloomy, set by a fire. (Went to Stoke.)
24, — fine black and white Muscadine Grapes, black Figs (the white are over), Melons, and Walnuts.
25, — red and blue double Asters, Musk and Monthly Roses, Marygolds, Sweet Peas, Carnations, Mignonette, and double Stocks, in bloom.
26, 59 . . . . . N.W. high.
Elm, Oak, and old Ash, in full verdure. Horse Chesnut and Lime turn yellow. Young Beeches russet, Cherry-Trees red, and dropping their Leaves.
27, 62 clouds and sun.
28, — . . . . .
29, 64 fine.
30, 62
Oct.
1, — . . Catherine Peaches very ripe. Black Frontignac Grapes. (All the rest is lost.)

The 20th of November, some snow fell in the night.

23rd Thermometer at 32 (Freezing Point) for the first time; since which it has continued rising: weather wet.

To-day, the 28th, at 54. Wind W.N.W. high. Warm and wet.

My best respects to Mrs. Wharton. I am, dear Sir, ever yours.

Nov. 28, [1759.]

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XCIV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, London, Thursday, Jan. 23, 1760.

I AM much obliged to you for your antique news. Froissard is a favourite book of mine (though I have not attentively read him, but only dipp'd here and there), and it is strange to me that people who would give thousands for a dozen Portraits (originals of that time) to furnish a Gallery, should never cast an eye on so many moving Pictures of the life, actions, manners, and thoughts of their ancestors done on the spot, and in strong though simple colours. In the succeeding century Froissard (I find) was read with great satisfaction by every body that could read, and on the same footing with King Arthur, Sir Tristram, and Archbishop Turpin; not because they thought him a fabulous writer, but because they took them all for true and authentic Historians. To so little purpose was it in that age for a man to be at the pains of writing truth! Pray are you come to the four Irish Kings, that went to school to K. Richard ye 2d.'s Master of the Ceremonies, and the man who informed Froissard of all he had seen in St. Patrick's Purgatory.

You ask after Quebec. Gen. Townsend says, it is much like Richmond-Hill, and the River as fine (but bigger), and the Vale as *riant*, as rich, and as well cultivated. No great matters are at-

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tributed to his conduct. The Officer who brought over the news, when the Prince of Wales asked, how long Gen. Townsend commanded in the action after Wolfe's death?* answered, "a minute, Sir." It is certain he was not at all well with Wolfe, who for some time had not cared to consult with him, or communicate any of his designs to him. He has brought home an Indian Boy with him (designed for Lord G. Sackville, but he did not choose to take him) who goes about in his own dress, and is brought into the room to divert his company. The General after dinner one day had been shewing them a box of scalps, and some Indian arms and utensils. When they were gone, the boy got the box, and found a scalp, which he knew by the hair belonged to one of his own nation. He grew into a sudden fury (though but eleven years old), and catching up one of the scalping-knives made at his Master with intention to murther him, who in his surprise hardly knew how to avoid him; and by laying open his breast, making signs, and with a few words of French jargon that the boy understood, at last with much difficulty pacified him. The first rejoicing night he was terribly frighted, and thought the bone-fire was made for him, and that they were going to torture and devour him. He is mighty fond of venison blood-raw; and once they caught him flourishing his knife over a dog that lay asleep by the fire, because (he said) it was *bon-manger*.

* See Ellis's Letters on English History (2nd series,) vol. iv. p. 415.

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You have heard of the Irish disturbances* (I reckon); never were two Houses of Parliament so * * * * This is not a figure, but literally so. They placed an old woman on the Throne, and called for pipes and tobacco; made my Lord Chief-Justice administer an Oath (which they dictated) to my Lord Chancellor; beat the Bishop of Killaloe black and blue; played at foot-ball with Chenevix, the old refugee Bishop of Waterford; rolled my Lord Farnham in the kennel; pulled Sir Thos. Prendergast by the nose (naturally large) till it was the size of a cauliflower, and would have hanged Rigby, if he had not got out of a window. All this time *the Castle* remained in perfect tranquillity. At last the guard was obliged to move (with orders not to fire), but the mob threw dirt at them. Then the horse broke in upon them, cutting and slashing, and took seventeen prisoners: next morning they were all set at liberty, and said to be poor silly people, that knew nothing of the matter. The same night there was a ball at the Castle, and play till four in the morning. This tumult happened two days before the news of Hawke's† victory got to Dublin; and there was another some time before, when first it was known that the Brest-fleet had sailed. Warning was given (from the *best hands* in England) six weeks before that time, that there would be a *ri-*

* See Walpole's Letters to G. Montagu, p. 184.

† See Walpole's Lett. to H. Mann, vol. iii. p. 347.

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sing of the Papists in Ireland; and the first person whom the mob insulted was a Mr. Rowley, a Member, always in opposition to the Court, but a *Presbyterian*. It is strange (but, I am assured, true) that the Government have not yet received any account of the matter from thence, and all the Irish here are ready to fight a man that says there has been any riot at all at Dublin. The notion that had possessed the crowd was, that a Union was to be voted between the two nations, and they should have no more Parliaments there.

Prince Ferdinand has done a strange thing in Germany. We have always studiously avoided doing any thing to incur the Ban of the Empire. He has now (without waiting for commands from hence) detached 14,000 men, the flower of his flock, to assist the King of Prussia in Saxony against the Empress-Queen and the Empire. The old gentleman does not know how to digest it after giving him £2000 a year on the Irish Establishment, and £20,000 for the Battle of Minden (not out of his own pocket, don't mistake; but out of yours, under the head of Extraordinaries). A great fleet is preparing, and an expedition going forward: but nobody knows where to: some say, Martinico, others Minorca. All thought of a Congress is vanished, since the Empress has shewed herself so cool to our proposal.

Mr. Pitt (not the Great,* but the little one, my

* See Walpole's Lett. to H. Mann, vol. iii. p. 356.

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acquaintance) is setting out on his travels. He goes with my Lord Kinnoul to Lisbon; then (by sea still) to Cales, then up the Guadalquivir to Seville and Cordova, and so perhaps to Toledo, but certainly to Grenada; and after breathing the perfumed air of Andalusia, and contemplating the remains of Moorish magnificence, re-embarks at Gibraltar or Malaga, and sails to Genoa. Sure an extraordinary good way of passing a few winter months, and better than dragging through Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, to the same place. Now we have been contriving to get my L^d. Strathmore (for whose advantage it will be in several respects,) to bear a part in this expedition, and to-day we have brought it about, and they will go in a fortnight; but this is a secret, and you must not tell, for fear my Lady should be frighted at so much sea.

The Attorney and Solic^r. General (to whom it was referred) have declared that Lord G. Sackville* may be tried by a Court-martial. L^d. Holdernesse has wrote him a letter to inform him of this, and *desires* to know (these are the words) how his L^dp. *would have* them proceed, as there is no *specific charge* against him. I am told he has answered, that he cannot pretend to prescribe how a Court, that sits in judgement upon him, is to proceed against him; that he well knows nothing can justly be alledged against him; but doubts not,

* See Dr. King's Memoirs of his own Time, p. 36, 114. Walpole's Lett. to H. Mann, vol. iii. p. 358.

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from P^r. Ferdinand's treatment of him, that there was some charge against him, especially as he finds himself *dismissed from all his employments.* I hear too, that (whatever the lawyers have said) the General Officers insist, they will not have any thing to do with his cause, as he is no longer of the army. So (I suppose) after a little bustle the matter will drop.

Here is a new Farce of Macklin the Player's, that delights the town much, Love-a-la-Mode,* a Beau Jew, an English Gentleman Jockey, a Scotch Baronet, and an Irish Officer in the Prussian service, that make love to a Merchant's Niece. The Irishman is the Hero, and the happy man, as he deserves; for Sir Reilichan O'Callaghan is a modest, brave, and generous soldier; yet with the manners, the brogue, and the understanding of an Irishman, which makes a new character. The king is so pleased with the Scotch character (which is no compliment to that nation) that he has sent for a copy of the piece, for it is not printed, to read.

I am sorry to hear you have reason to complain of Mr. Bell, because he seemed to have some taste in Gothic, and it may not be easy to find such another. It is for my sake, not from your own judgment, that you see the *affair* I mentioned to you in so good a light; I wish I could foresee any such consequences as you do; but fear it will be the very

* See a cuious account of this Piece in the Biographia Dramatica, vol. ii. p. 194.—*Ed.*

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reverse, and so do others than I. The Museum goes on as usual; I have got the Earl of Huntingdon and S^r. George Bowes's letters to Cecil about the Rebellion in the North. Heberden has married Miss Woolaston, of Charter-house-square, this week, whom he formerly courted, but could not then afford to have; for she has (they say) but £2000 fortune. I have not yet seen her. My best respects to Mrs. Wharton. I am ever yours,

T. G.

XCV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, April 22, 1760, London.

I AM not sorry to hear you are exceeding busy, except as it has deprived me of the pleasure I should have in hearing often from you, and as it has been occasioned by a little vexation and disappointment. To find one's-self business (I am persuaded) is the great art of life; and I am never so angry as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery, as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people, than at one's own; and as if they could not go unless they were wound up; yet I know and feel what they mean by this complaint: it proves that some spirit, something of genius (more than com-

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mon) is required to teach a man how to employ himself. I say *a Man*, for women, commonly speaking, never feel this distemper; they have always something to do: time hangs not on their hands (unless they be fine ladies), a variety of small inventions and occupations fill up the void, and their eyes are never open in vain.

I thank you heartily for the sow, if you have no occasion for her, I have; and if his L^dp. will be so kind as to drive her up to town, will gladly give him forty shillings and the chitterlings into the bargain. I could repay you with the story of my Lady F^r. but (I doubt) you know my sow already, especially as you dwell near Raby. However I'll venture; it may be, you have not heard it. About two months ago Mr. Creswick (the D. of Cleveland's managing man) received an anonymous letter as from a lady, offering him (if he would bring about a match between her and his lord) £3000 to be paid after marriage out of the estate. If he came into the proposal, a place was named, where he might speak with the party. He carried the letter directly to the old Lady Darlington, and they agreed he should go to the place. He did so, and found there a man, agent for the Lady; but, refusing to treat with any but principals, after a little difficulty was conducted to her in person, and found it was my Lady F. (S^r. Ev. F.'s fine young widow). What passed between them I know not; but that very night she was at Lady Darl^n.'s

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Assembly (as she had used to be) and no notice taken. The next morning she received a card to say, Lady D. had not expected to see her after *what had passed*; otherwise she would have ordered her porter not to let her in. The whole affair was immediately told to every body. Yet she had continued going about all public places *tête levée*, and solemnly denying the whole to her acquaintance. Since that I hear she owns it, and says, her children were unprovided for, and desires to know which of her friends would not have done the same? but as neither of these expedients succeed very well, she has hired a small house, and is going into the country for the summer.

Here has just been a duel between the duke of Bolton* and Mr. Stewart (a candidate for the county of Hampshire at the late election) what the quarrel was, I do not know; but they met near Mary-le-bone, and the D. in making a pass, overreached himself, fell down and hurt his knee, the other bid him get up, but he could not; then he bid him ask his life, but he would not; so he let him alone, and that's all. Mr. Stewart was slightly wounded.

The old Pundles, that sat on L^d. G. Sackville, (for they were all such, but two, Gen. Cholmondeley and L^d. Albermarle) have at last hammered out their sentence.† He is declared disobedient

* See H. Walpole's Lett. to G. Montagu, p. 196.

† See Walpole's Lett. to H. Mann, vol. iii. p. 371.

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and unfit for all military command. It is said that nine (out of the fifteen) were for death, but as two thirds must be unanimous, some of them came over to the merciful side. I do not affirm the truth of this. What he will do with himself, nobody guesses. The poor old duke went into the country some time ago, and (they say) can hardly bear the sight of any body. The unembarrassed countenance, the looks of sovereign contempt and superiority, that his L^dp. bestowed on his accusers during the trial, were the admiration of all: but his usual talents and art did not appear, in short his cause would not support him. Be that as it will, every body blames *somebody*, who has been out of all temper, and intractable during the whole time. Smith (the Aid-de-camp, and principal witness for L^d. G.) had no sooner finished his evidence, but he was forbid to mount guard, and ordered to sell out. The court and the criminal went halves in the expence of the short-hand writer, so L^d. G. has already published the trial, before the authentic copy appears, and in it are all the foolish questions that were asked, and the absurdities of his judges; you may think perhaps that he intends to go abroad, and hide his head: au contraire, all the world visits him on his condemnation. He says himself his situation is better than ever it was; the Scotch have all along affected to take him under their protection; his wife has been daily walking with Lady Augusta (during the trial) in Leicester gar-

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dens, and Lord B.'s chariot stands at his door by the hour.

L^d. Ferrers* has entertained the town for three days; I was not there, but Mason and Stonehewer were in the D. of Ancaster's gallery, and in the greatest danger (which I believe they do not yet know themselves), for the cell underneath them (to which the prisoner retires), was on fire during the trial, and the D. of Anc^r. with the workmen, by sawing away some timbers, and other assistance, contrived to put it out without any alarm given to the Court: several now recollect they smelt burning, and heard a noise of sawing, but none guessed as to the cause. Miss Johnson, daughter to the murthered man, appeared so cool, and gave so gentle an evidence, that at first sight every one concluded she was bought off; but this could do him little good. The surgeon and his own servants laid open such a scene of barbarity and long-meditated malice, as left no room for his plea of lunacy, nor any thought of pity in the hearers. The oddest thing was this plea of temporary lunacy, and his producing two brothers of his to prove it, one a Clergyman (suspended for Methodism by the B^p. of London); the other a sort of Squire, that goes in the country by the name of

* See a full account of this Trial, in Smollett's History of England, vol. v. p. 181—190. See Walpole's Lett. to G. Montagu, p. 192, 195. To H. Mann, vol. iii. p. 308, 369, 372, 374.

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Ragged and Dangerous. He managed the cause himself with more cleverness than any of his Counsel, and (when found guilty) asked pardon for his plea, and laid it upon the persuasions of his family. Mrs. Shirley (his mother), Lady Huntingdon, and others of the relations were at Court yesterday with a petition for mercy; but on the 5th of May he is to be hanged at Tyburn.

The town are reading the K. of Prussia's poetry, (Le Philosophe sans souci) and I have done like the town; they do not seem so sick of it as I am. It is all the scum of Voltaire and Bolingbroke, the *crambe recocta* of our worst Freethinkers, tossed up in German-French rhyme. Tristram Shandy is still a greater object of admiration, the man as well as the book. One is invited to dinner, where he dines, a fortnight beforehand. His portrait is done by Reynolds, and now engraving. Dodsley gives £700 for a second edition, and two new volumes not yet written; and to-morrow will come out two volumes of Sermons by him. Your friend, Mr. Hall, has printed two Lyric Epistles, one to my Cousin Shandy on his coming to town, the other to the grown gentlewomen, the Misses of York: they seem to me to be absolute madness. These are the best lines in them:

I'll tell you a story of Elijah—
Close by a mob of children stood,
Commenting on his sober mood, &c.

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And back'd them (their opinions) like such sort of folks,
With a few stones and a few jokes:
Till weary of their pelting and their prattle,
He ordered out his bears to battle.
It was delightful fun
To see them run
And eat up the young cattle.

The 7th volume of Buffon is come over: do you choose to have it?

Poor Lady Cobham is at last delivered from a painful life. She has given Miss Speed above £30,000.

Mr. Brown is well: I heard from him yesterday, and think of visiting him soon. Mason and Stonehewer are both in town, and (if they were here) would send their best compliments to you and Mrs. Wh[n]. with mine. You see I have left no room for weather, yet I have observed the birth of the Spring, which (though backward) is very beautiful at present. Mind, from this day the thermometer goes to its old place below in the yard, and so pray let its sister do. Mr. Stillingfleet (with whom I am grown acquainted) has convinced me it ought to do so. Adieu!

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XCVI. MR. GRAY TO MR. STONEHEWER.

London, June 29, 1760.

THOUGH you have had but a melancholy employment, it is worthy of envy, and (I hope) will have all the success it deserves.* It was the best and most natural method of cure, and such as could not have been administered by any but your gentle hand. I thank you for communicating to me what must give you so much satisfaction.

I too was reading M. D'Alembert,† and (like you) am totally disappointed in his Elements. I could only taste a little of the first course: it was dry as a stick, hard as a stone, and cold as a cucumber. But then the letter to Rousseau is like himself; and the Discourses on Elocution, and on the Liberty of Music, are divine. He has added to his translations from Tacitus; and (what is remarkable) though that author's manner more nearly resembles the best French writers of the present age, than any thing, he totally fails in the attempt. Is it his fault, or that of the language?

* Mr. Stonehewer was now at Houghton-le-Spring, in the Bishopric of Durham, attending on his sick father, rector of that parish.—*Mason.*

† Two subsequent volumes of his "Melanges de Literature & Philosophie."—*Mason.*

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I have received another Scotch packet with a third specimen, inferior in kind, (because it is merely description) but yet full of nature and noble wild imagination. Five Bards pass the night at the Castle of a Chief (himself a principal Bard); each goes out in his turn to observe the face of things, and returns with an extempore picture of the changes he has seen; it is an October night, (the harvest-month of the Highlands.) This is the whole plan; yet there is a contrivance, and a preparation of ideas, that you would not expect. The oddest thing is, that every one of them sees Ghosts (more or less). The idea, that struck and surprised me most, is the following. One of them (describing a storm of wind and rain) says

> Ghosts ride on the tempest to-night:
> Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind;
> *Their songs are of other worlds!*

Did you never observe *(while rocking winds are piping loud)* that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an Æolian harp? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit. Thomson had an ear sometimes: he was not deaf to this; and has described it gloriously, but given it another different turn, and of more horror. I cannot repeat the lines: it is in his Winter. There is another very fine picture in one of them. It describes the breaking of the

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clouds after the storm, before it is settled into a calm, and when the moon is seen by short intervals.

The waves are tumbling on the lake,
And lash the rocky sides.
The boat is brim-full in the cove,
The oars on the rocking tide.
Sad sits a maid beneath a cliff,
And eyes the rolling stream:
Her lover promised to come,
She saw his boat (when it was evening) on the lake;
Are these his groans in the gale?
*Is this his broken boat on the shore?**

XCVII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, [July, 1760.]

I HEARD yesterday from your old friend Mr. Field, that Mrs. Wharton had brought you a son, and as

* The whole of this descriptive piece has been since published in a note to a poem entitled CROMA. (See Ossian's Poems, vol. i. p. 350, 8vo.) It is somewhat remarkable that the manuscript, in the translator's own hand, which I have in my possession, varies considerably from the printed copy. Some images are omitted, and others added. I will mention one which is not in the manuscript, *the spirit of the mountain shrieks.* In the tragedy of Douglas, published at least three years before, I always admired this fine line, *the angry spirit of the water shriek'd.*—Quere, did Mr. Home take this sublime image from Ossian, or has the translator of Ossian since borrowed it from Mr. Home?—*Mason.*

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I sincerely hope this may be some addition to your happiness, I heartily congratulate you both on the occasion. Another thing I rejoice in, is, to know that you not only grow reconciled to your scene, but discover beauties round you that once were deformities. I am persuaded the whole matter is, to have always something going forward. Happy they that can create a rose-tree; or erect a honeysuckle; that can watch the brood of a hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water! It is with a sentiment of envy that I speak it, who never shall have even a thatched roof of my own, nor gather a strawberry, but in Covent Garden. I will not believe in the *vocality* of Old Park till next summer, when perhaps I may trust my own ears.

I remain, bating some few little excursions that I have made, still in town, though for these three weeks I have been going into Oxfordshire with Madam Speed. But her affairs, as she says, or her vagaries, as I say, have obliged her to alter her mind ten times within that space. No wonder, for she has got at least £30,000, with a house in town, plate, jewels, china, and old japan infinite, so that indeed it would be ridiculous for her to know her own mind. I, who know mine, do intend to go to Cambridge, but that owl, Fobus, is going thither to the commencement; so that I am forced to stay till his nonsense is at an end. Chapman* you see

* See Warburton's Letters, cxli. 'The master of Magdalen is, poor man! buried in good earnest, in the

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is dead at last, which signifies not much, I take it, to any body; for his family (they say) are left in good circumstances. I am neither sorry nor glad, for Mason (I doubt) will scarce succeed to his prebend. The old creature is down at Aston, where my Lord* has paid him a visit lately, as the town says in *a miff*, about the garter, and other *Trumps*, he has met with of late. I believe this at least is certain, that he has deserted his old attachments, and worships another idol, who receives his incense with a good deal of coldness and negligence.

I can tell you but little of St. Germain. He saw Monsieur D'Affray at the Hague, (who, in a day or two, on receiving a courier from his own court) asked the States leave to apprehend him,†

midst of his career. Such a bubble is humanity, whether alive or dead. 'I had thought that man more likely to live to ninety than any one I knew.' And Lett. cxlii from Hurd. 'Remorseless Death has cut down poor Chapman in the flower of his life and fortune. I knew him formerly very well. He was in his nature a vain and busy man. I found he had not virtue enough to prefer a long and valuable friendship to the slightest ray, almost to no prospect of interest. On which account I dropped him; but the rebuff he afterwards met with, in the career of his ambition, might help, and I hope did, to detach his mind from the world, and to make him know himself better. His preferments, I suppose, are flying different ways,' &c.—*Ed.*

* Lord Holdernesse.

† Count de St. Germain, who commanded an army on the Rhine of 30,000 men against the Allied forces, conceiving disgust at being obliged to serve under the Duke de Broglio, who was his junior in the service, relinquished his

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but he was gone, and arrived safe in St. Mary Ax, where he had lodgings (I fancy) at his old friend La Cours, the Jew-Physician. After some days, a messenger took charge of him, and he was examined (I believe) before Mr. Pitt. They however dismissed him, but with orders to leave England directly. Yet I know, care was taken that he should be furnished with proper passports to go safe through Holland, to Hamburgh; which gives some room to believe, what many at first imagined, that he was charged with some proposals from the French coast. He is a likely person enough to make them believe at Paris, that he could somehow serve them on such an occasion.

We are in great alarms about Quebec; the force in the town was not 8000 men, sufficient to defend the place, (naturally strong) against any attack of the French forces, unfurnished as they must be for a formal siege; but by no means to meet them in the field. This however is what *Murray has chosen to do, whether from rashness, or deceived by false intelligence, I cannot tell. The returns of our loss are undoubtedly false, for we have above 100 officers killed, or taken. All depends upon the arrival of our garrison from Louisberg, which was daily expected. But even that (unless they bring

command; and it is, I conclude, to him that Gray alludes. Count d'Affray was the French ambassador at the Hague. *Ed.*

* See Walpole's Lett. to H. Mann, vol. iii. p. 392.

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provisions with them) may increase the distress; for at the time when we were told of the plenty and cheapness of all things at Quebec, I am assured, a piece of fresh meat could not be had for twenty guineas.

If you have seen Stonehewer, he has probably told you of my old Scotch (or rather Irish) poetry. I am gone mad about them. They are said to be translations (literal and in prose) from the *Erse* tongue, done by one Macpherson, a young clergyman in the Highlands. He means to publish a collection he has of these specimens of antiquity; but what plagues me is, I cannot come at any certainty on that head. I was so struck, so *extasié* with their infinite beauty, that I writ into Scotland to make a thousand enquiries. The letters I have in return, are ill wrote, ill reasoned, unsatisfactory, calculated (one would imagine) to deceive one, and yet not cunning enough to do it cleverly. In short, the whole external evidence would make one believe these fragments (for so he calls them, though nothing can be more entire) counterfeit; but the internal is so strong on the other side, that I am resolved to believe them genuine, spite of the Devil and the Kirk. It is impossible to convince me that they were invented by the same man, that writes me these letters. On the other hand, it is almost as hard to suppose, if they are original, that he should be able to translate them so admirably. What can one do? since Stonehewer went, I have

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received another of a very different, and inferior kind, (being merely descriptive) much more modern than the former (he says), yet very old too. This too in its way, is extremely fine. In short, this man is the very Dæmon of poetry, or he has lighted on a treasure hid for ages. The Welch Poets are also coming to light. I have seen a Discourse in MS. about them (by one Mr. Evans, a clergyman) with specimens of their writings. This is in Latin, and though it don't approach the other, there are fine scraps among it.

You will think I am grown mighty poetical of a sudden, you would think so still more, if you knew there was a Satire printed against me and Mason jointly; it is called *Two Odes:* the one is inscribed to Obscurity, (that is me) the other to Oblivion. It tells me what I never heard before; for (speaking of himself) the Author says though he has,

> Nor the pride, nor self-opinion,
> That possess the happy pair,
> Each of taste the fav'rite minion,
> Prancing thro' the desert air:
> Yet shall he mount, with classic housings grac'd,
> By help mechanick of equestrian block,
> And all unheedful of the Critic's mock,
> Spur his light courser o'er the bounds of Taste.

The writer is a Mr. Colman, who published the *Connoisseur;* nephew to the late Lady Bath, and a friend of Garrick's. I believe his Odes sell no more than mine did, for I saw a heap of them lie

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in a bookseller's window, who recommended them to me, as a very pretty thing.

If I did not mention Tristram to you, it was because I thought I had done so before. There is much good fun in it, and humour sometimes hit, and sometimes missed. I agree with your opinion of it, and shall see the two future volumes with pleasure. Have you read his sermons (with his own comic figure at the head of them)? they are in the style, I think, most proper for the pulpit, and shew a very strong imagination and a sensible heart. But you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience. Now for my season.

April 10. I observed the elm putting out.
12. That and the pear looked green. Therm. at 62.
13. Very fine; white poplar and willow put out.
15. Standard pear (sheltered) in full bloom.
18. Lime and horn-beam green.
19. Swallow flying.
20. Therm. at 60. Wind S. W. Sky-lark, chaffinch, thrush, mew, and robin singing. Horse-chesnut, wild-briar, bramble, and sallow had spread their leaves; haw-thorn and lilac had formed their blossoms; black-thorn, double-flowered peach and pears in full bloom; double tonquils, hyacinths, anemones, single wall-flowers, and auriculas, in flower. In the fields,—dog violets, daisies, dandelions, butter-cups, red-archangel, and shepherd's purse.
21. Almond out of bloom, and spreading its leaves.
26. Lilacs flowering.

May 1. Gentianella in flower.

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May 2. Pear goes off; apple blows. Therm at 63. Wind N. E. still fair and dry.
3. Evening and all night hard rain.
4. Th. at 40. Wind N. E. rain.
11. Very fine. Wind N. E. Horse-chesnut in full bloom; walnut and vine spread; lilacs, Persian jasmine, tulips, wall-flowers, pheasant-eye, lily-in-the-valley, in flower. In the fields,—furze, cowslips, hare-bells, and cow-parsnip.
13. Jasmine and acacia spread. Fine weather.
18. Showery. Wind high.
19. Same. Therm. at 56.
20. Thunder, rain . 54.
21. Rain, Wind N. E. 52.
31. Green Peas 15*d.* a quart.

June 1. Therm. at 78.
2. Scarlet strawberries, duke-cherries. Hay-making here.
3. Wind S. S. E. Therm. at 84 (the highest I ever saw it), it was at noon; since which, till last week, we had hot dry weather; now it rains like mad. Cherries and strawberries in bushels.

I believe there is no fear of war with Spain.

[July, 1760.]

XCVIII. MR. GRAY TO DR. CLARKE.*

Pembroke-Hall, August 12, 1760.

Not knowing whether you are yet returned from your sea-water, I write at random to you. For me, I am come to my resting place, and find it very

* Physician at Epsom. With this gentleman Mr. Gray commenced an early acquaintance at College.—*Mason.*

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necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition.* Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) *doing something*, that is, racketting about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill† like Clifden, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.

I would wish to continue here (in a very different scene, it must be confessed) till Michaelmas; but I fear I must come to town much sooner. Cambridge is a delight of a place, now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it an ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. * *‡ (one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his

* "My Lady Aislesbury has been much diverted, and so you will too. *Gray* is in this neighbourhood. My Lady Carlisle says, 'He is extremely like me in his manner.' They went on a party to dine on a cold loaf, and pass'd the day. Lady A. protests he never opened his lips but once, and then only said, 'Yes, my Lady, I believe so.'"—See Walpole's Lett. to G. Montagu, p. 199.

† Near Henley.

‡ Vide Letter xcvii. of this Section, by which it will be seen that Dr. Chapman, Master of Magdalen Coll. Camb. was the person here alluded to, he died the 9th June.—*Ed.*

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grave with five fine mackerel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He eat them all at one dinner; but his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week; but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off.—They say he made a very good end.

Have you seen the Erse Fragments since they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against every body's opinion) to believe them old. Those you have already seen are the best; though there are some others that are excellent too.

XCIX. MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

Cambridge, August 20, 1760.

I HAVE sent Musæus* back as you desired me, scratched here and there. And with it also a bloody Satire,† written against no less persons than *you and I* by name. I concluded at first it

* I had desired Mr. Gray to revise my Monody on Mr. Pope's Death, in order that I might correct it for the edition I was then preparing of my poems.—*Mason.*

† The parodies in question, entitled Odes to Obscurity and Oblivion, were written by Messrs. Lloyd and Colman, and have been reprinted since in Mr. Lloyd's Poems.
Mason.

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was Mr. * * *, because he is your friend and my humble servant; but then I thought he knew the world too well to call us the favourite Minions of Taste and of Fashion, especially as to Odes. For to them his ridicule is confined; so it is not he, but Mr. Colman, nephew to Lady Bath, author of the Connoisseur, a member of one of the inns of court, and a particular acquaintance of Mr. Garrick. What have you done to him? for I never heard his name before; he makes very tolerable fun with me where I understand him (which is not every where); but seems more angry with you. Lest people should not understand the humour of the thing (which indeed to do they must have our Lyricisms at their finger ends), letters come out in Lloyd's Evening-Post to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and says it is like to produce a great combustion in the Literary World. So if you have any mind to *combustle* about it well and good; for me, I am neither so literary nor so combustible.* The Monthly Review, I see, just now has much stuff about us on this occasion. It says one of us at least has always borne his faculties

* Had Mr. Pope disregarded the sarcasms of the many writers that endeavoured to eclipse his poetical fame, as much as Mr. Gray here appears to have done, the world would not have been possessed of a Dunciad; but it would have been impressed with a more amiable idea of its author's temper. It is for the sake of showing how Mr. Gray felt on such occasions, that I publish this letter.—*Mason.*

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meekly. I leave you to guess which of us that is; I think I know. You simpleton you! you must be meek, must you? and see what you get by it.

I do not like your improvements at Aston, it looks so like settling; if I come I will set fire to it. I will never believe the B * * s and the C * * s are dead, though I smelt them; that sort of people always live to a good old age. I dare swear they are only gone to Ireland, and we shall soon hear they are bishops.

The Erse Fragments have been published five weeks ago in Scotland, though I had them not (by a mistake) till the other day. As you tell me new things do not reach you soon at Aston, I inclose what I can; the rest shall follow, when you tell me whether you have not got the pamphlet already. I send the two to Mr. Wood which I had before, because he has not *the affectation of not admiring*.* I have another from Mr. Macpherson, which he has not printed; it is mere description, but excellent too in its kind. If you are good and will learn to admire, I will transcribe and send it.

As to their authenticity, I have made many en-

* It was rather a want of credulity than admiration that Mr. Gray should have laid to my charge. I suspected that, whether the Fragments were genuine or not, they were by no means literally translated. I suspect so still; and a former note gives a sufficient cause for that suspicion. See p. 245.—*Mason.*

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quiries, and have lately procured a letter* from Mr. David Hume (the historian), which is more satisfactory than any thing I have yet met with on that subject. He says,

"Certain it is that these poems are in every body's mouth in the Highlands, have been handed down from father to son, and are of an age beyond all memory and tradition. Adam Smith, the celebrated Professor in Glasgow, told me, that the Piper of the Argyleshire Militia repeated to him all those which Mr. Macpherson had translated, and many more of equal beauty. Major Mackay (Lord Rae's brother) told me that he remembers them perfectly well; as likewise did the Laird of

* This letter is printed entire in the European Magazine, vol. v. p. 327, March, 1784; it concludes in this manner: "It gives me pleasure to find that a person of so fine a taste as Mr. Gray approves of these fragments, as it may convince us that our fondness of them is not altogether founded on national prepossession, which, however, you know to be a little strong, the translation is elegant, but I made an objection to the author, which I wish you would communicate to Mr. Gray, that we may judge of the justness of it, there appeared to me many verses in his prose, and all of them of the same measure with Mr. Shenstone's famous ballad:

'Ye shepherds so careless and free,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam.'

Pray ask Mr. Gray whether he made the same remark, and whether he thinks it a blemish." It appears from this letter, that Macpherson first shewed the copies of these MSS. to John Home, the Poet, at Moffat, in the autumn of 1759, and that he translated them at Mr. Home's request.

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Macfarline (the greatest antiquarian we have in this country), and who insists strongly on the historical truth, as well as the poetical beauty of these productions. I could add the Laird and Lady Macleod, with many more, that live in different parts of the Highlands, very remote from each other, and could only be acquainted with what had become (in a manner) national works.* There is a country surgeon in Lochaber, who has by heart the entire Epic Poem mentioned by Mr. Macpherson in his preface; and, as he is old, is perhaps the only person living that knows it all, and has never committed it to writing, we are in the more haste to recover a monument, which will certainly be regarded as a curiosity in the Republic of Letters: we have, therefore, set about a subscription

* All this external evidence, and much more, has since been collected and published by Dr. Blair (see his Appendix to his Critical Dissertation on the Works of Ossian); and yet notwithstanding a later Irish writer has been hardy enough to assert, that the Poems in question abound with the strangest anachronisms: for instance, that Cucullin lived in the first, and Fingal in the third century; two princes who are said to have made war with the Danes, a nation never heard of in Europe till the ninth; which war could not possibly have happened till 500 years after the death of the supposed poet who sings it. (See O'Halloran's Introduction to the Study of the History and Antiquities of Ireland, quarto, 1772.) To whatever side of the question truth may lean, it is of little moment to me; my doubts arising (as I have said in the former note) from internal evidence only, and a want of proof of the fidelity of the translation.—*Mason.*

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of a guinea or two guineas apiece, in order to enable Mr. Macpherson to undertake a mission into the Highlands to recover this poem, and other fragments of antiquity." He adds too, that the names of Fingal, Ossian, Oscar, &c.* are still given in the Highlands to large mastiffs, as we give to ours the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Hector, &c.

C. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, London, October 21, 1760.

DON'T be afraid of me. I will not come till you tell me I may; though I long very much to see you. I hear you have let your hair grow, and visit none of your neighbouring gentry; two (I should think) capital crimes in that county, and indeed in all counties. I hear too (and rejoice) that you have recovered your hearing. I have nothing equally important to tell you of myself, but that I have not had the gout since I saw you; yet don't let me brag, the winter is but just begun.

I have passed a part of the summer on a charming hill near Henley,† with the Thames running

* In the original letter the names are thus given, Fingal, Oscur, Osur, Oscan, Dermid.

† Park Place, the seat of the Honourable Henry Seymour Conway, the friend and correspondent of Walpole.—*Ed.*

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at my feet, but in the company of a pack of women, that wore my spirits, though not their own. The rest of the season I was at Cambridge in a duller and more congenial situation. Did I tell you that our friend Chapman, a week before he died, eat five huge mackerel (fat and full of roe) at one dinner, which produced an indigestion; but on Trinity Sunday he finished himself with the best part of a large turbot, which he carried to his grave, poor man! he never held up his head after. From Cambridge I am come hither, yet am going into Kent for a fortnight or so. You astonish me in wondering that my Lady Cobham left me nothing. For my part, I wondered to find she had given me £20. for a ring, as much as she gave to several of her own nieces. The world said, before her death, that Mrs. Speed and I had shut ourselves up with her in order to make her will, and that afterwards we were to be married.

There is a second edition of the Scotch Fragments, yet very few admire them, and almost all take them for fictions. I have a letter from D. Hume, the historian, that asserts them to be genuine, and cites the names of several people (that know both languages) who have heard them current in the mouths of pipers, and other illiterate persons in various and distant parts of the Highlands. There is a subscription for Mr. Macpherson, which will enable him to undertake a mission among the Mountaineers, and pick up all the scattered rem-

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nants of old Poetry. He is certainly an admirable judge; if his *learned* friends do not pervert or overrule his taste.

Mason is here in town, but so dissipated with his duties at Sion-Hill, or his attention to the Beaux-Arts, that I see but little of him. The last Spring (for the first time) there was an Exhibition in a public room of Pictures, Sculptures, Engravings, &c. sent in by all the Artists, in imitation of what has been long practised in Paris. Among the rest there is a Mr. Sandby, who excells in Landscape, with Figures, Views of Buildings, Ruins, &c. and has been much employed by the Duke, Lord Harcourt, Lord Scarborough, and others. Hitherto he has dealt in wash'd drawings and water-colours, but has of late only practised in oil. He (and Mason together) have cooked up a great picture of Mount Snowdon, in which the Bard and Edward the First make their appearance; and this is to be his *Exhibition-Picture* for next year, but (till then) it is a sort of secret.

The great Expedition* takes up every body's thoughts. There is such a train of artillery on board, as never was seen before during this war. Some talk of Brest, others of Rochfort, if the wind (which is very high) does not blow it away. I do

* The strong Armament destined for a secret Expedition was collected at Portsmouth; but after being detained there the whole Summer, the design was laid aside.—*See Smollett's History of England, vol.* v. *p.* 230.—*Ed.*

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believe it will succeed, for the French seem in a miserable way.

The Duke * is well recovered of his paralytic attack, though it is still visible in his face when he speaks. It has been occasioned by the long intermission of his usual violent exercises, for he cannot ride or walk much on account of a dropsy confined to a *certain part*, and not dangerous in itself. Yet he appears at Newmarket, but in his chaise.

Mason and Mr. Brown send their best services. Dr. Heberden enquires *kindly* after you, and has his good dinners as usual. Adieu, dear Sir, and present my compliments to Mrs. Wharton. I am ever truly yours, T. G.

CI. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Pemb. Col. Jan. 1761.

THE best piece of news I have to send you is, that Mason is Residentiary of York, which is worth near £200 a year. He owes it to our friend Mr. F. Montagu, who is Brother-in-Law to Dean Fountayne. The Precentorship (worth as much more) being vacant at the same time, Lord Holdernesse has obtained that too for him. But for

* Duke of Cumberland. Walpole's Lett. to Montagu, p. 207—to Mann, iii. 401.—*Ed.*

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this, he must come and kiss hands; and as the ceremony is not yet over, we do not proclaim it aloud for the present He now, I think, may wait for Mr. Hutton's exit with great patience; and shut his insatiable repining mouth. I hope to see him here in his way to town.

I pity your brother, and have little hope left of his wife's recovery; though I have been told that Dr. Louth's, after she had continued for some years in that condition, was perfectly restored. It may be worth while to enquire in what method she was treated. The papers were to have been sent to Boswell Court, the week after I left London, to be seen, before they were packed up. Mr. Jonathan is perhaps unable to attend to it, but doubtless you have ordered somebody to hasten Bromwick, and see that the sets are right. I shall not be in London till the middle of March. My old friend Miss Speed has done what the world calls a very foolish thing. She has married the Baron de la Peyriere, son to the Sardinian Minister, the Comte de Viry. He is about 28 years old (ten years younger than herself) but looks nearer 40. This is not the effect of debauchery, for he is a very sober man, good natured, and honest, and no conjurer. The estate of the family is about £4000 a year. The Castle of Viry is in Savoy, a few miles from Geneva, commanding a fine view of the Lake. What she has done with her money I know not, but (I sus-

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pect) kept it to herself. Her religion she need not change; but she must never expect to be well received at that court till she does: and I do not think she will make quite a *Julie* in the country.

The Heloïse cruelly disappointed me, but it has its partisans, among which we see Mason and Mr. Hurd. For me, I admire nothing but * Fingal, (I conclude you have read it, if not Stonehewer can lend it you) yet I remain still in doubt about the authenticity of those poems, though inclining rather to believe them genuine in spite of the world. Whether they are the inventions of antiquity, or of a modern Scotchman, either case to me is alike unaccountable. Je m'y perd.

I take no joy in the Spanish war, being too old to privateer, and too poor to buy stock: nor do I hope for a good end of any war, as it will be now probably conducted. Oh! that foolishest † of great

* In a letter to another friend, informing him that he had sent Fingal down to him, he says, "For my part I will stick to my credulity, and if I am cheated, think it is worse for him, (the translator) than for me. The Epic Poem is foolishly so called, yet there is a sort of plan and unity in it very strange for a barbarous age; yet what I more admire are some of the detached pieces—the rest I leave to the discussion of antiquarians and historians; yet my curiosity is much interested in their decision." No man surely ever took more pains with himself to believe any thing, than Mr. Gray seems to have done on this occasion.—*Mason.*

† Mr. Pitt. "As I cannot put Mr. Pitt to death (says Mr. Walpole in a letter to Mr. Conway) at least I have buried him. Here is his epitaph:

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men that sold his inestimable diamond * for a paltry peerage and pension: the very night it happened was I swearing it was a damned lie, and never could be. But it was for want of reading Thomas

'Admire his eloquence.—It mounted higher
Than Attic purity, or Roman fire.
Adore his services—our lions view,
Ranging where Roman eagles never flew;
Copy his soul supreme o'er Lucre's sphere
—But oh! beware Three Thousand Pounds a year!'—

Walpole's Works, vol. v. p. 85. See also p. 559, in a letter to the Countess of Ailesbury.

"Pitt insisted on a war with Spain, was resisted, and last Monday resigned. The city breathed vengeance on his opposers, the council quaked, and the Lord knows what would have happened. But yesterday, which was only Friday, as this giant was stalking to seize the Tower of London, he stumbled over a silver penny, picked it up, carried it home to Lady Esther, and they are now as quiet good sort of people as my Lord and Lady Bath, who lived in the vinegar-bottle.—In fact, madam, this immaculate man has accepted the Barony of Chatham for his wife, with a pension of £3000 a year for three lives: and though he has not quitted the House of Commons, I think my Lord A— would be now as formidable there. The pension he has left *us* is a war for 3000 lives, perhaps for twenty times three thousand lives! but

Does this become a soldier? *this* become
Whom armies followed, and a people loved?

"What! to sneak out of the scrape, prevent peace and avoid the war! blast one's character, and all for the sake of a paltry annuity, a long-necked peeress, and a couple of Grenvilles!"—*Ed.*

* See Lord Chesterfield's Letters, vol. iv. p. 279.

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à Kempis, who knew mankind so much better than I.

Young Pitt (whom I believe you have heard me mention) is returned to England. From him I hope to get much information concerning Spain, which nobody has seen. He is no bad observer. I saw a man yesterday who has been a-top of Mount Ætna, and seen the ruins of a temple at Agrigentum, whose columns (when standing) were 96 feet in height. A moderate man might hide himself in one of the flutings. By the way, there is a Mr. Phelps (now gone secretary to the embassy to Turin) who has been all over Sicily, and means to give us an account of its remains. There are two more volumes of Buffon (the 9th and 10th) arrived in England, and the two last maps of D'Anville's Europe. One Mr. Needham, tutor to a Lord Gormanstown, now on his travels, has made a strange discovery. He saw a figure of Isis at Turin, on whose back was a pilaster of antique characters, not hieroglyphics, but such as are sometimes seen on Egyptian statues. When he came to Rome, in the Vatican Library, he was shewed a glossary of the ancient Chinese tongue.* He was struck with the similitude of the characters, and on comparing them with an exact copy he had of the inscription, found that he could read it, and that it signified—(This statue of Isis is copied

* See Quarterly Review, No. XXXIII. p. 168.

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from another, in such a city; the original is so many measures in height, and so many in breadth.) —If this be true, it may open many new things to us. Deguignes some time ago wrote a dissertation to prove, that China was peopled from Egypt.

I still flatter myself with the notion of seeing you in summer; but God knows how it will be. I am persuading Mr. Brown to make a visit to Lady Strathmore (who has often invited him), and then you will see him too. He is at present not very well, having something of the sciatica, which hangs about him. Present my best services to Mrs. Wharton. I am ever truly yours,

T. G.

P. S. The queen is said here to be ill, and to spit blood. She is not with child, I am afraid.

CII. MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

London, Jan. 22, 1761.

I CANNOT pity you; *au contraire*, I wish I had been at Aston, when I was foolish enough to go through the six volumes of the *Nouvelle Heloïse*.* All I can say for myself is, that I was confined

* See Hurd and Warburton's opinions of this work in the Correspondence, p. 324, 5, and cl, cli.—*Ed.*

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for three weeks at home by a severe cold, and had nothing better to do: there is no one event in it that might not happen any day of the week (separately taken) in any private family; yet these events are so put together, that the series of them is more absurd and more improbable than Amadis de Gaul. The dramatis personæ (as the author says) are all of them good characters. I am sorry to hear it: for had they been all hanged at the end of the third volume, nobody (I believe) would have cared. In short, I went on and on, in hopes of finding some wonderful *denouement* that would set all right, and bring something like nature and interest out of absurdity and insipidity. No such thing: it grows worse and worse: and (if it be Rousseau's, which is not doubted) is the strongest instance I ever saw, that a very extraordinary man may entirely mistake his own talents. By the motto and preface, it appears to be his own story, or something similar to it.*

The Opera-House is crowded this year like any ordinary theatre. Elisi is finer than any thing that has been here in your memory; yet, as I sus-

* If it be considered that Mr. Gray always preferred expression and sentiment to the arrangement of a story, it may seem somewhat extraordinary that the many striking beauties of these kinds, with which this singular work abounds, were not excepted from so general a censure; for my own part (to use a phrase of his own) "they strike me blind" to all the defects which he has here enumerated.

Mason.

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pect, has been finer than he is: he appears to be near forty, a little pot-bellied and thick-shouldered, otherwise no bad figure; his action proper, and not ungraceful. We have heard nothing, since I remember operas, but eternal passages, divisions, and flights of execution: of these he has absolutely none; whether merely from judgment, or a little from age, I will not affirm: his point is expression, and to that all the graces and ornaments he inserts (which are few and short) are evidently directed. He goes higher (they say) than Farinelli; but then this celestial note you do not hear above once in a whole opera; and he falls from this altitude at once to the mellowest, softest, strongest tones (about the middle of his compass) that can be heard. The Mattei, I assure you, is much improved by his example, and by her great success this winter; but then the burlettas, and the Paganina, I have not been so pleased with any thing these many years. She is too fat, and above forty, yet handsome withal, and has a face that speaks the language of all nations. She has not the invention, the fire, and the variety of action that the Spiletta had; yet she is light, agile, ever in motion, and above all graceful; but then her voice, her ear, her taste in singing: good God——as Mr. Richardson the painter says. Pray ask Lord; for I think I have seen him there once or twice, as much pleased as I was.

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CIII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, London, Jan. 31, 1761.

You seem to forget me; if it were for any other reason than that you are very busy, that is, very happy, I should not so easily pass it over. I send you a Swedish and English Calendar, the first column is by Berger, a disciple of Linnæus; the second, by Mr. Stillingfleet; the third, (very imperfect indeed) by me. You are to observe, as you tend your plantations, and take your walks, how the spring advances in the North, and whether Old Park most resembles Upsal or Stratton. This latter has on one side a barren black heath, on the other a light sandy loam; all the country about it is a dead flat. You see it is necessary you should know the situation (I do not mean any reflection upon any body's place) and this is Mr. Stillingfleet's description of his friend Mr. Marsham's seat, to which in Summer he retires, and botanizes. I have lately made an acquaintance with this * philosopher, who lives in a garret here in Winter, that he may support

* See an account of Mr. Stillingfleet in the life prefixed to his works by the Rev. William Coxe, 3 vols. 8vo. A sonnet by him is published in Todd's edition of Milton, vol. v. p. 446.—*Ed.*

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some near relations who depend upon him. He is always employed, and always cheerful, and seems to me a very worthy honest man. His present scheme is to send some persons properly qualified to reside a year or two in Attica, to make themselves acquainted with the climate, productions, and natural history of the country, that we may understand Aristotle and Theophrastus, &c. who have been heathen Greek to us for so many ages. This he has got proposed to Lord Bute, who is no unlikely person to put it in execution, being himself a botanist, and having now in the press a new system of botany of his own writing, in several volumes; the profits of which he gives to Dr. Hill (the inspector) who has got the place of master gardener at Kensington, reckoned worth near £2000 a year:* there is an odd thing for you.

One hears nothing of the King,† but what gives one the best opinion of him imaginable. I hope it may hold. The Royal Family run loose about the world, and people do not know how to treat them, nor they how to be treated. They visit and are visited. Some come to the street-door to receive them, and that they say is too much; others to the head of the stairs, and that they think is too little. Nobody sits down with them, not even in their own houses, unless at a card table, so the world are

* See Walpole's Lett. to the Rev. N. Zouch, p. 277.

† See Ellis's Letters, (2nd Series) vol. iv. p. 425, 430.

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likely to grow very weary of the honour. None but the Duke of York enjoy themselves (you know, he always did) but the world seems weary of this honour too, for a different reason. I have just heard no bad story of him. When he was at Southampton, in the Summer, there was a Clergyman in the neighbourhood with two very handsome daughters. He had soon wind of them, and dropped in for some reason or other, came again and again, and grew familiar enough to eat a bone of their mutton. At last he said to the father, Miss —— leads a mighty confined life here, always at home; why can't you let one of them go and take an airing now and then with me in my chaise? Ah! Sir, (says the Parson) do but look at them, a couple of hale fresh-coloured hearty wenches! They need no airing, they are well enough; but there is their mother, poor woman, has been in a declining way many years: If your Royal Highness would give her an airing now and then, it would be doing us a great kindness indeed!

You see old Wortley Montagu* is dead at last

* I cannot help adding a sketch of this remarkable character by Mr. Walpole (Works, vol. v. p. 272.) "Well, you have had enough of magnificence, you shall repose in a desert. Old Wortley Montagu lives on the very spot where the Dragon of Wantley did—only I believe the latter was much better lodged. You never saw such a wretched hovel, lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with harateen till it cracks. Here the Miser hoards health

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at 83. It was not mere Avarice and its companion Abstinence, that kept him alive so long. He every day drank (I think it was) half a pint of Tokay, which he imported himself from Hungary in greater quantity than he could use, and sold the overplus for any price he chose to set upon it. He has left better than half a million of money. To Lady Mary £1200 a year, in case she gives up her pretensions to dowry, and if not it comes to his son. To the

and money, his only two objects. He has chronicles in behalf of the air, and fattens on Tokay, his single indulgence, as he has heard it is particularly salutary. But the savageness of the scene would charm your Alpine taste; it is tumbled with fragments of mountains, that look ready made for building the world. One scrambles over a huge terrass, on which mountain ashes and various trees spring out of the very rocks: and at the brow is the *Den*, but not spacious enough for such an inmate. However, I am persuaded it furnished Pope with this line, so exactly it answers to the picture: 'On rifled rocks, the *Dragon's* late abodes.' I wanted to ask if Pope had not visited Lady Mary Wortley here during their intimacy—but could one put that question to *Avidieu* himself? There remains an ancient odd inscription here that has such a whimsical mixture of devotion and romanticness, that I must transcribe it—'Preye for the Soule of Sir Thomas Wortley, Knight of the Body to the Kings Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., whose faults God pardon. He caused a Lodge to be built on this crag in the midst of Wharncliff, to hear the *Hart's bell*, in the year of our Lord 1510.'"—See Walpole's Lett. to G. Montagu, p. 231. His son was the celebrated eccentric character. See Walpole's Let. to H. Mann, vol. ii. p. 410.—*Ed.*

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same son £1000 per annum for life only, and after him to his daughter Lady Bute: (now this son is about £80,000 in debt). To all Lady Bute's children, which are eleven, £2000 a piece. *All the remainder* to Lady Bute, and after her to her second son, who takes the name of Wortley, and (if he fail) to the next in order. And after all these and their children, to Lord Sandwich, to whom *in present* he leaves some old manuscripts. Now I must tell you a story of Lady Mary: as she was on her travels, she had occasion to go somewhere by sea, and (to save charges) got a passage on board a man of war. The ship was (I think) Commodore Barnet's. When he had landed her, she told him she knew she was not to offer to pay for her passage; but in consideration of his many civilities, intreated him to wear a ring for her sake, and pressed him to accept it, which he did. It was an emerald of remarkable size and beauty. Some time after, as he wore it, some friend was admiring it, and asking how he came by it. When he heard from whence it came he laughed, and desired him to shew it to a jeweller, whom he knew. The man was sent for. He unset it: it was a paste, not worth forty shillings.

The Ministry are much out of joint.* Mr. Pitt much out of humour, his popularity tottering, chiefly

* See Ellis's Letters (2nd Series), vol. iv. p. 441.

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occasioned by a pamphlet against the German war, written by that *squeaking* acquaintance of ours, Mr. Manduit: it has had a vast run. The Irish are very intractable, even the Lord J.'s themselves: great difficulties about who shall be sent over to tame them; my Lord H[sec.] again named, but (I am told) has refused it; every body waits for a new Parliament to settle their ideas.

I have had no gout since you went; I will not brag, lest it return with redoubled violence. I am very foolish, and do nothing to mark that I ever was. I am going to Cambridge to take the *fresh air* this fine winter, for a month or so; we have had snow one day this winter, but it did not lie, it was several months ago. The 18th of January I took a walk to *Kentish Town*, wind N. W. bright and frosty. Thermometer, at noon, was at 42. The grass remarkably green and flourishing. I observed on dry banks facing the south, that Chickweed, Dandelion, Groundsel, Red Archangel, and Shepherd's Purse were beginning to flowęr. This is all I know of the country.

My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. I hear her butter is the best in the bishoprick; and that even Deborah has learned to spin. I rejoice you are all in health; but why are you deaf, and blind too, or you could not vote for F. V. I have abundance more to say, but my paper won't hear of it. Adieu!

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1755.

	*UPSAL IN SWEDEN, lat. 59° 51½″	STRATTON IN NORFOLK, lat. 52° 45″	CAMBRIDGE
Hasel begins to f.	12 April	23 Jan.	——
Snow-drop F.	13 April	26 Jan.	4 Feb.
(White Wagtail) appears	13 April	12 Feb.	3 Feb.
Violets F.	3 May	28 March	28 Mar.
Snow-drop goes off			——
Apricot f.		1 April	——
Elm. F.	8 May	1 April	——
(Swallow returns)	9 May	6 April	——
(Cuckoo heard)	12 May	17 April	——
(Nightingale sings)	15 May	9 April	——
Birch L.	13 May	1 April	——
Alder L.	14 May	7 April	——
Bramble L.	7 May	3 April	——
Elm L.	15 May	10 April	16 April
Hawthorn L.	15 May		10 April
Acacia L.	15 May	12 April	——
Lime L.	21 May	12 April	16 April
Aspen L.	20 May	26 April	——
Sycamore L.		13 April	——
White Poplar L.		17 April	——
Beech L.		21 April	——

* This is only an *Extract* from the two Calendars of A. M. Berger, at Upsal; and Mr. Stillingfleet, at Stratton. See Stillingfleet's Tracts, p. 260—316. At p. 321, of the same interesting work, is given the Calendar of Flora, by Theophrastus at Athens. Lat. 37° 25″. I am not aware of any other works of this description published in England, "except the Comparative View of the two Calendars kept by the Rev. Gilbert White, at Selborne; and by William Markwick, Esq. at Catsfield, near Battle." This is a work of great exactness, and the result of as much, and as patient observation as perhaps was ever brought to the subject. It is formed upon an attentive comparison of the seasons, from 1768 to 1793. See White's Selborne, 8vo. vol. ii. p. 121—156. It would be extremely useful to the lover of nature, to have these four calendars (all of them kept in different latitudes), reprinted in one volume.—*Ed.*

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	UPSAL IN SWEDEN, lat. 59° 51½″	STRATTON IN NORFOLK, lat. 52° 45″	CAMBRIDGE
Chesn. and Maple L.		18 April	18 April
Oak L.	20 May	18 April	18 April
Ash L.	21 May	22 April	——
Fig L.		21 April	24 April
Horse Chesnut F.		12 May	12 May
Mulberry L.		14 May	——
Crab and Apple f.		23 April	22 April
Cherry f.		18 April	17 April
Lilac f.		27 April	24 April
Hawthorn f.		10 May	12 May
Plumb tree f.		16 April	——
Lilly o' the Valley f.		3 May	——
Broom F.		24 April	——
Mulberry L.		14 May	——
Elder f.	29 June	25 April	——
Lady Smock f.	28 May	18 April	——
Pea and Bean f.		29 April	——
Strawberries ripe	26 June	9 July	16 June
Cherries	7 July	(on walls)	25 June
Currants	9 July	30 June	4 July
Hay cut	7 July	near London at Stoke	18 May
Rye	4 Aug.		19 June
Wheat		21 Aug. (latest)	15 Sept.
Barley	16 Aug.	3 Aug.	4 Sept.
(Cuckoo silent)	15 July	End of July	——
(Swallow gone)	17 Sept.	21 Sept.	28 Sept.
Birch, Elm, Sycamore, Lime, change colour	22 Sept.	14 Sept.	——
Ash drops its leaves	6 Oct.	9 Oct.	5 Oct.
Elm stripped	7 Oct.		——
Lime falls	12 Oct.		——
Hasel stripped	17 Oct.		——

N. B. *l.* stands for opening its leaves. *L.* for in full leaf. *f.* for beginning to flower. *F.* for full bloom.

The summer flowers, especially such as blow about the solstice, I take no notice of, as they blow

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at the same time in Sweden and in England; at least the difference is only a day or two.

Observe, from this calendar it appears, that there is a wonderful difference between the earlier phænomena of the spring in Sweden and in England, no less than 78 days in the flowering of the Snow-drop, 61 days in the appearance of the Wagtail, 62 days in the bloom of the Lilac, 43 days in the leafing of the Oak, 40 days in the blooming of the Cherry-tree, 36 days in the singing of the Nightingale, 33 in the return of the Swallow, 25 in that of the Cuckoo, and so on. Yet the summer flowers nearly keep time alike in both climates. The harvest differs not a fortnight; some of the fruits only 9 days. Nay, Strawberries come earlier there by 13 days than with us. The Swallow stays with us only 4 days longer than with them. And the Ash tree begins to lose its leaves within 3 days of the same time. These differences and these uniformities I know not how to account for.

Mr. Stillingfleet's calendar goes no farther than October 26. But I observed that on December 2, many of our Rose-trees had put out new leaves, and the Lauristine, Polyanthus, single yellow, and bloody Wall-flowers, Cytisus, and scarlet Geraniums were still in flower.

January 15, 1756. The Honeysuckles were in leaf, and single Hepatica and Snow-drop in flower.

As to the noise of birds, Mr. Stillingfleet marks their times thus in Norfolk.

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4	Feb.	Woodlark singing.
12	Ditto.	Rooks pair.
16	Ditto.	Thrush sings.
—	Ditto.	Chaffinch sings.
22	Ditto.	Partridges pair.
2	March.	Rooks build.
5	Ditto.	Ring Dove cooes.
14	April.	Bittern bumps
16	Ditto.	Redstart returns.
28	Ditto.	Blackcap sings.
	Ditto.	Whitethroat seen.
5	June.	Goatsucker (or Fern-Owl), heard in the evening. After the end of June, most birds are silent for a time, probably the moulting season; only the Goldfinch, Yellow Hammer, and Crested Wren are heard to chirp.
7	Aug.	Nuthatch chatters.
14	Ditto.	Stone Curlew whistles at night.
15	Ditto.	Young Owls heard in the evening.
17	Ditto.	Goatsucker no longer heard.
26	Ditto.	Robins singing.
16	Sept.	Chaffinch chirping.
25	Ditto.	Woodlark sings, and Fieldfares arrive.
27	Ditto.	Blackbird sings.
29	Aug.	Thrush sings.
2	Oct.	Royston Crow comes.
10	Ditto.	Woodlark in full song.
	Ditto.	Ringdove cooes.
22	Ditto.	Woodcock returns.
24	Ditto.	Skylark sings.

I add the order of several fruits ripening at Stoke that year.

Hautboy-Strawberry	25 June.
Wall Duke Cherry	Ditto.
Early Apricot	Ditto.
Black-heart Cherry	2 July.

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Raspberry	4 July.
Gooseberry	15 July.
Muscadine Apricot	Ditto.
Black Fig	30 July.
Muscle Orleans Green Gage	18 Aug.
Filbert	Ditto.
Nectarine Newington Peach Morella Cherry	4 Sept.
Mulberry Walnut	18 Sept.
Melon Burgamot Pear Black Muscad. Grape	25 Sept.
Nectarine over	Ditto.
White Muscad. Grape	12 Oct.

CIV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR.

I HAVE been very naughty, I confess; but I informed your brother, a good while ago, that both your letters came safe to my hands. The first indeed which went to Cambridge, had had its seal broken, which, naturally, I should have attributed to the curiosity of somebody at Durham, but as Mr. Brown (who, you know, is care itself) sent it me, without taking notice of any such thing, I rather believe it was mere accident, and happened after it had passed through his hands.

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I long to see you; but my visit must be deferred to another year, for Mr. Jauncey having lost his bishop, and having settled his son in a curacy, means to let his house entire, and in September I shall be forced to look out for another place, and must have the plague of removing. The Glass Manufacture in Worcestershire (I am told) has failed. Mr. Price here has left off business, and retired into Wales. The person who succeeds him does not pretend to be acquainted with all the secrets of his art. The man at York is now in town, exhibiting some specimens of his skill to the Society of Arts; him (you say) you have already consulted. Coats of arms will, doubtless, be expensive, (Price used to have five guineas for a very plain one) figures much more so. Unless, therefore, you can pick up some remnants of old painted glass, which are, sometimes, met with in farm houses, little out-of-the-way churches, and vestries, and even at country glaziers' shops; and as I should advise to buy plain coloured glass (for which they ask here in St. Martin's Lane five shillings a pound, but it is sold at York for two or three shillings), and make up the tops of your windows in a mosaic of your own fancy. The glass will come to you in square plates (some part of which is always wrinkled and full of little bubbles, so you must allow for waste), any glazier can cut it into *quarrels*, and you can dispose the pattern and colours, red, blue, purple, and yellow (there is also green if you like

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it) as well, or better than the artisan himself, and certainly much cheaper; I would not border it with the same, lest the room should be too dark. For should the *quarrels* of clear glass be too small (in the inner part of the window), if they are but turned corner ways it is enough to give it a Gothic aspect. If there is any thing to see (though it be but a tree), I should put a very large diamond pane in the midst of each division.

I had rather Major G. throwed away his money than somebody else. It is not worth while even to succeed, unless *gratis*. Nor in any case to be attempted without the bishop's absolute concurrence. I wish you joy of Dr. Squire's bishoprick. He keeps back his livings, and is the happiest of devils. Stonehewer, who is coming, will (if you see him) tell you more news vivâ voce than I could write, I therefore do not tap that chapter; my best services to Mrs. Wharton, I am ever truly yours,

T. G.

May 9, 1761.

I am at last going to Cambridge; it is strange else.

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CV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

WHEN I received your letter, I was still detained in town; but am now at last got to Cambridge. I applied immediately to Dr. Ashton (who was nearest at hand) for information as to the expenses of Eton, without naming any one's name. He returned me the *civilest* of answers, and that if the boy was to be on the foundation, I had no more to do but send him to him, and the business should be done. As to the charges, he was going to Eton, and would send me an account from thence; which he did accordingly on Sunday last: and here it is enclosed with his second letter. You will easily conceive that there must be additional expenses, that can be reduced to no rules, as pocket-money, clothes, books, &c., and which are left to a father's own discretion.

My notion is, that your nephew being an only son, and rather of a delicate constitution, ought not to be exposed to the hardships of the college. I know that the expense in that way is much lessened; but your brother has but one son, and can afford to breed him an oppidant. I know that a colleger is sooner formed to scuffle in the world, that is, by drubbing and tyranny is made more

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hardy, or more cunning, but these in my eyes are no such desirable acquisitions. I know too, that a certain (or very probable) provision for life, is a thing to be wished; but you must remember, what a thing a fellow of King's is, in short you will judge for yourselves; if you accept my *good friend's* offer, I will proceed accordingly. If not, we will thank him, and willingly let him recommend to us a cheap boarding-house, not disdaining his protection and encouragement, if it can be of any little use to your nephew. He has married one of Amyand's sisters, with £12,000, (I suppose you know her. She is an enchanting object!) and he is settled in the preachership of Lincoln's Inn.

Sure Mr. Jonathan, or some one has told you, how your *good friend*, Mr. L. has been horse-whipped, trampled, bruised, and p——d upon, by a Mrs. Mackenzie, a sturdy Scotch woman. It was done in an inn-yard at Hampstead, in the face of day, and he has put her in the Crown Office. It is very true. I will not delay this letter to tell you any more stories. Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. G.

Pembroke Hall, Jan. 23, 1761.

Mr. Brown (the *petit bon-homme*) joins his compliments to mine, and presents them to you and Mrs. Wharton. I have been dreadfully disappointed in Rousseau's Heloïse, but Mason admires it.

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CVI. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

As you and Mr. R. Wharton seemed determined for the foundation, I shall say no more on the subject; it is pity you could not resolve sooner, for I fear you are now too late, and must defer your design till the next year; as the election at Eton begins this day se'nnight, and your nephew ought to be there on the evening of the 27th at farthest, which is scarce possible. You have never told me his age; but I suppose you know that after 15 complete, boys are excluded from the election, and that a certificate of their age (that is, an extract from the Parish Register, where they were baptized) is always required, which must be attested and signed by the minister and churchwardens of the said parish. Your nephew (I imagine) is much younger than fifteen, and therefore there will be no great inconvenience, if he should be placed at Eton, whenever it suits Mr. Wharton to carry him, and there wait for the next election. This is commonly practised, and Dr. Ashton (I do not doubt) will be equally ready to serve him then as now; he will probably be placed pretty high in the school, having had the same education, that is in use there, and will have time to familiarize himself to

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the place, before he actually enters the college. I have waited to know your intentions before I could answer Dr. Ashton's letter, and wish you would now write to me what you finally determine. There is a month's breaking up immediately after the election, which lasts a week, so it is probable Mr. Wharton will hardly send his son till those holidays are over.

I do not mention the subject you hint at for the same reason you give me; it should be *offered* and *clear of all taxes* before I would go into it, in spite of the Mines in America, on which I congratulate you.

I shall hope to see Old Park next summer, if I am not bed-rid, but who can tell? Mr. Brown presents his best services to the family, with mine; he is older than I. Adieu! the Post waits. I am ever truly yours, T. G.

July 19 [1761], Pemb. Coll.

CVII. MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

August, 1761.

Be assured your York Canon never will die; so the better the thing is in value, the worse for you.*

* This was written at a time, when, by the favour of Dr. Fountayne, Dean of York, I expected to be made a Residentiary in his cathedral.—*Mason.*

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The true way to immortality is to get you nominated one's successor. Age and Diseases vanish at your name; Fevers turn to radical heat, and Fistulas to issues: it is a judgment that waits on your insatiable avarice. You could not let the poor old man die at his ease, when he was about it; and all his family (I suppose) are cursing you for it.

I wrote to Lord * * * * on his recovery; and he answers me very cheerfully, as if his illness had been but slight, and the pleurisy were no more than a hole in one's stocking. He got it (he says) not by scampering, racketing, and riding post, as I had supposed; but by going with Ladies to Vauxhall. He is the picture (and pray so tell him, if you see him) of an old Alderman that I knew, who, after living forty years on the fat of the land (not milk and honey, but arrack punch and venison), and losing his great toe with a mortification, said to the last, that he owed it to two grapes, which he ate one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold at his stomach the minute they were down.

Mr. Montagu (as I guess, at your instigation) has earnestly desired me to write some lines to be put on a monument, which he means to erect at Bellisle.* It is a task I do not love, knowing Sir William Williams so slightly as I did: but he is so friendly a person, and his afflictions seemed to me so real, that I could not refuse him. I have

* See Walpole's Lett. to G. Montagu, p. 244.

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sent him the following verses, which I neither like myself, nor will he, I doubt: however, I have shewed him that I wished to oblige him. Tell me your real opinion.

CVIII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I AM just come to town, where I shall stay six weeks, or more, and (if you will send your dimensions) will look out for papers at the shops. I own I never yet saw any Gothic papers to my fancy. There is one fault that is in the nature of the thing, and cannot be avoided. The great beauty of all Gothic designs is the variety of perspectives they occasion. This a painter may represent on the walls of a room in some measure, but not a designer of papers, where what is represented on one breadth must be exactly repeated on another, both in the light and shade, and in the dimensions. This we cannot help, but they do not even do what they might. They neglect Hollar, to copy Mr. Halfpenny's architecture, so that all they do is more like a goose-pie than a cathedral. You seem to suppose that they do Gothic papers in colours, but I never saw any but such as were to look like Stucco; nor indeed do I conceive that they could have any effect or meaning. Lastly, I never saw

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any thing of gilding, such as you mention, on paper; but we shall see. Only pray leave as little to my judgment as possible.

I thanked Dr. Ashton before you told me to do so. He writes me word that (except the first Sunday of a month) he believes he shall be at Eton, till the middle of November; and (as he now knows the person in question as your nephew) adds, I remember Dr. Wharton with great pleasure, and beg you will signify as much to him, when you write.

The king is just married;* it is the hottest night in the year. Adieu! it is late. I am ever yours,

T. G.

Tuesday, [Sept. 8, 1761.]

CIX. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Oct. 22, 1761.
Southampton Row.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Do not think me very dilatory, for I have been sending away all my things from this house (where nevertheless I shall continue while I stay in town), and have besides been confined with a severe cold to my room. On rummaging Mr. Bromwick's and several other shops, I am forced to tell you that there are absolutely no papers at all that deserve

* See Walpole's Letters to G. Montagu, p. 258.

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the name of Gothic, or that you would bear the sight of. They are all what they call *fancy*, and indeed resemble nothing that ever was in use in any age or country. I am going to advise what perhaps you may be deterred from by the addition of expense, but what, in your case, I should certainly do. Anybody that can draw the least in the world is capable of sketching in India ink a compartment or two of diaper-work, or a niche, or tabernacle with its fret-work. Take such a man with you to Durham Cathedral, and let him copy one division of any ornament you think will have any effect, from the high-altar suppose, or the nine altars, or what you please. If nothing there suits you, chuse in Dart's Canterbury or Dugdale's Warwickshire, &c., and send the design hither. They will execute it here, and make a new stamp on purpose; provided you will take twenty pieces of it, and it will come to a halfpenny or a penny a yard, the more, (according to the work that is in it.) This I really think worth your while. I mention your doing it there, because it will be then under your own eye, and at your own choice, and you can proportion the whole better to the dimensions of your room: for if the design be of Arcade-work or any thing on a pretty large scale, and the arches, or niches, are to rise one above another, there must be some contrivance that they may fill the entire space, and not be cut in sunder and incomplete. This, indeed, where the work is

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in small compartments, is not to be minded. Say, therefore, if you come into this, or shall I take a man here to Westminster, and let him copy some of those fret-works? though I think in the books that I have named you may find better things. I much doubt of the effect colours (any other than the tints of Stucco) would have in a Gothic design on paper, and here they have nothing to judge from. Those I spoke of at Ely were green and pale blue, with the raised work white, if you care to hazard it. I saw an all-silver paper quite plain, and it looked like block-tin. In short, there is nothing I would venture to send you. One of 3*d.* a yard in small compartments, might perhaps do for the stairs, but very likely it is common, and besides it is not pure Gothic, therefore I could not send it alone. Adieu, and tell Mason what I shall do.

I go to Cambridge in three weeks or less.

CX. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Nov. 13, 1761. London.

I WENT as soon as I received your last letter, to chuse papers for you at Bromwick's. I applaud your determination, for it is mere pedantry in Gothicism to stick to nothing but Altars and Tombs, and there is no end of it, if we are to sit upon nothing but

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Coronation-chairs, nor drink out of nothing but chalices or flagons. The idea is sufficiently kept up if we live in ancient houses, but with modern conveniences about us. Nobody will expect the inhabitants to wear ruffs and farthingales. Besides, these things are not to be had unless we make them ourselves.

I have, however, ventured to bespeak (for the staircase) the Stucco paper of 3*d.* a yard, which I mentioned to you before. It is rather pretty, and nearly Gothic. The border is entirely so, and where it runs horizontally, will be very proper; where perpendicularly not altogether so. I do not see how this could be avoided. The crimson paper is the handsomest I ever saw; from its simplicity I believe, as it is nothing but the same thing repeated throughout. Mr. Trevor (Hampden) designed it for his own use; the border is a spiral scroll, also the prettiest I have seen. This paper is 8*d.* a yard. The blue is the most extravagant: a Mohair-flock paper of a shilling a yard, which I fear you will blame me for: but it was so handsome, and looked so warm, I could not resist it. The pattern is small, and will look like a cut-velvet; the border a scroll like the last, but on a larger scale. You will ask, why the crimson (which is to be the best) is not a Mohair-paper too? Because it would have no effect in that sort of pattern; and it is as handsome as it need to be, without that expense. The Library paper is a cloth

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colour: all I can say for it is, that it was the next best design they had after the former. I think it is 7½*d.* a yard. They do not keep any quantity by them (only samples of each sort) but promise they shall be finished in a week, and sent to your brother's, with whom I have left the bill, as I go myself to Cambridge in a day or two. Indeed, this is a very improper time to trouble him, though when I called there last night, I was told she was a great *deal better*. I did not know of his loss till you told me: on which I went to ask how they did, and found him truly in a very deplorable situation. He said he had wrote to you, but I do not know whether he was able to give you a full acount of

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CXI. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Sunday, Feb. 28, 1762.

I RETURN you my best thanks for the copy of your book,* which you sent me, and have not at all lessened my opinion of it since I read it in print, though the press has generally a bad effect on the complexion of one's works. The engravings look, as you say, better than I had expected, yet not altogether so well as I could wish. I rejoice in

* The Anecdotes of Painting.

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the good dispositions of our Court, and in the propriety of their application to you: the work is a thing so much to be wished; has so near a connection with the turn of your studies and of your curiosity; and might find such ample materials among your hoards and in your head; that it will be a sin if you let it drop and come to nothing, or worse than nothing, for want of your assistance.† The historical part should be in the manner of Henault, a mere abridgement;‡ a series of facts selected with judgment, that may serve as a clue to lead the mind along in the midst of those ruins and scattered monuments of art, that time has spared. This would be sufficient, and better than Montfaucon's more diffuse narrative. Such a work (I have heard) Mr. Burke is now employed about, which, though not intended for this purpose, might be applied perhaps to this use. Then, at the end of each reign, should come to a dissertation explanatory of the plates, and pointing out the turn of thought, the customs, ceremonials, arms, dresses, luxury, and private life, with the improvement or decline of the arts during that period. This you

† See a Note from Lord Bute in the Letters to and from Ministers (Walpole's Works, vol. ii. p. 378,) inviting Mr. Walpole to turn his thoughts to a work of this kind; and Mr. Walpole's answer, offering to point out and collect materials, and take any trouble in aiding, supervising, and directing the whole plan.—*Ed.*

‡ See a specimen of this Collection given by the Editor of Walpole's Works, in a Note to this Letter, vol. v. p. 400.

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must do yourself, beside taking upon you the superintendence, direction, and choice of materials. As to the expense, that must be the King's own entirely, and he must give the book to foreign Ministers and people of note; for it is obvious no private man can undertake such a thing without a subscription, and no gentleman will care for such an expedient; and a gentleman it should be, because he must have easy access to archives, cabinets, and collections of all sorts. I protest I do not think it impossible but they may give in to such a scheme; they approve the design, they wish to encourage the arts, and to be magnificent, and they have no Versailles or Herculaneum.

I hope to see you toward the end of March. If you bestow a line on me, pray tell me whether the Baronne de la Peyriere is gone to her Castle of Viry, and whether Fingal be discovered or shrewdly suspected to be a forgery. Adieu! I am yours ever, T. GRAY.

CXII. MR. GRAY TO DR WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HAVE no other apprehension, if I should come into the north, than that of somehow incommoding you and your family: and yet, I believe, my strong inclination to see you and your Carthage, will prevail over so reasonable an apprehension.

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As to all the inconveniences that regard myself, and which you are so kindly providing against, I set them at nought. However, you shall know of my motions before I stir. You are not to take this for a letter, it is a message that I am forced to send. There is a Mr. Thomas Hornsby, an Apothecary at Durham, who makes a sort of lozenges, said to be good in a gouty cough, and indigestions. A relation of mine, a poor girl, who is exceedingly ill, having had some of these from the Abdy family (whose stock is nearly exhausted) fancies they do her great service. I therefore must beg you would send to Mr. Hornsby, and let him put up a quarter of a pound in as little compass as he can, and send it to the post-master (directed to Mrs. Antrobus, post-mistress at Cambridge), and let him put it in the mail. The sooner this can be done the better, and you will oblige me and the patient.

I am sorry you are forced to complain of this untoward suffocating season, but who has escaped without illness? for me, I have felt neither cold nor fever; but I have had two slight attacks of the gout, after near three years' intermission, it is well if I escape so.

Adieu! dear Doctor. My best services to Mrs. Wharton. I am ever truly yours, T. GRAY.

June 4, 1764.

Pemb. Hall. I am just returned hither from London, where I have been these two months.

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CXIII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HAVE passed a week here with Mr. Precentor, and assisted at all his functions in the Minster, with the greatest regularity. He is at present gone to meet Lord and Lady Holdernesse, at Aston, but returns I believe on Wednesday. After which, (on Saturday, or Sunday probably,) I hope to see you at Old Park, if you have no objection, otherwise you will direct to me at Mason's. Adieu! I am ever yours, T. G.

July 10, 1762. York.

CXIV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I FEEL very ungrateful every day that I continue silent, and yet I do not write to you; but now the pen is in my hand, and I am in for it. When I left you, in spite of the rain, I went out of my way to Richmond, and made a shift to see the castle, and look down upon the valley, through which the Swale winds, that was all the weather would permit. At Rippon I visited the church, which we had neglected before, with some pleasure, and saw

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the Ure full to its brink, and very inclinable to overflow. Some faint gleams of sunshine gave me an opportunity of walking over Studley, and descending into the ruins of Fountain's Abbey, which I examined with attention. I passed over the ugly moor of Harrowgate, made a bow to the Queen's Head, and got late at night to Leeds; here the rain was so perverse I could scarce see the town, much less go to Kirkstall-Abbey, which was my intention, so I proceeded to Wakefield and Wentworth Castle. Here the sun again indulged me, and opened as beautiful a scene of rich and cultivated country as (I am told) Yorkshire affords. The water is all artificial, but with an air of nature, much wood, a very good house in the Queen Anne style, which is now new-fronting in a far better taste,* by the present Earl; many pictures not worth a farthing, and a castle built only for a play-

* See Walpole's Observations on Modern Gardening, vol. ii. p. 545. "If a model is sought of the most perfect taste in architecture, where grace softens dignity, and lightness attempers magnificence; where proportion removes every part from peculiar observation, and delicacy of execution recalls every part to notice; when the position is the most happy, and even the colour of the stone the most harmonious, the virtuoso should be directed to the new front of Wentworth Castle; the result of the same elegant judgement that had before distributed so many beauties over that domain; and called from wood, water, hills, prospects, and buildings a compendium of picturesque nature, improved by the chastity of art."—See also a letter dated from Wentworth Castle, vol. v. p. 270.

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thing on the top of the hill as a point of view, and to command a noble prospect. I went on to Sheffield, liked the situation in a valley by a pretty river's side, surrounded with charming hills; saw the handsome parish church, with the chapel, and monuments of the Talbots. Then I entered the Peak, a country beyond comparison uglier than any other I have seen in England, black, tedious, barren, and not mountainous enough to please one with its horrors. This is mitigated, since you were there, by a wood like a bowling-green, which soon brought me to Chatsworth. The house has the air of a palace, the hills rising on three of its sides, shut out the view of its dreary neighbourhood, and are covered with wood to their tops; the front opens to the Derwent winding through the valley, which by the art of Mr. Brown, is now always visible and full to its brim; for heretofore it could not well be seen (but in rainy seasons) from the windows. A handsome bridge is lately thrown over it, and the stables taken away, which stood full in view between the house and the river. The prospect opens here to a wider tract of country, terminated by more distant hills; this scene is yet in its infancy, the objects are thinly scattered, and the clumps and plantations lately made, but it promises well in time. Within doors the furniture corresponds to the stateliness of the apartments, fine tapestry, marble door cases with fruit, flowers, and foliage, excellently done by old Cibber's father;

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windows of plate glass in gilded frames, and such a profusion of Gibbon's best carving in wood, viz. dead game, fish, shells, flowers, &c. as I never saw any where. The ceilings and staircases all painted by Verrio or Laguerre, in their usual sprawling way,* and no other pictures, but in one room 8 or 10 portraits, some of them very good, of James and Charles the first's time. The gardens are small, and in the French style, with waterworks, particularly a grand cascade of steps, and a *temple d'eaux* at the head of it.

From thence I went to Hardwicke.† One would think Mary Queen of Scots was but just walked down into the park with her guard for half-an-hour. Her gallery, her room of audience, her anti-chamber with the very canopies, chair of state, footstool, lit-de-repos, oratory, carpets, and hangings, just as she left them. A little tattered indeed, but the more venerable, and all preserved with religious care, and papered up in winter. The park and country are just like Hertfordshire. I went by Chesterfield and Mansfield, to revisit my old friend the Trent at Nottingham, where I passed two or three days, and from thence took stage coach to London.

* "Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and La Guerre." *Pope.*

† Seat of the Duke of Devonshire in Nottinghamshire.—*Mason.* Queen Mary never resided at Hardwicke. See Gent. Mag. Aug. 1835, p. 175.—*Ed.*

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When I arrived there, I found Professor Turner * had been dead above a fortnight, and being cockered and spirited up by some friends (though it was rather of the latest) I got my name suggested to Lord Bute, you may easily imagine who undertook it,† and indeed he did it with zeal. I received my answer very soon, which was what you may easily imagine, but joined with great professions of his *desire to serve me* on any future occasion, and many more fine words that I pass over, not out of modesty, but for another reason. So you see I have made my fortune, like Sir Fr. Wronghead. This *nothing* is a profound secret, and no one here suspects it even now; to-day I hear, that Delaval ‡ has got it, but we are not yet certain; next to myself I wished for him.

You see we have made a peace. I shall be silent about it, because if I say any thing anti-ministerial, you will tell me, you know the reason; and if I approve it, you will tell me, I have expectations still: all I know is, that the D. of Newcastle and

* Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Cambridge.—*Mason.*

† This person was the late Sir Henry Erskine. As this was the only application Mr. Gray ever made to ministry, I thought it necessary to insert his own account of it. The place in question was given to the tutor of Sir James Lowther.—*Mason.*

‡ Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, and of the Royal Society. *Mason.*

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Lord Hardwicke both say, it is an excellent peace, and only Mr. Pitt calls it inglorious and insidious.

I had a little gout twice while I was in town, which confined me some time; yet I bespoke your chairs. They are what is called *rout-chairs*, but as they are to be a little better in shape and materials than ordinary, will come to about 6*s*. 9*d*. a chair. I desired your brother to judge, how he performed, and the first that was made was to be sent to him to see.

My best respects to Mrs. Wharton, who I suppose receives them in bed. How does she do? My compliments to Miss. I am ever truly yours.

Cambridge, Dec. 4, 1762.

Mason is in Yorksire now, but I missed of him.

CXV. MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

February 8, 1763.

DOCTISSIME Domine, anne tibi arrident *complimenta?** If so, I hope your vanity is tickled with

* William Taylor Howe, Esq. of Stondon Place, near Chipping-Ongar, in Essex, an honorary Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, was now on his travels in Italy, where he had made an acquaintance with the celebrated Count Algarotti, and had recommended to him Mr. Gray's Poems and my Dramas. After the perusal he received a Letter from the Count, written in that style of superlative panegyric peculiar to Italians. A copy of this letter Mr. Howe had just

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the *verghe d'oro* of Count Algarotti, and the intended translation of Sig^r. Agostino Paradisi: for my part, I am ravished (for I too have my share). Are you upon the road to see all these wonders, and snuff up the incense of Pisa; or has Mr. Brown abated your ardour by sending you the originals? I am waiting with impatience for your coming.

I am obliged to you for your Drawing and very *learned* dissertation annexed.* You have made

now sent to our common friend Mr. Brown, then President of the College; and also another of the Count's, addressed to Sig. Paradisi, a Tuscan Poet; in which, after explaining the arguments of my two Dramatic Poems, he advises him to translate them; but principally Caractacus.—This anecdote not only explains the above paragraph, but the subsequent Letter. The Latin at the beginning of the letter, alludes to a similar expression which a Fellow of a College had made use of to a foreigner who dined in the College Hall. Having occasion to ask him if he would eat any cabbage to his boiled beef, he said "anne tibi arrident Herbæ?"—*Mason.*

The first sentence of the Letter still wants explanation. It seems that a foreign scholar dining in the College at Pembroke, when Gray and Mason were present, and the conversation being carried on in Latin, one of the Fellows wishing to join in it, and shew at once his learning and politeness, addressed the stranger in these words, 'Domine anne tibi arrident Herbæ?' meaning by this pompous sentence, 'Sir, do you choose any greens?'—MS. Note of Bennet, Bp. of Cloyne.

* This relates to the ruin of a small Gothic chapel near the north-west end of the cathedral at York, not noticed by Drake in his Eboracum. When Mr. Gray made me a visit at that place the summer before, he was much struck with

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out your point with a great degree of probability, (for though the *nimis adhæsit* might startle one, yet the sale of the tithes and chapel to Webster seems to set all right again) and I do believe the building in question was the chapel of St. Sepulchre. But then, that the ruin now standing was the individual chapel as erected by Archbishop Roger, I can by no means think: I found myself merely on the style and taste of architecture. The vaults under the choir are still in being, and were undoubtedly built by this very Archbishop: they are truly Saxon; only that the arches are pointed, though very obtusely. It is the south transept (not the north) that is the oldest part of the minster now above ground: it is said to have been begun by Geoffrey Plantagenet, who died about thirty years after Roger, and left it unfinished. His successor, Walter Grey, compleated it; so we do not exactly know to which of these two prelates we are to ascribe any certain part of it. Grey lived a long time, and was Archbishop from 1216 to 1255 (39 Henry III.); and in this reign it was, that the beauty of the Gothic architecture began to appear.

the beautiful proportion of the windows in it, which induced me to get Mr. Paul Sandby to make a drawing of it; and also to endeavour, in a Letter to Mr. Gray, to explain to what foundation it belonged. As his answer contains some excellent general remarks on Gothic building, I thought proper to publish it, though the particular matter which occasioned them was not of any great consequence.—*Mason.*

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The chapter-house is in all probability his work, and (I should suppose) built in his latter days; whereas what he did of the south transept might be performed soon after his accession. It is in the second order of this building, that the round arches appear including a row of pointed ones, (which you mention, and which I also observed) similar to those in St. Sepulchre's Chapel, though far inferior in the proportions and neatness of workmanship. The same thing is repeated in the north transept; but this is only an imitation of the other, done for the sake of regularity; for this part of the building is no older than Archbishop Romaine, who came to the see in 1285, and died 1295.

All the buildings of Henry the Second's time (under whom Roger lived and died, 1185) are of a clumsy and heavy proportion, with a few rude and awkward ornaments; and this style continues to the beginning of Henry the Third's reign, though with a little improvement, as in the nave of Fountain's abbey, &c. then all at once come in the tall picked arches, the light clustered columns, the capitals of curling foliage, the fretted tabernacles and vaultings, and a profusion of statues, &c. that constitute the good Gothic style; together with decreasing and flying buttresses, and pinnacles,* on the outside. Nor must you conclude any thing from Roger's own tomb, which has (I remember)

* See Ellis's Specimens of English Poets, vol. i. p. 87.

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a wide surbased arch with scolloped ornaments, &c. for this can be no older than the nave itself, which was built by Archbishop Melton after the year 1315, one hundred and thirty years after Roger's death.*

I have compared Helvetius † and Elfrida, as you desired me,‡ and find thirteen parallel passages;

* "The present tomb of Arch. Roger is even of later date than Melton. I suspect the body to have been removed, and the tomb to have been erected about Henry the Seventh's time." Whitaker MS. note.

† See the Life of Helvetius, p. 17, and Essay, p. 205.

‡ As the plagiarism, to which Mr. Gray here alludes, is but little known,[1] and I think, for its singularity, is somewhat curious, I shall beg the reader's patience while I dilate upon it; though I am aware it will stretch this note to an unconscionable length. M. Helvetius, in the third chapter of his third Essay de l'Esprit, which treats of the Extent of Memory, means to prove that this faculty, in the extreme, is not necessary to constitute a great Genius. For this purpose he examines whether the greatness of the very different talents of Locke and of Milton ought to be considered as the effect of their possessing this talent in an extraordinary degree. He then proceeds as follows: "As the last example of the small extent of memory necessary to a fine imagination, I shall give in a note *the translation of a piece of English poetry*; which, with the preceding, will, I believe, prove to those who would decompose the works of illustrious men, that a great genius does not necessarily suppose a great memory." I now set down that note with references to Elfrida underneath it, and I choose to give it

[1] This is a very pettish remark of Mason's, especially as there seems no doubt, that Helvetius was imposed upon. —MS. Note of Bennet, Bp. of Cloyne.

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five of which, at least, are so direct and close as to leave no shadow of a doubt, and therefore confirm

in the English translation printed in 1759, that the parallel passages may be the more obvious at first sight. "A young Virgin, awaked and guided by Love, goes before the appearance of Aurora to a valley, where she waits for the coming of her Lover, who, at the rising of the sun, is to offer a sacrifice to the Gods. Her soul, in the soft situation in which she is placed by the hopes of approaching happiness, indulges, while waiting for him, the pleasure of contemplating the beauties of Nature, and the rising of that luminary that was to bring the object of her tenderness." She expresses herself thus:

"*Already the Sun gilds the tops of those antique Oaks, and the waves of those falling torrents that roar among the rocks shine with his beams; already I perceive the summit of those shaggy mountains whence arise the vaults which, half-concealed in the air, offer a formidable retreat to the Solitary, who there retires.*[2] Night folds up her veil. *Ye wanton fires that mislead the wandering traveller, retire*[3] to the quagmires and marshy fens; and *thou sun, lord of the heavens, who fillest the air with reviving heat, who sowest with dewy pearls the flowers of these meadows, and givest colours to the varied beauties of nature, receive my first homage*,[4] and hasten thy course. Thy

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[2] How nobly does this venerable wood,
Gilt with the glories of the orient sun,
Embosom yon fair mansion!
——— On the shaggy mound,
Where tumbling torrents roar around;
Where pendant mountains o'er your head,
Stretch a formidable shade——
Where, lull'd in pious peace, the Hermit lies.

[3] Away, ye goblins all,
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt——

[4] Hail to thy living light
Ambrosial Morn——

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all the rest. It is a phenomenon that you will be in the right to inform yourself about, and which I

appearance proclaims that of my lover. *Freed from the pious cares that detain him still at the foot of the altars, love will soon bring him to mine.*[5] Let all around me partake of my joy. Let all bless the rising luminary by which we are enlightened. Ye flowers that inclose in your bosoms the odours that cool night condenses there, open your buds, and exhale in the air your balmy vapours. I know not whether the delightful intoxication that possesses my soul, does not embellish whatever I behold; but the rivulet, that in pleasing meanders winds along this valley, enchants me with his murmurs. *Zephyrus caresses me with his breath; the fragrant plants, pressed under my feet, waft to my senses their perfume. Oh! if Felicity sometimes condescends to visit the abode of mortals, to these places, doubtless, she retires.*[6] But with what secret trouble am I agitated? Already Impatience mingles its poison with the sweetness of my expectation. This valley has already lost all its beauties. Is joy then so fleeting? *It is as easy to snatch it from us, as for the light down of these plants to be blown away by the breath of*

That bids each dewy-spangled flow'ret rise,
And dart around its vermil dies——
Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,
Where, thron'd in artless majesty,
The Cherub Beauty sits on Nature's rustic shrine.—
[5] 'Twill not be long, ere his unbending mind
Shall lose in sweet oblivion every care
Among th' embowering shades that veil Elfrida.
[6] The soft air
Salutes me with most cool and temperate breath,
And, as I tread, the flower-besprinkled lawn
Sends up a gale of fragrance. I should guess,
If e'er Content deign'd visit mortal clime,
This was her place of dearest residence.

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long to understand. Another phenomenon is, that I read it without finding it out: all I remember

the Zephyrs.[7] In vain have I recourse to flattering Hope. Each moment encreases my disturbance. He will come no more. Who keeps him at a distance from me? What duty more sacred than that of calming the inquietudes of Love! But what do I say? *Fly, jealous suspicions, injurious to his fidelity,*[8] and formed to extinguish my tenderness. *If Jealousy grows by the side of Love, it will stifle it, if not pulled up by the roots; it is the Ivy which, by a verdant chain, embraces, but dries up the trunk which serves for its support.*[9] I know my Lover too well to doubt of his tenderness. He, like me, has, far from the pomp of courts, sought the tranquil asylum of the Fields. Touched by the simplicity of my heart, and by my beauty, my sensual rivals call him in vain to their arms. Shall he be seduced by the advances of coquetry, *which, on the cheek of the young maid, tarnishes the snow of innocence and the carnation of modesty, and daubs it with the whiteness of art and the paint of effrontery.*[10] What do I say? his contempt for her is perhaps only a snare for

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7 For Safety now sits wav'ring on your love,
Like the light down upon the thistle's beard,
Which ev'ry breeze may part.

8 Avaunt! ye vain delusive fears.

9 See, Elfrida;
Ah see! how round yon branching Elm the *Ivy*
Clasps its *green chain*, and poisons what supports it.
Not less injurious to the shoots of Love
Is sickly Jealousy.

10 To guard
Your beauties from the blast of courtly gales.
The crimson blush of virgin modesty,
The delicate soft tints of innocence,
There all fly off, and leave no boast behind
But well-ranged, faded features.

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is, that I thought it not at all *English*, and did not much like it; and the reason is plain, for the

me. Can I be ignorant of the partiality of men, and the arts they employ to seduce us? Nourished in a contempt for our sex, it is not us, it is their pleasures that they love. Cruel as they are, they have placed in the rank of the virtues the barbarous fury of revenge, and the mad love of their country; but never have they reckoned fidelity among the virtues. Without remorse they abuse innocence, and often their vanity contemplates our griefs with delight. But no; fly far from me, ye odious thoughts, my lover will come! A thousand times have I experienced it: *As soon as I perceive him my agitated mind is calm, and I often forget the too just cause I have for complaint; for near him I can only know happiness.*[11] Yet if he is treacherous to me; if, in the very moment when my love accuses him, he consummates the crime of infidelity in another bosom, may all nature take up arms in revenge! may he perish! What do I say? *Ye Elements, be deaf to my cries! Thou Earth, open not thy profound abyss! let the monster walk the time prescribed him on thy splendid surface, let him still commit new crimes, and still cause the tears of the too credulous maids to flow; and if heaven avenges them and punishes him, may it at least be at the prayer of some other unfortunate woman.*"[12]

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[11] My truant heart
Forgets each lesson that Resentment taught,
And in thy sight knows only tó be happy.

In the French it is more literal, "Pres de lui je ne sçâis qu' etre heureuse."

[12] Till then, ye elements, rest; and thou, firm earth,
Ope not thy yawning jaws; but let this monster
Stalk his due time on thine affrighted surface:
Yes, let him still go on, still execute
His savage purposes, and daily make
More widows weep, as I do.

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lyric flights and choral flowers suited not in the least with the circumstances or character of the speaker, as he had contrived it.

Here ends this odd instance of plagiarism. When M. Helvetius was in England, a year or two after I had made the discovery of it, I took my measures (as Mr. Gray advised me) to learn how he came by it; and accordingly requested two noblemen, to whom he was introduced, to ask him some questions concerning it; but I could gain no satisfactory answer. I do not, however, by any means, suppose that the person who cooked up the disjointed parts of my drama into this strange fricassee, was M. Helvetius himself; I rather imagine (as I did from the first) that he was imposed upon by some young English traveller, who contrived this expedient in order to pass with him for a poet. The great philosopher, it is true, has in this note been proved to be *the receiver of stolen goods;* but out of respect to his numerous fashionable disciples, both abroad and at home, whose credit might suffer with that of their master, I acquit him of what would only be held criminal at the Old Bailey, that he received these goods *knowing them to be stolen.*—*Mason.*

END OF VOLUME III.

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